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ART. I.—*Primæ Joannis Epistolæ Argumentum, Nexus et Consilium.* Auctore D. Erdmann. Berolini, 1855.

THERE can be no doubt that the writings of St. John close the Scriptures of revelation. Nor that they close it by a group of writings which are separated from all others by a long interval. The most trustworthy schemes of New-Testament chronology make that interval almost a generation; while those which would shorten it as much as possible still make it very considerable. It might seem as if, in the order of the Holy Spirit, this evangelist was reserved to "seal up the vision," and close the long series of Divine communications to man. The commandment to "write," which was first given to Moses, and is seldom or never heard again, is once more and finally given to the Apostle who finishes what Moses began. Hence we can scarcely help including this meaning in the remarkable words of our Lord: "If I will that he tarry till I come;" tarry, that is, and wait, for both his personal activity and his apostolical work, whether of ruling or of writing, until the great crisis in Judæa should have proved that the Lord had come. He is the last writer of the New Testament; and the only one whose writings are dated after the destruction of Jerusalem.

Though it is not absolutely certain, it may be regarded as probable, that his Catholic Epistle was the latest production of his pen, and his last service to Christianity. Apart from the consent of early testimony, internal evidence shows that the Gospel had preceded; its facts are presupposed in the Epistle, and many of its allusions are illustrated by a kind of commentary upon them. So close is

the connection between the two that many have regarded the Epistle as an appendage or accompaniment of the Gospel; an assumption, however, which has but a slender foundation. From between thirty and forty distinct parallels in thought and phraseology one may be selected as generally illustrative. In the Gospel we read: "These are written, that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing ye might have life through His name." In the Epistle we read: "These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God; that ye may know that ye have eternal life, and that ye may believe on the name of the Son of God." It is hardly possible to doubt that these passages have the same writer, and that the latter clause assumes the possession and promises the continuance of what the former held out in prospect. The second and third Epistles seem to have preceded the first in order of time; this is indicated by the term "presbyter" in both, by the fact that they were written before a general visitation of the churches, and by their omission of any reference to the great Epistle. As to the Book of Revelation, the question must be left open; though the Apocalyptic style and diction are very strongly in favour of an earlier composition. But this is a wide subject, and must not be hastily settled.

Leaving these points undetermined, it is enough for our purpose to assume that the Catholic Epistle is the last doctrinal work of St. John, and therefore the last doctrinal document of the Christian revelation. It may be said that it is the Apostle's only doctrinal contribution; for in neither the Gospel nor the Revelation does he speak in his own person as a teacher. In the latter he is only the amanuensis of the Lord's Apocalypse and the recorder of the visions which he beheld "in the Spirit;" where he speaks in his own person it is only to narrate his own rapture or the historical event connected with his vocation to write. The prologue of the Gospel seems to be an exception; but that is not so much his own teaching as the necessary introduction of the glorious Person of his Lord. The two local Epistles need not be referred to in this connection; they are only occasional letters. It remains that we have the final doctrinal testimony of the last and greatest teacher of the Christian Church in this Catholic Epistle, and in it we have, therefore, the final and finishing touches of the whole system of evangelical truth. As the fourth evangelist



undeniably had the three synoptical Gospels before him, and gave them their final and necessary supplement, so the last Apostle had the Apostolical Epistles before him, and gave them also their finish and perfection. Remembering how long an interval separates this document from all other purely doctrinal treatises, it will not be too much to say that St. John devotes the last breath as it were of infallible inspiration to a general review of the whole sum of truth, and sets on it his final seal.

But this must not be misunderstood. This Epistle is not a general doctrinal summary. It is, like almost all the other treatises of revelation, an occasional document. It is a protest against many kinds of Gnostic heresy, especially concerning the Person of Christ and its relation to redemption. As such it keeps its eye steadily on the final forms which fleeting errors were beginning to assume, and almost defines the terms of those false theories. It is undoubtedly a contribution of St. John to the pressing needs of the universal Church: a catholic defence against uncatholic false doctrine. It is the voice of the "son of thunder" still vehement against every insult to the majesty of his Lord. It is not, therefore, a general compendium of theology. The New Scriptures of revelation had diffused the development of all Christian truth "in sundry manners and at divers times," to be collected afterwards into one harmonious canon of Scripture, and one harmonious system of truth; and our Epistle is no exception. It is constructed in the same spirit as St. Paul's Epistles to the Romans and the Galatians, to give eternal truth through the medium of a protest against transitory error. It is unsystematic, just as its predecessors were unsystematic: no more, no less. But, with all this, it may be fairly said that it traverses more than any other the whole field; in other words, that it would, better than any other document of the New Testament, supply the place of the entire final revelation to such as might possess it alone.

Without reviewing the writings of his predecessors—which are not once named—it is evident that St. John speaks generally as their representative. The opening of the Epistle introduces the "we," not of personal authority, but of the apostolic brotherhood. "This, then, is the message which we have heard of Him and declared unto you." It is the last voice of the apostolic company, soon about to be silent like the others, and the tone of the whole

Epistle is that of recapitulation and bringing to remembrance. It is not the style of the earlier Epistles which are written to churches new formed, needing to be taught "as the truth is in Jesus," and also to have the applications of that truth set forth at large. Not a solitary instance is there of a new assertion: all is written under the law of its own maxim, "I write no new commandment unto you." There is not from beginning to end a truth which adds to the old stock, as is so often the case in the earlier writings. "Ye have an unction from the Holy One, and know all things;" this assurance, applied to a particular doctrine, applies more generally to all. Like St. Peter, but more abundantly, St. John "puts them in remembrance." Again and again he says, "Ye know," as it were, "Ye need not that I write unto you." But, on the other hand, there is a sense in which all is new. "Again, a new commandment I do write unto you." The form of all is new. The ever fresh and never exhausted Spirit of inspiration leaves the Church in this Epistle with the token that there is no limit to His power to exhibit new combinations. As St. Paul's last letters are full of new forms and turns of expression, so is it with St. John, and especially in this final fragment of revelation. It will be our endeavour to show briefly what new and finishing developments are opened to us in these last words of the Holy Ghost.

This Epistle is the final standard of Theology proper and the doctrine concerning God: retaining the precise Trinitarian exhibition of the Godhead which all the Epistles exhibit, but with certain distinctions in the aspect of it which mark the theology of St. John. Though he deals so much in abstract ideas, and is the Christian Realist among the Apostles in his use of general terms, yet he never speaks of the "Godhead" like St. Paul, nor of the "Divine nature," like St. Peter,—any more than, like St. James, of the "human nature." But the peculiarity of our Epistle is that from beginning to end it represents God as the sphere in which man lives and moves and has his being. This appears everywhere; God is light, and God is love: at the outset and at the end of the Epistle respectively. But these are not metaphysical definitions of His essence; they are names of God as the dwelling-place or habitation of His creatures: "If we walk in the light:" "he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God." Many views of the relation of God to His creatures, which other Scriptures contain, are

here omitted; but there are no other Scriptures which so clearly impress upon us the eternal unity and fellowship that is to be established between the Divine Being and His creatures. But always His redeemed creatures: hence the only God of our Epistle is revealed in Jesus Christ, His Son, and by the Holy Spirit. Each of the three Persons has here the Divine prerogative of inhabiting and being inhabited by the souls of the redeemed. As it may be said that the highest notion of God here given is that of filling all souls, and being the abode of all souls, so the doctrine of the Trinity has in this its most undeniable proof. To be in His Son is to be in God; to be in God is to be occupied and filled by His Spirit.

The simple reader of our English version, ignorant of the decisions of criticism, will think of that supreme Scriptural definition of the essential Trinity, and the unity of that Trinity, which St. John gives in the passage of the "Heavenly Witnesses." The doctrine of the Triune Essence, according to which the one eternal God exists in the intercommunion and mutual witness of the Persons who have the same Divine life, is not dependent on any one passage of holy writ. As to this verse, its presence in any text of this Epistle is one of the unexplained secrets of the literature of the canon. However it came there, it is in harmony with the entire Word of God, and, in our judgment, not so discordant as some think with the train of St. John's thought. It is his manner to suspend his sentences and introduce digressions; and that he should connect "the Word" with the Father instead of "the Son" is not inconsistent with the opening paragraph of the Epistle, "that eternal life—or Word of life—which was with the Father." Moreover, it is a sublime truth that the Persons of the Trinity do bear witness to the mission of the Son: sent according to the Triune counsel, and declared in heaven by Divine testimony to all the unfallen intelligences. Were the words genuine they would thoroughly subserve our purpose, that of showing in what sense this Epistle is the consummating seal of all Scripture. They would establish at the close the doctrine of an immanent, essential, ontological Trinity in so many words, distinguishing it from the Trinity mediatorial and economical. Our Lord has indeed established it in the formula which commands baptism into the one name of the Three Persons, and by sure testimonies of Scripture this truth can be sustained with reference to

each Person individually. But such a passage as we find in our common Bible would give a fixed and final expression to it. However, there can be no question that the text of the Epistle was without it in the copies which were read by the Christian Church during the earliest ages. We must, therefore, be content to believe that it is the will of the Spirit of inspiration that during the present economy we should never disjoin the absolute from the redemptional Trinity, but view the Triune manifestation as bound up with the issues of our own eternal life. Omitting this, however, the doctrine of the mediatorial Trinity is most clearly impressed upon the Epistle: that is, of the Trinity as revealed during the economy of the Gospel in a revelation which will end with the end of that economy. St. John does not give any such formal statement of this as we find in the Lord's baptismal formula, or as St. Paul gives to the Ephesians,—“through Him we both have access to the Father by one Spirit,”—and in some other passages. The Trinitarian revelation is here within the soul; but such a revelation as leaves no doubt that the three Persons are distinct though one. It is limited to this; but this is the supreme Triune manifestation: implying all others and consummating all others.

The Spirit is referred to in those two relations which He in all other Scriptures sustains: that of a witness and that of an indwelling Person. In the paragraph, chap. ii. 20—27, He is the Unction which giveth the knowledge of the Father and the Son. “Whosoever denieth the Son, the same hath not the Father; he that acknowledgeth the Son, hath the Father also.” Before and after this central passage we have the “anointing received of Him which teacheth of all things:” the Teacher of the truth concerning the distinction and unity of the Father and the Son. This sacred symbol then disappears, and in chap. iv. “the Spirit which He hath given us” moves in “every spirit that confesseth that Jesus is come in the flesh,” and “hereby we know the Spirit of God.” Here, however, the Spirit is testifying in the “spirits” of men: as if, to speak boldly, every believer has his own “Spirit of God.” But in chap. v. there is no limitation whatever. “The Spirit it is that beareth witness;” and that witness the believer hath “in himself,” of the truth of the “record, that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in His Son.” Hence the Spirit is not only a witness, but the immediate representa-

tive of the indwelling God. "Hereby know we that we dwell in Him, and He in us, because He hath given us of His Spirit" (chap. iv. 14). But the indwelling of the Spirit is the indwelling of the Son: "we are in Him that is true, even in His Son Jesus Christ," which is to be interpreted by "I in you and ye in Me;" and the indwelling of God, "God dwelleth in him and he in God." It must be remembered that these are the closing words in the Bible concerning that Holy Spirit of whom our Lord had said: "He dwelleth with you and shall be in you" (John xiv. 17).

Of the Son in this mediatorial Trinity we shall speak in the next paragraph. And what is the Father's relation here? Precisely the same as from the beginning, since the Lord distinguished Him as such in the Trinity; He is the Head and Fountain and Representative of the Three Persons. Consequently He may be termed "the Father" or He may be termed "God," and it is reserved for this Epistle to give us a classical proof of this pre-eminence of God as the Father, and of the Father as God. "We are in Him that is true, even in His Son Jesus Christ. This is the true God, and eternal life" (chap. v. 20): God and the Father are one in His Son. Now let chap. iv. 9 and 14 be collated: "God sent His only-begotten Son into the world;" "the Father sent His Son to be the Saviour of the world." Here the Father is the Head and Representative of the Godhead: the Father and God are one. The mission of the Son was the act of the eternal essential Trinity; it was also the act of the Father in the Trinity mediatorial.

The doctrine of the Person of Christ, of that one indivisible Person who unites in Himself the Divine and human natures, receives in this Epistle its highest formula. Every error that has arisen to obscure it has here its sufficient refutation. Doubtless the express and final statements were worded by St. John, under the direction of the Spirit, the Guardian of this mystery, for the immediate suppression of Gnostic heresies, which are distinctly alluded to. But the transitory error was a slight thing in comparison of the final testimony for all time. The definitions the Apostle gives are not laid down as tests of heresy simply, but as the very foundation of all true faith in Christ. They take several forms:—

First. The Incarnate Christ is the Son of God, the only-begotten Son, the Word of Life which was with the Father,

and was manifested unto us. Here the one Person is viewed as God with God, before His manifestation as God with man. But this is the common doctrine of the New Testament. The special aspect of it here presented is that the Word is the Son, by the common bond of the term "life." The Logos is Himself the "Eternal Life" which was "with the Father;" both these expressions are new. The "Eternal life" is the sure prerogative of Divinity; but that Divinity is in the Person of One related to the Father, and therefore "the Son." Now the end of the Epistle, which returns back to the beginning, tells us that God hath given to us eternal life, and that "this life is in His Son." In the Word an eternal possession, it is in the Son incarnate—that is, the Word manifested—a gift to us. "The Life" is the name of the Personal Son, here as in John i. 4, and as such "eternal life:" both terms are used of the gift to us; but they are not "the same in us as in Him." The term defines the relation of the Second Person in the Trinity, both to the Father (God in the Gospel), and to the universe. He hath "life in Himself:" eternally imparted unto Him and thus "given of the Father." But for the creature: He is the Life as that life flows out of the God-head into the universe: "in Him were all things created." By the Holy Ghost, who is the "Giver of life," the Giver to the creature out of the fulness of the life eternally given to the Son. But St. John has not failed to preserve the crowning term which the Lord gave him for the expression of the incommunicable relation of the Son to the Father in the essence of the Trinity. His last testimony to the atoning mission terms Him the "only-begotten Son," with which transcendent name, therefore, the Scriptural revelation of the Person of Christ may be said to end. The great word itself is not peculiar to St. John: the Synoptists use it of an only human child; the Epistle to the Hebrews has it also. St. Paul's nearest approach is the "Firstborn before every creature." But in the present passage it is used with the meaning of essential and eternal generation from the Father; and it is observable that St. John introduces it with all the solemn emphasis with which the Saviour first used it: not simply as in Hebrew, "the only-begotten," or "the only-begotten Son," but "that Son of Him, the only-begotten," τὸν υἱὸν αὐτοῦ τὸν μονογενή.

Secondly. This "manifested" Word of life is the same



"Jesus Christ, come in flesh." These are the two specific incarnation-phrases of this Epistle. The more general "sent into the world" must not be made a third: that is, as specific; otherwise it is an incarnation-phrase, and one of great importance, inasmuch as it shows that the one personality of the Son was retained—neither added to nor taken from—by His coming. The term "manifested," as it is used in the beginning of the Epistle, signifies all that is meant in the Gospel by "we beheld His glory," the "glory of the only-begotten Son" who "tabernacled" in the flesh as the temple of the true Shekinah. But the idea of the Son of God inhabiting our nature, and dwelling in it, is here omitted. A word is used which refers rather to the glorious truth that He who was the God of glory in the temple was visible, audible, tangible; in other words, the emphasis lies upon the verity of the human nature, which was by no means withdrawn from the region of sense, but appeared in all respects "in the likeness of men." We have indeed the "gazed upon" or "spiritually beheld" of the Gospel retained, to mark that the Divine was penetrated to by a keener insight. But before it and after it comes the more familiar "seen with our eyes." The second incarnation-phrase is quite peculiar here, and again finishes what was begun in the Gospel. It is not "the Word was made flesh" or became flesh. That unique saying might be perverted into the meaning that the subordinate Son relinquished for ever or for a season His Divine mode of existence. Now in the Gospel it is protected from that perversion by what immediately follows, "and tabernacled among us." His flesh was a tabernacle in which among us He manifested forth His glory, still Divine though veiled: the veil over the ancient Shekinah being indeed absolutely rent and removed, but only to be exchanged for a more spiritual veil. Here again the Apostle chooses another unique phrase, which should serve a double purpose: that of rebuking the Gnostic antichrists who refused to believe that the Son of God took more than the semblance of a human existence; and that also of making it for ever plain that there was no conversion of the Divine into the human. The eternal Son "was God," *ἦν*, He "became" flesh, *ἐγένετο*. But only by "coming" in flesh, or being manifested in it. It is emphatic also that it was "Jesus Christ come in flesh" that St. John proclaimed: not Jesus who was afterwards visited by the Christ afterwards withdrawn. To deny that "Jesus



is the Christ" is to deny "the Father and the Son:" a sequence of thought which must be steadily looked at until its full meaning is seen. Jesus Christ is the Son "come in the flesh." St. John speaks of this "coming" in the flesh as the great mystery of godliness. As St. Paul declares that without the Holy Ghost none could call Jesus Lord, so St. John, in his own way, declares that the acceptance of this unsearchable secret of the incarnation requires the Spirit's unction and teaching. "Hereby know ye the Spirit of God:" this is the one great fundamental doctrine of the Spirit of truth. "Ye have an unction from the Holy One:" in His Spirit you know His name and confess it.

Thirdly, the Epistle ends with a statement that ought to be the end of all Christology, that the entire manifestation of Jesus Christ is that of the personal Son, whose Divine and eternal personality governs His whole person and work. The first testimony from above declared that He who came was a Divine Being; the second that He came in human flesh; and this third proclaims that His coming generally, not in the flesh simply, but His whole coming, is to be viewed as that of the Son of God. Here is another final, definitive, and consummate word. *The Son of God is come.* There is but one Person of whom all is said, by whom all was done on earth, and who is accomplishing all in heaven. The distinctions of later theology between a Divine and a human personality in our Lord were unknown to St. John, who speaks for all the Apostles and for the Lord Himself. They know of no human personality. They do not say that He became a man, but that He became flesh, or that He came in flesh: flesh being the realistic idea of human nature or human existence. The second Person is the whole God as God; the incarnate second Person is the whole of man as man. There is a remarkable reading of chap. iv. 3, which would imply that St. John intended to condemn the sundering or dissolving of Jesus into a God and a man: every spirit *ὁ λέει*. But there is no need of that suspicious text. St. John did not as yet foresee this form of Antichrist, which would take away our Lord's relation to our general and impersonal human nature.

It is a startling transition to the final disclosure given here of the personality, power, and agency of that being who is called the "devil," or "that wicked one." There can be no question that nothing in the former Scripture is softened away: rather the relation of the Evil One to the

mediatorial work is exhibited in the most finished description. Three times is he mentioned, and in relation to the three Persons of the Trinity respectively. First, to the Holy Spirit; as in Ephes. iii. so here, but much more distinctly, he is represented as the anti-Spirit. "Hereby know we the spirit of truth and the spirit of error" (chap. iii. 6). St. Paul refers to his pre-eminence among the forces of evil that govern the "course of this world," and St. John shows that his government is solely through the errors by which he deceives men's minds. Opposed to him is the *Unction* that teacheth all things; or, as it is at the close, the faculty of discrimination, "the understanding in Him that is true." Secondly, to the Son: "for this cause was the Son of God manifested, that He might destroy or undo the works of the devil" (chap. iii. 8). This throws its light on some of our Lord's most profound words. Satan was at the root of human sin. He "sinned from the beginning," not of his creation, but of his deeds in connection with man. He is in some sense the chief enemy encountered by Christ in redemption: not, however, as neutralising his claim, but as destroying his power. Thirdly, to the Father: "We know that we are of God (the Father), and the whole world lieth in the wicked one." The word is changed, and only does not say that as it is the glory of Christians to be "in God," so it is the misery of the unchristian world to be "in Satan."

There are three parallel representations of the relation of Satan to man, which also carry the earlier teaching of Scripture to its highest point. First, as to the unregenerate, they are "the children of the devil:" each unregenerate soul is "of the devil;" the sin in him is the continuation of an evil principle which had its first birth in Satan. This is the strongest word in the Bible on the subject, and teaches that sin is an alien in the human spirit, giving the soul as it were a filial affinity with the Evil One, regeneration being its restoration to its true Father. Secondly, to the struggle of the regenerate life. St. Paul says that "the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made us free from the law of sin and death." St. John writes to the young men, because they had "overcome the wicked one:" "because ye are strong, and the Word of God abideth in you, and ye have overcome the wicked one." Here is a permanent victory, but as yet only a victory, hardly won and hardly maintained. Thirdly, to the per-

fectedsaints, the final testimony of the Epistle is: "we know that whosoever is born of God sinneth not; but he that is begotten of God keepeth himself, and that wicked one toucheth him not." This blessedly suggests the Redeemer's "hath nothing in Me;" and sanctions the thought that temptation from without becomes powerless as having nothing in the soul to lay hold of, the flesh being "crucified with its affections and lusts." But, be that as it may, most certainly the power of Satan is at an end. He findeth the "Stronger than he keeping the house;" and, though he plays his "devices" still, they are utterly ineffectual against him who "keepeth himself." These last words do not of course make the saints independent of the Spirit, the "seed in them;" but they do in a remarkable way pay their tribute to the work of grace in the soul as making it, under God, lord of its own holiness.

Summing up these testimonies, they leave no doubt that the Bible ends with a distinct evidence as to the personality of Satan, as to his original, abiding, and deep connection with human sin, and as to the absolute deliverance of the regenerate soul from his influence in the present life.

We now pass from the Person to the work of the Saviour. And the first thing that demands notice is the mysterious link between these two, which is here set forth with the utmost explicitness. Jesus Christ is the Son of God throughout all the processes of His mediatorial work. This fundamental truth runs through all the teaching of the New Testament; but St. John gives it a peculiar expression. The idea that Jesus, as the Messiah, is the eternal Son of God, and that the infinite dignity of His sonship is stamped upon all His manifestation, runs through the whole Epistle. Instead of tracing it word by word, let us examine a passage which sums up all in one paragraph, chap. v. 6—13. It begins and it ends with the testimony which believers have in their own experience. But between these we have what we seek: the full assertion that God gave His Divine testimony to the once-accomplished work of Christ as that of the Divine-human Son.

The whole paragraph is ruled by the idea of testimony, which, indeed, may be said to be a governing idea in all St. John's writings. Applying this principle to these words we find, first, that to Jesus coming by water and blood the Spirit bears testimony that He is the Christ; giving His testimony in both the water and the blood severally, and,

at the same time, adding a third in the unity of the other two. Then we find that the Spirit's testimony to the Christ is also the Divine testimony to that Christ as being the Son of God: which is what we here seek for. Jesus and the Christ are one, against every error of the Antichrists: Jesus the Christ is the Son of God, the Eternal Life.

"Coming by water and blood" is St. John's compendium of the whole Messianic work: the counterpart of "coming in the flesh" as the compendium of the incarnation. When he wrote these words his mind reverted to that most awful moment of his life when he saw the water and blood coming forth from the Redeemer's side. He saw in that circumstance, taught by the Spirit, a symbol of the sanctifying water and of the atoning blood, which, now that Jesus had died, would flow for the Church unceasingly. These, symbolised externally by the baptism of "water," and the eucharistic commemoration of "the blood" of the New Testament—of which also he thought—corresponded precisely to the beginning and end of the Messianic career. At His baptism of "water" Jesus was sealed as the Christ: for Himself in His human nature, and for us, He received the great anointing. At His baptism "of blood" He who came really went again; but His death was only the issue and end of His first anointing, and is here expressly united with it. "He came by water and blood;" by the initial consecration and perfecting passion as the beginning and end, the Alpha and Omega of His earthly coming. With the errors of the time in view, but with a view also to all the future, and as a purely doctrinal statement, St. John says: "not in water only, but in water and blood." He came by these, as being the great historical events of His historical course; and they unite that course into one. He came in these, as united in their permanent virtue for us: the Spirit of His baptism is ours for ever in the unity of the virtue of His atoning blood. Hence that mystical effusion of both the water and blood, to which "he that saw it bare witness," and to which the Holy Ghost, "because the Spirit is the truth," revealing and confirming both in their unity as the sum of all truth, beareth His supreme and continuous witness: supreme as on the Day of Pentecost, and continuous in the hearts of believers. It is Christ who came; it is the Spirit who beareth witness.

But all this does not rise to the full height of the testimony. "If we receive the witness of men, the witness of

God is greater:" this is parenthetical. "For this is the witness of God which He hath testified of His Son." Seven times in what follows does St. John declare that the Son of God is in the Christ: God gave to Him as such His record; to Him as "the life," as "the eternal life," which leads us back to the beginning of the Epistle, to "the Word of Life," and forward to its end, "the true God and eternal life." And the issue of all is, that the historical Christ is the same One Person who is the "only-begotten Son" in John i. 18. Jesus is the Christ: one and indivisible in His office. The Christ is the Son of God: one and indivisible in His person. He is and He giveth eternal life: He giveth it because He is what He giveth. But He giveth it through His mediatorial work: as the life of release from guilt through the atonement, as the life of the quickening Spirit of His baptism; both being the one eternal life, begun on earth and to be consummated in heaven.

This may be regarded as the consummate teaching of revelation as to the connection between the Divinity of Christ and His atoning work. And it finds its simpler expression in three passages which are unique in Scripture, which we must take in their inverted order. "We have seen and do testify that the Father sent the Son, the Saviour of the world. Whosoever shall confess that Jesus is the Son of God, God dwelleth in him and he in God" (chap. iv. 14). Here the Son of God does not become the Saviour, but is the Saviour as sent. Jesus must be confessed to be the Son of God. This is an advance upon all language hitherto used by the Apostles, and even by the Lord Himself. Again we read: "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His Son, His only-begotten Son, the propitiation for our sins" (chap. iv. 10). Here the general Saviour is the particular propitiation: the world is saved only by an expiation of its guilt. But Christ is the Propitiation: which is more than St. Paul's "set forth as a propitiatory or mercy-seat" (Rom. iii. 21). And He is the Propitiation on earth: which is more than St. Paul's "in His blood." He was sent Himself, in His one Divine-human person, the Propitiation: this is more than St. Paul's "who gave Himself;" He came as such before He gave Himself. It is not His soul only, not only His blood, but it is Himself in the unity of His person and its Divine dignity who is our Propitiation. Again, in chap. ii. 2, we read: "We have an Advocate

with the Father, Jesus Christ the Righteous, and He is the Propitiation for our sins." Here the Propitiation, which is Himself, is transferred to heaven: availing for believers, the ground of the all-sufficient advocacy of the "Paraclete" above. Elsewhere it is said that "by His own blood He hath passed into the heavens, having obtained eternal redemption for us." But here His presence in heaven is the extension of the atonement. These great words, taken in connection with the other two, give a final and finishing touch of perfection to the New-Testament doctrine of the mediatorial atonement. The term Mediator is not used; but what the term means is exhibited more clearly than anywhere else. It is St. Paul's "Mediator of God and men, the Man Christ Jesus," somewhat improved upon. The Mediator is God and man, and not only BETWEEN God and men. St. Paul looks at the human aspect: the Mediator is the Man. St. John, admitting this, makes the Mediator simply the "Son of God come in flesh," with the emphasis on the Son of God. Hence in this passage, chap. iii. 16—like the Gospel, chap. iii. 16—we feel that the current translation, though it inserts what is not in the text, is true to the spirit of the whole Epistle: "Hereby perceive we the love of God, because He laid down His life for us." This passage, it may be observed, is the only one which does not declare that the Saviour "is" what the other Scriptures represent Him as "accomplishing," or being "made unto us" by God. But, more particularly, we may note this in connection with certain leading ideas which go to constitute the doctrine of atonement: the atonement in God Himself, or the "propitiation" proper; the atonement as a revelation on earth, or "the life," or "the reconciliation;" and the atonement as available for "all the world." It will be found that the statement of the doctrine is reduced to its barest simplicity; but that it is carried to its highest perfection. The method of statement is rather different, but the sacred ideas are there.

As to the first, the cardinal passage is chap. iv. 10; and it is the cardinal passage in all the New Testament for what we may term the essence of the doctrine, the atonement in God Himself. "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His Son, the propitiation of our sins." Here the mission is of "the only-begotten Son," not to win for man the love of God by appeasing His holy wrath, but as the Messenger of a love



that in the Divine essence had already provided a propitiation which eternal holiness rendered necessary, and justice found sufficient. In the Divine mind towards man, contemplating the fall and the sin of the race, justice and mercy were one; but love had the pre-eminence in this, that the love of the Trinity in the Son gave existence to the purpose of redemption. St. John does not ask how in the immutable grace of the Triune God there could be a harmonising of perfections; nor how this reconciliation could be in God before the sinning object existed to excite His displeasure, or demand His love. Nothing is more sublime than the tranquil superiority of the sacred writers generally, and of this writer in particular, to any such criticism of unfathomable mysteries. He lays down the truth. Herein is love, that God sent a Propitiation into the world. The Only-begotten came as the incarnate Love and Holiness of God. This is not so plainly stated anywhere as here. But we may turn now to two other passages which pay their tribute to each of the attributes respectively.

It is the holiness which in the Epistle takes the lead. And, indeed, in the eternal purpose it must be conceived as first in order: sin must be contemplated before its pardon is purposed. God is light; and all sin is the darkness which the light condemns. St. John in the first chapter views all as sinners. St. Paul's "That every mouth may be stopped, and all the world become guilty before God," is here "If we say that we have no sin, the truth is not in us." Then follows the atonement. It is true that it is introduced in connection with the sins of believers; but "for all the world" shows the Apostle's thought. It is true that the atonement here has reached a third stage: it is supposed to have been in God Himself, in the purposed incarnation of His Son; it is supposed that it has been transacted on earth; and it is now transferred to heaven, whence it came: "We have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the Righteous, who is the Propitiation." Here it is the propitiation of the sacred displeasure of God against sin. The term *ἱλασμός* carries with it all the Old-Testament sacrificial meaning, with special reference to the great day of atonement; and in it the Apostle finally seals and confirms all that St. Paul in the Romans and the Epistle to the Hebrews has said concerning the virtue of the sacrificial offering of Christ as



the expiation of the guilt of universal sin. It is not said that Jesus Christ, the Righteous, is the *ἱλαστήρ*, the offering High Priest; nor that His blood was the *ἱλαστήριον*, or expiating sacrifice, but that He was and is the *ἱλασμός*, the personal embodiment in Himself of all that is meant by a sacrifice to the holy justice of God. Here then, where holiness is alone concerned, He is the Righteous, and His offering is the sacrifice to righteousness, and love is not made prominent.

But in the other passage, love is absolutely alone. It is in its very language the earnest of that last one in which love and holiness unite: "Herein perceive we love, *THE LOVE*, because He laid down His life for us." These great words have all the New Testament behind them, and they gather up into utmost intensity all that had ever been said. It is love absolute, not the love of the Father, nor the love of the Son, but supreme and eternal love: the archetype and fountain of all love, as we see in what follows. It is however, undeniably, the love of the Son; for His own words in the Gospel are gathered from two or three sources. He "laid down His life," and that "for us:" the indefiniteness of the great self-sacrifice is explained by the two passages between which this lies: it was the vicarious and voluntary surrender of His life as the great Divine-human obedience, the virtue of which, as Divine-human, was the atonement in the sense in which we use the term. The love alone is mentioned, because the moral influence of the act is here prominent: it is the sublime example and standard of our self-sacrifice. But it has the former passage as its background; and those who quote it in behalf of a theory of the atonement which makes it only the great pattern of self-sacrifice take a one-sided view unless they link it with the former. If that earlier one stood alone it would make the Lord's passion only a sacrifice to holy wrath against sin. If this present one stood alone it would make it a demonstration that love was bent upon vanquishing sin by force of its own strength. Taken together, these passages give the full truth.

The second element in the doctrine of the atonement is the accomplishment on earth of the reconciliation between God and man as acting out his sin in the world. This, we boldly say, St. John teaches in the form of the Saviour's giving life to the world. Here it is the manifestation of love and of holiness, not indeed on the cross only, but in

the incarnate life before the cross. "In this was manifested the love of God toward us, because that God sent His only-begotten Son into the world, that we might live through Him" (chap. iv. 9). In these words is the whole doctrine of St. Paul's "reconciliation" or atonement in history. Sin is separation from God, and severance from God is death. Our Lord brought life to the race of man, and that life is the restoration of union with God. In the teaching of our Epistle this life was given to man by Christ in two ways. First, He brought it in His incarnation. To use St. Paul's language, the union of the Son with our nature and race was the proof of a "reconciliation:" St. John says "The Life was manifested," at the beginning, and, at the end, "that ye may know that ye have eternal life, and that ye may believe on the name of the Son of God." This eternal life is the life of redemption, brought to us in the incarnation. But, secondly, by Him who was on the way to the cross. St. John does not mention the cross; but he says that our Lord "laid down His life for us," and also in the text above quoted he describes the object of the mission of the Son to be "that we might live through Him:" in what sense "through Him," the subsequent "propitiation" shows. Now it is important to understand clearly that St. John's doctrine of life through the atonement includes the two current elements of life in the New Testament: release from condemnation and the bestowment of the Spirit of life in regeneration. It may be granted that he generally sums up all as one gift, "life," "eternal life." But it is obvious that the same distinction which St. Paul makes more definitely and explicitly is here implicitly made. The Lord laid down His life for our good, "to take away our sins;" that we might live "through Him," that is, through His propitiation; that we might "pass from death unto life." But it is the very perfection of his teaching concerning the atonement, that it brings to man the gift of life in its amplitude, embracing and including all. It secures the "forgiveness of sins," life through "believing in His name;" it secures union with God in regeneration, known to the possessor by "the Spirit that He hath given." We cannot understand either the Gospel or the Epistles of St. John unless we bear in mind that the "life" of which they are full is the restored life of reconciliation with God. Speaking of the ravage of the Destroyer, our Lord said, "I am come that

they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." He came not to annihilate sinners impenitent, and confer immortality or undying existence. No annihilation threatened the sinner, and immortality He had given the whole race by joining our nature to Himself, "the Word of Life." He came to restore the life of union with God, which is the only life; and this is the reconciliation.

The universality of the virtue of the atonement is impressed upon every individual reference to it: and, though it may seem strange to say so, more expressly than anywhere else in Scripture. That is, the universality of the benefit is more emphatically here than elsewhere bound up with the very idea of the atonement. Let us glance at the illustration of this in the passages respectively.

Taking them in their order in the Epistle, we have the declaration that the Advocate for His people's sins is the Propitiation, not for theirs only, but also "for the sins of the whole world." What St. John means by the whole world he himself explains at the end of the Epistle, where the same *κόσμος ὅλος* "lieth in the wicked one." Hence it appears that the expiatory virtue of Christ's atonement in some sense availed for the sins of all mankind; and, if we remember that, in the next atonement passage, He "laid down His life" in the sense of the price of redemption, it further appears that the sacrifice of Christ was sufficient for the release of the world from captivity "in the evil one." The children of the devil are led captive by him at his will; but it is their own will which keeps them fettered in his power, for the ransom price has been paid down for them. This explains St. Paul's "word of reconciliation," which is the ministry entreating men as individuals to be reconciled to Him who is reconciled to them universally as a race.

But the passage just quoted, "herein perceive we the love, that He laid down His life for us," needs no help from any other to make it universal. It is true that the Apostle bases upon it the argument that "we also ought to lay down our lives for the brethren;" but it would be inconsistent with the spirit of the passage to make it mean that this supreme demonstration of love was for the Christian brotherhood only. It is the glory of the love which God commendeth to us that "when we were yet sinners Christ died for us;" or, as our own Epistle says, "Not that we loved God, but that He loved us." The love which

St. John inculcates is the perfect opposite of the hatred which is the mark of those who are the children of the "manslayer from the beginning." It is true that our Lord, in the midst of His disciples, laid emphasis upon His self-sacrifice for His own: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." But He who said this had already said: "The Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many," which words He permitted His servant Paul to quote and to strengthen, "who gave Himself a ransom for all men." None will deny that the law of devotion demands the sacrifice of self for the good of sinners; and this of itself gives a boundless universality to the sacrifice of Christ.

Then comes the unique passage in which Christ is the conqueror of Satan: "For this purpose was the Son of God manifested, that He might destroy the works of the devil," which is St. John's version of the great truth our Lord and His other Apostles have dwelt upon in a wide variety of ways, that the design of Christ's manifestation on earth was to undo the whole work of Satan as the head and origin of human sin. But it is not signified that the effect of the Gospel would be to annihilate every vestige of Satan's influence among men: that is not the meaning of the word "destroy," or *λύω*. It was his hold upon the race of man, or mankind, that was relaxed or dissolved, and abolished. Elsewhere our Apostle, his own interpreter, says that the "world lieth in the wicked one," and, still more, that "there is a sin unto death," and that eternal life is a gift to those who are "in His Son," and not to those who have been redeemed by Him simply. Hence our text is only a variation upon other words just preceding, "Ye know that He was manifested to take away our sins." But, after every deduction, it still remains that the design of the manifestation of the Son of God was in a glorious sense to undo the work of Satan in the human race as such, and in its universal integrity as a race. As to individuals, it cannot be said that He has undone all the work of the devil: as to mankind He has abolished it. The design of the enemy is rendered abortive. If any sink under his condemnation, they are the victims of their own unbelief. They share his penalty, but as the result of their own rejection of Christ's atonement.

The last testimony of this Epistle—and as it were the last

testimony of Scripture—is that the “Father sent the Son to be the Saviour of the world.” This sacred term, involved in the name of Jesus, is reserved for the last: it occurs only here in the Epistle, as it is only once and indirectly used in the Gospel. But let it have its full significance. Let the reader take the whole passage (chap. iv. 7—10), and mark the progression of the thought. “God sent His only-begotten Son into the world, that we might live through Him.” This makes the world only the scene of His mission, that in it He might set up His kingdom of life. “He sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins:” though we remember “not for ours only,” yet this is not expressly stated here. Having said this, the Apostle, as his manner is, and under the strong compulsion of his one design, turns aside to dwell on the love in us, which responds to the love of heaven, and the indwelling in God which is its fruit. But then he returns, and a third time proclaims—and for the last time, as if giving his “faithful saying,” corresponding with St. Paul’s last testimony—“We have seen and do testify that the Father sent the Son to be the Saviour of the world.” Not merely to be, to become—alas, all in the world are not saved—but as the Deliverer of the whole race. Thus the Bible gives its last exposition of the name of Jesus: “He shall save His people from their sins,” but as the SAVIOUR OF THE WORLD.

Little need be added as to the doctrine of sin in this Epistle. Almost everything that is distinctive on this subject has been touched upon. In fact, the doctrine of sin undergoes no change throughout the Scripture: it has less development, strictly so called, than any other doctrine; being the same from the darkening of Paradise down to the coming of Christ. Suffice, that there is no Manichæism here. Though Satan sinned “from the beginning,” it was only from the beginning of his sin. Though he is in some sense the author and representative of human sin, man’s sin is his own, and Christ was manifested to take away “our sins.” Sin is the empire of darkness, and of death, and of hatred; but it is strictly individual: “Sin is the transgression of the law.” Sin is the opposite of fellowship with God, and death its penalty is the opposite of life in God. Though these two definitions are not given, they are a fair generalisation of the spirit of the Epistle. Sin is the severance of the will from God as Lawgiver, death is the separation of the soul from God as the Life. Between

sin and regeneration there is a great gulf fixed, wider, deeper, and more absolute than anywhere else. This is the ideal everywhere exhibited. But it may become, and must become, a reality also. The tone and language throughout declare that the virtue of the atonement cleanseth the soul from all that is called sin, and that the abiding in the heart of the Spirit of God ensures the perfected love that is inconsistent with every relic or trace of sin in the nature of the wholly sanctified.

What may be called "the state of salvation," St. Paul's "grace wherein we stand," receives its finishing delineation in this Epistle. The same three leading ideas of Righteousness, Sonship, and Sanctification run through it which are found in the entire New Testament. As elsewhere, they are not kept distinct, but interwoven: though a careful investigation will find the first in the earlier chapters, the link of transition to the second being chap. ii. 29, "If ye know that He is righteous, ye know that every one that doeth righteousness is born of Him. Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed on us, that we should be called the sons of God." The third, pervading all but without the term Sanctification, appears with its utmost emphasis at the close, where the triumphs of perfected love are described in a style that exhausts language, answering to the perfect cleansing of the first chapter.

The Divine method of reckoning and making men righteous, "the righteousness of God," "Christ made unto us righteousness," "the righteousness of faith," are phrases not found here. But we have, corresponding to each respectively, phrases which give them, if possible, a clearer definition. God is "faithful and just to forgive us our sins." If these words are read immediately after reading Rom. iii. 21, seq., they will seem the natural conclusion of St. Paul's argument; they might be his very words. But if God's righteousness is pledged to our pardon, it is because it has been vindicated in the propitiation of "Jesus Christ, the Righteous," an epithet added to the name of Jesus which, in this Epistle, is a startling echo—a blessed discord in its usual strain—of St. Paul's "made unto us righteousness." As to the righteousness imputed to faith, though the term "reckoned" is not here, the theory is—"Your sins are forgiven you, for His name's sake:" that is, "through faith in His name," though with a singular and beautiful variation in the style of Scripture, which our



translation has well preserved. But with St. John, as with St. Paul, the perversion of the doctrine of imputation to faith is a perpetual object of dread. "Little children, let no man deceive you: he that doeth righteousness is righteous, even as He is righteous." The justified by faith doeth the works of justification; this is the bold and final link between imputed and inherent conformity with law. But it is the peculiarity of our Epistle that it does not distinguish between the court in which the law, with its forensic terms, reigns, and the house wherein all belongs to the adoption of sons. Righteousness and sonship are again and again closely connected. "Ye know that every one that doeth righteousness is born of Him." The fruits of regeneration are described by St. Paul as certain graces and the enjoyment of certain privileges of adoption; St. John does not exclude these, but he blends the forensic and the family terms, and thereby shows us that we must not too carefully observe theological distinctions. This may be illustrated, also, by the earlier words: "We have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin. He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." Here, unless we are much mistaken, the three families of blessing are inextricably interwoven: we are cleansed in the temple from all, not impurity, but unrighteousness; our sins are forgiven; and in the fellowship of sonship—the only fellowship—we are cleansed from all sin. There is nothing absent which belongs to the Pauline doctrine of justification; but the elements are blended with each other, and all melt into the other aspects of the grace of God. The old word "grace," however, is wanting: it "reigns through righteousness" in all the Epistle, but it also seems to be lost in "love," where indeed we have already found it.

The doctrine of Christian sonship has been implied from the beginning. It is formally introduced in the third chapter, the opening paragraph of which gives all its characteristics: that is, if collated with what precedes and follows. Of this blessing St. John speaks in language of peculiar enthusiasm. St. Paul and St. Peter assign a pre-eminent dignity to the estate of sonship; the highest note of which is that we were "predestinated to be conformed to the image of His Son." But St. John singles out this central blessing for still more marked pre-eminence. It is



in the heart of his Epistle. When he approaches it he uses his strong apostrophe "Behold!" The fulness of the love of God is apparently given to us in this, and for this end: "what and how great love God hath given to us—as the issue of the first gift of His Son, and the reality of all His gifts, eternal life—making it our own!" It seems as if all was consummated in this: "in order that we might be called, and we are, the children of God." "We should be called, and we are." This true reading contains the distinction between adoption and regeneration, the former term not being, however, anywhere used. It is like that in the Gospel: "To them gave He right to become the sons of God, which were born not of blood, but of God" (John i. 12). The full privileges of the adoption, the perfect inheritance—once more a term not here used—are reserved for the future. St. Paul's "waiting for the adoption" is here: "It doth not appear what we shall be." But St. Paul's "the redemption of the body" is greatly surpassed. "When He shall appear"—that is, Christ, who is God incarnate, and will alone "appear," and alone be "seen" throughout eternity—"we shall be with Him, for we shall see Him as He is." Here is the note of the all-surpassing glory of this central blessing: that it is our union with God by a new birth of the Spirit of His Son giving us the privilege of sons after the similitude of the Firstborn and the Only-Begotten. Our life is "in His Son." The reader has not the eyes of his heart fully enlightened who does not see this reflected from every part of the Epistle. The soul and essence of Christian dignity, conferred by eternal love, is this fellowship with the Son. On either hand of this are the two other covenant blessings, justification and sanctification. "He that doeth righteousness is righteous, even as He is righteous;" this for the one. "He that hath this hope in Him, purifieth himself, even as He is pure;" this for the other. The sonship of adoption and regeneration mediates between the two, and is their apex and consummation and glory. We are forgiven "that we should be called sons;" we are cleansed that "we may be sons." And here come in the words which describe the inscrutable and essential distinction between the children and the world. "The world knoweth us not, because it knew Him not." The mystery of the Son is the mystery of the sons, whose life is "hid with Christ in God." But this is St. Paul's word; St. John's is

still higher: "We are in Him that is true, even in His Son Jesus Christ. This is the true God and eternal life." Only of our sonship in Christ and the life it gives is "eternal" used; it is not eternal righteousness, nor eternal sanctification, but eternal life. Here alone is the supreme ideal of the state to which sin is impossible. If any man say in the domain of law that he "hath no sin," he deceiveth himself; but in the fellowship of the Son of God and in Him born of God he cannot sin. Here also enters the memorable division between "the children of God" and "the children of the devil." It is the coming of the Son that has introduced this sharp and awful demarcation. His coming as "the true Light" makes the darkness visible; "that they which see might be made blind." His coming as the Son of God "to destroy the works of the devil" makes the whole unregenerate world "lie in the wicked one"—makes all who belong to it "children of the devil." "What fellowship hath light with darkness? What concord hath Christ with Belial?" are words of St. Paul which, strong as they are, are weak by the side of these words. Satan is not the father and begetter of the children of men; the original image is not absolutely effaced in any man, proving him to be at his worst estate "this my son who was dead." But it is the surpassing dignity of the regenerate sons of God in the Only-Begotten that around them all others are not simply, to quote St. Paul again, "a crooked and perverse nation" (Phil. ii. 15), but "the children of the devil." Not to leave that name at the close, let it be repeated that the supreme glory of the Christian vocation is, throughout this Epistle and by tokens surpassing any other, that it makes the Christian believers sons like the Son; like, *ὅμοιοι*, not *ὁμοούσιοι*; or, to borrow a word of St. Paul which for once St. John has not surpassed, "one Spirit with Him."

Of regeneration itself glorious things are spoken in this Epistle, which surpass any former words. It gives Christians their name; they are not "the righteous" generally, nor are they here "the saints," but they are "children," "little children," "the brethren," "beloved," because "the sons of God." This, however, is comparatively a small thing. The actual birth "of God" is defined by a stronger expression than is elsewhere used; the privilege of the new birth has here its highest ideal description; and that ideal is a reality as clear as the distinction between Satan's children and

God's in the world. These three points are in one passage : the most glowing sentence in Scripture, chap. iii. 9, 10. The first, "His seed remaineth in him;" not the seed of the Word, not the Holy Spirit simply as such; but the Holy Spirit as producing that "living thing" in the inner man, the Divine nature. St. John, in the Gospel, says: "Born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God" (chap. i. 13). But he here surpasses that: The Divine virtue is the Divine seed of the new man, the Spirit of the new life, which is not left as a germ simply, but is an abiding or continuous begetting. Hence the second point: the regenerate, thus "born of God," "cannot sin;" his nature is as averse from sin as that of God, for he is a "partaker of the Divine nature;" not, as St. Peter says, "that we may be." That "he doth not commit sin" is the result of the "abiding" of the Divine seed. Both these are the high ideal, declaring what St. Paul otherwise expresses, in terms of his imputation doctrine: "Reckon yourselves to be dead unto sin;" "ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God," but in stronger and more realistic language. The regenerate "he" is the personality of the new man; his new Divine nature being himself, without respect to the flesh that may be lingering in his person. But the third is in what follows: "In this the children of God are manifest, and the children of the devil." What is purely ideal is secret. But this ideal is realised or revealed. The whole process of the regenerate life is a revelation of the new nature. "Who-soever doeth not righteousness is not of God;" those who are born of God "do righteousness," a most universal term, and in this surpassing St. Paul's "love is the fulfilling of the law," as righteousness is more than commandment. "Neither he that loveth not his brother;" connecting this with what follows, we see that love to the brethren is only a special aspect of that universal righteousness, for "this is the message that ye heard from the beginning, that ye should love one another." This is the special commandment of universal righteousness, the fulfilling of which maketh us "righteous even as He is righteous." The ideal and the real meet. We know the ideal in Him; "If ye know that He is righteous." We must know it in ourselves: "Know ye that every one that doeth righteousness is born of Him." "Ye know that He was manifested to take away our sins, and in Him is no sin," that is the ideal.

"Whosoever abideth in Him sinneth not; whosoever sinneth hath not seen Him, neither known Him;" this is the reality, and tells us that actual sin is inconsistent with the true seeing and knowing of Christ. But the double "manifest" must be noted. "He was manifested to take away our sins." In not committing sin "the children of God are manifest." The manifestation of the sin-destroyer and of the sin-destruction are both in this present world. The very word is used which we have in Hebrews ix. 26, "He was manifested to put away sin;" but in St. John we have once more the consummating seal of a fuller meaning.

The third branch or department of Christian privilege is everywhere in the New Testament the sanctification of the pardoned and regenerate soul to God. Our Epistle gives another, and yet not another, view of this blessing; adding an element to it which seals it with perfection. Here sanctification is viewed negatively as cleansing or purification from all sin, and positively as the energy of love to God. These are both referred to forgiveness and regeneration in a very noticeable manner. But what is still more noteworthy is the perfection most abundantly ascribed to both operations.

With regard to the perfect sanctification of the soul from sin St. John here uses only two terms, *καθαρίζει* and *ἀγνίζει*; the former the virtue of the blood of Christ, the latter the virtue of man's own effort. The verb *ἀγνάζω* is never used; nor indeed the *ἀγίος*, save of Christ. In the first chapter we have the cleansing; at the threshold of the Epistle, as it were; the active perfecting of love brings in the consummation at the close. The two verses in which the purifying efficacy of the atonement is introduced may be regarded as one. The question arises: does St. John mean the Levitical cleansing from guilt? Or does he mean the extirpation of all sin from the nature; or does he mean both in one? It is generally held that one of these three interpretations must be applied to both passages. We humbly think that the truth is found here; that in the former passage the cleansing from all sin is chiefly referred to, and in the latter the cleansing from all the guilt of sin. In verse 7 we read the glorious words: "If we walk in the light, as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin:" that is the virtue of the atoning sacrifice

applied by the Spirit of our fellowship, in "the communion of the Holy Ghost," taketh away entirely the spot of sin which the light reveals as darkness. But the very word indicates that in sin which hinders the sanctification of the soul to God, its acceptance on the altar; and in verse 9 St. John adds: "If we confess our sins He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness:" that is, the virtue of the atonement awaits for the removal of all guilt. Let the whole structure of the context plead for this. "If we say that we have no sin" places the soul ideally under the jurisdiction of law: "if we say" before the bar of justice, as justice, "that we have no sin," that we are not always, to the end, and throughout eternity, sinners, we "deceive ourselves and the truth is not in us," we altogether err from the truth, and know not the very constitution of the system of grace, which admits the entirely sanctified to eternal life through "the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ," who came into the world, "to save sinners," of whom, said a sinless soul, "I am chief." But, confessing our sins, not saying "that we have not sinned," owning that our existence on earth is and has been that of sinners, "He is faithful and just," attributes which refer to the Divine forensic relations, "to forgive us our sins;" and, passing from the court of law to the temple of Levitical purification, "to cleanse us from all unrighteousness," from the guilt of all violation of righteousness, not precisely from all impurity. Putting the two together, we have the very perfection of Scripture as to the absolute, perfect and entire abolition of the sin of our nature. Here at the very outset is the full expression of what is afterwards otherwise stated: "the Son of God was manifested that He might destroy the works of the devil:" this destruction is the achievement of His first manifestation, not of the second when He will come "without sin," and it is wrought by His blood, the infinite virtue of which the "fidelity and justice" of God will apply.

In the middle of the Epistle, between this Divine cleansing and the consecration of perfected love, St. John introduces the human element: "he that hath this hope in Him purifieth himself," *ἀγνίζει*: using a term which in all its applications in the New Testament implies the human effort. Both St. Paul and St. James use the former term, *καθαρίζειν*, of human effort once: St. John does not so use it. The passage we now refer to stands alone in its dignity,

simplicity and fulness of privilege. "He is pure," for "in Him is no sin:" as He is the Christian maketh himself: the Divine cleansing from guilt and pollution surrounding and hallowing and consummating his efforts. "As He is righteous" (chap. ii. 29); "as He is pure" (chap. iii. 3); "as He is" (chap. iv. 17): thrice is the *καθώς* given us; and by these three witnesses this truth is established that the power of Divine grace will "put no difference between Him and us, purifying our hearts through faith." In the present verse faith worketh by hope: "having this hope in Him," that is, the hope of being hereafter "like Him;" we are not indeed commanded, but supposed as the necessary law of our life to make ourselves now what He now is. And thus this second and intermediate view of entire sanctification confirms the first: it is the still higher expression of St. Paul's "let us cleanse ourselves from filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God." St. Paul says, "having these promises" for the present; St. John, "having this hope in Him" for the glorious future.

The element and strength of entire consecration to God is in this Epistle the "perfected love of God." Love generally is the ethical principle throughout; but in three passages it is clothed with its perfection as the principle of entire devotion to God, or sanctification to His communion and service. These passages have no parallel in Scripture: they are, however, jointly and severally the perfect expression of the spirit of the entire New Testament. It must not be too lightly dismissed as fanciful if we say that they refer respectively to righteousness, sonship, and sanctification proper.

The first runs thus: "But whoso keepeth His word, in him is the love of God verily perfected" (chap. ii. 5). The "word" here is "the commandment" of His law; and it is declared that where the word of God—St. John's perfect description of the law, and not his only, but the Lord's—is perfectly fulfilled, love to God is made perfect. Or, conversely, where the love of God is perfect His word is perfectly kept, and that "in truth:" the truth is not in us if we say that we have no sin; the truth would not be in us if we should say that we may not keep the commandments in perfect love. St. Paul says, "love is the fulfilling of the law;" but his golden saying halts behinds this, which beautifully inverts the order: "the fulfilling of the law is the perfecting of love." It fulfils the law; and that



fulfilment perfects it the fulfiller. No exegetical artifice can avail to take the strength from this saying. It may be said to be an ideal keeping and an ideal perfect love. But St. John calmly says "verily," which is the truth of the ideal. Let it be remembered how soon this follows upon the former word, "if we say that we have no sin:" not to efface it, but to explain it, and to teach that one who confesses his sin always may, whilst knowing himself and so confessing, also so "know God" and be "in Him" as to keep all the commandments.

The second refers to the brotherly love which is the grace of regeneration (chap. iv. 12). "Let us love one another: for love is of God." And here once more the pre-eminence of our filial relation appears. At this point rises upon the text, in all its majesty of loveliness, that word which no revelation, no, not the Revealer Himself, had ever spoken: "GOD IS LOVE." Before it had been said, "God is light;" but not in the same simple affirmation, for it is added, "in Him is no darkness at all." From the consciousness of our sin which the light of God reveals we take refuge in that other revelation, which has no appendage, "God is love." Not in His essence, but in the supreme manifestation of His essence, in that "He loved us, and sent His Son the propitiation." God in His essence "no man hath seen at any time." But we have seen His love, "the Son of His love," and, "if we love one another God dwelleth in us and His love is perfected in us." In the charity of our brotherly love, in the ceaseless imitation of that example, the love of God towards us and in us finds the perfect accomplishment of its purpose: it finishes its work. A little before the Apostle had said, chap. iii. 16, "Hereby perceive we THE LOVE, because He laid down His life for us:" a word which, strange to say, is all the grander because God is omitted. "And we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren:" our love in imitation of the infinite pattern. But the literal imitation, though demanded, is not always exacted: "if we love one another, the perfection of the Divine love is attained in us." It is the same perfect *τετελειωμένη*: perfect grammatically, and perfect in holy experience.

The third follows hard upon it, chap. iv. 17. Once more the new and evangelical Tetragrammaton: "GOD IS LOVE; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him. Herein is our love made perfect that we may have



boldness in the day of judgment:" boldness now with reference to the future day of judgment, which is not future to the perfect in love. Here St. John borrows two words of St. Paul, but gives them a new and finer point. The "love with us" is in this passage undoubtedly our own: first it was our love to God and His law, then God's love to us reflected in our love to the brethren, now it is love with us or our own love. In this case also the Apostle, for fuller confirmation, repeats the word again and yet again. This third perfected love is triple in its emphasis: it is *τετελειωται*, it is *τελεία*, it is *τετελειωται*, grazing closely that once-uttered *Τετέλεσται*, It is finished. In a certain sense even this last word may here be referred to the Spirit's perfect work. What can give boldness in the presence of the Judge but the extinction of sin and perfect love to God? And what but this can verify that word, "as He is so are we in this world"? and what but this can explain the assurance, "he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him"? The entire sanctification of love takes away all fear in the presence of the law; makes him "who loveth God love his brother also;" and is the full consecration of the soul by the Spirit to the indwelling Trinity. "Hereby we know that we dwell in Him and He in us, because He hath given us of His Spirit."

This last verse suggests two points which remain to make complete the doctrine of the estate of grace: the relation of the whole to union with Christ and to the agency of the Holy Ghost. It may be thought that nothing can be added to former Scriptures on these subjects. But examination will show that here also is the final touch of perfection.

St. John's doctrine of this union rises to the full height of the Saviour's promise on the eve of the Passion. He then, for the first time, merged every other relation in which He had stood to His disciples in this: "I in you and ye in Me." The other Apostles dwell mostly on our being "in Christ," a phrase so characteristic of St. Paul as to be a leading one. St. John raises this to our being "in the Son;" not so much "in Jesus" or "in Christ" as in "Him that is true, even in His Son Jesus Christ:" thus uniting all the terms, and reserving the consummate sentence for the closing words, chap. v. 20. But even here is observed the peculiarity of the Epistle that both the indwelling of Christ in us and our abiding in the Son are no other than the indwelling of God in us and of us in God. The Epistle

goes back to the Lord's words: "My Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him," and the profound similar sayings of the Prayer: "as Thou Father art in Me and I in Thee, that they also may be one in Us" (John xiv. 17, 21, 22.) Hence with regard to each of the three great sections of the work of grace in believers, there is the emphatic addition of the indwelling of God. In the accomplished work of righteousness: "hereby know we that we are in Him" (chap. ii. 5): the perfect work of our obedience is God in us by His love; it is the seal and token that we are in Him, and that our union with Him is our strength. In the perfecting of our brotherly love as regenerate is the proof that "God dwelleth in us," and that we "dwell in Him" (chap. iv. 12, 13). In the perfecting of our communion with God in entire consecration: "He that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God and God in him." This is the mystical indwelling of the Triune God in the individual soul, stated in clear words, repeated again and again, and giving in Christ the highest evangelical meaning to the truth that "in Him we live and move and have our being." It is the individualising of what St. Paul prayed for on behalf of the whole Church: "to be filled unto all the fulness of God." St. Paul did not exclude the individual, nor does St. John exclude the Church. But "in him" is more emphatic in this Epistle. It gives warrant to the highest aspirations of the purest mysticism: but without the Pantheistic perversion. The soul is distinct from the God who inhabits it; and the union between the Triune and the spirit of man is by the Holy Ghost.

Of the Spirit's administration of the redeeming work something has already been said. Here our Epistle takes for granted the full teaching of the Romans, Corinthians, Galatians, and Ephesians. But it has its own characteristic features. In chap. ii. 20—27 the Holy Ghost is introduced by His symbol, the anointing oil. "Ye have an unction from the Holy One:" the anointing Holy Spirit as a seal; but from the Redeemer as His gift, which "ye received of Him," and which "abideth in you." Here first, be it observed, "the Father and the Son" occur again and again in collocation, and the abiding of the Spirit within is the bond by which "ye also shall continue in the Son and in the Father." Then the indwelling of each Holy Person is mediated by the Third, the Holy Ghost. This is the

paragraph of the "abiding," the ground of the continuance of every covenant blessing from forgiveness and regeneration down to "His coming" (chap. ii. 28). "Hereby we know that we dwell in Him, and He in us, because He hath given us of His Spirit" (chap. iv. 13). But the offices of the Spirit in the individual believer are summed up in one word: He imparts the spiritual knowledge which is the internal evidence of salvation. This word stands in our Epistle for privileges elsewhere described by other terms. St. John makes the Spirit the interpreter to the soul of all that St. Paul calls "the mystery of the Christ."

First of all, it is the knowledge of personal assurance. "It is the Spirit that beareth witness, because the Spirit is truth. He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself." What is the witness that he receives as his own internal possession? "He that hath the Son hath life:" it is the personal assurance that eternal life,—the life of deliverance from eternal death and the life of eternal communion with God—hath begun within him. This is the true inheritance of the children of God: eternal life in His fellowship. And the Spirit is within them, St. Paul says, "the earnest of our inheritance:" St. John says the same thing in stronger words. Dropping the idea of the earnest, he makes us possessors at once. "This is the record that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in His Son." "It is the Spirit that beareth record." "He that believeth hath the record in himself." The evidence borne externally by the Holy Ghost in the baptism of Jesus, and in the Pentecostal demonstration, is transferred to the inner man of the Christian, who is to himself a living record. But it is nearer St. John's meaning to say that the life of the Christian is the internal evidence of the Spirit that Christ is in him: "he that hath the Son hath life." This is our Apostle's calm and distinct version of all that St. Paul has said concerning the seal and earnest and witness and assurance of the Holy Ghost.

Further, he says of all true Christians, "Ye have an unction from the Holy One, and know all things." This is that "Spirit of wisdom and revelation in the full knowledge of Him" for which St. Paul prays, and which St. John assumes to be the common privilege. The promise to the Apostles, "He shall guide you into all truth," was, after all, a promise to all who are one with Christ in His

anointing. He "in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge" sends down upon His own the Spirit of sufficient knowledge for all their need. The "discerning of spirits," which in St. Paul is a gift or charisma, is in some sense the common grace: "ye need not that any man teach you" how to detect the seducers. The "Spirit of truth" proves to him who has received Him that the truth is in himself. By the Spirit we prove the manifold spirits of the lie: "hereby know we the Spirit of truth and the spirit of error." This is a high ideal of the discrimination of Christian wisdom; but nothing can be more real than the Apostle's description and statement. What is generally prayer in other books is here simple privilege. It is one single step beyond St. Paul's: "let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom." Here it does dwell within us richly, and this unction, as the anointing of the revealing office of Christ, imparts the knowledge of God in that highest sense which is common to the Lord and all His Apostles, which, however, in this Epistle seems to take the lead. It is a word which cannot be translated into other words, nor paraphrased save as the knowledge of experience and possession. It runs through the Epistle in this sense: the issue of all religion, as beginning in purification from sin, going on through the teaching or anointing of the Spirit of illumination, and issuing in that fellowship with God which is the knowledge of union and fruition and eternal enjoyment. But, to be more particular, the knowledge so much dwelt upon as the Christian privilege is both subjective and objective.

As to the object of knowledge it is God alone: God in the light of His holiness, and in the love of His Son. These combined make the truth which we know: the whole truth, according to St. Paul's word, as "the truth is in Jesus." God in the infinity of His attributes is not the object of knowledge; nor God in the Triune mystery of His essence. But that knowledge of God which is eternal life in the knowledge of the "only true God and Jesus Christ whom He hath sent." In the beginning of the Epistle the God whom we know is the God of righteousness. To know Him is not the transitory perception of His holy character, which is to melt into a higher knowledge that He is love. But it is to have that perfect fellowship with His nature as the light which makes it our own: the object

of deep and eternal love. "Whoso keepeth His word, in him verily is the love of God perfected: hereby we know that we are in Him:" that is, the love of God as the essentially and eternally holy Being is perfected: the knowledge of God as holy is the perfect love of God as holy. At the close of the Epistle the same object of knowledge is the God of Love. "We have known and believed the love that God hath to us. God is love." "He that loveth not knoweth not God." To know Him is to have fellowship with His love, to make His nature as love our own. And once more it is said, "herein is our love made perfect." Hence, uniting these, the only passages which make God the object of knowledge, we gather that the supreme and only subject for the contemplation of our minds and their transformation into the Divine image is the God who is revealed in Christ as a God of holiness and love.

As to subjective knowledge, it is St. John's strong word for internal assurance. His first use of the word shows the relation of this to the knowledge as objective: "Hereby we do know that we know Him, if we keep His commandments" (chap. ii. 3). Such a style of speaking as this, or the formula of the expression, has played a large part in the discussions of philosophy. But here the spirit's own consciousness of its experience is bound up with something more: that is, with the presence of the Holy Spirit bearing witness with our spirit. "We know," by the interior illumination of the Holy Ghost, who reveals to the mind this knowledge: we do not really "know" anything spiritual but what He tells our hearts, and makes the assurance of faith. But "we know that we know," because, in the mystery of the Spirit's working, He makes the object presented to the "eyes of the heart enlightened" realities also to the lower understanding, and it becomes, as it were, the object of our own consciousness. It is not the Divine Spirit coming to consciousness in the human, as the Pantheist would say; rather the human spirit coming to its consciousness in the Divine. But this interior illumination or certitude is confirmed by the testimony of the life: as in all other Scriptures, by the evidences of the presence of the sanctifying Spirit. We know that we love the children of God by the sure evidence of the state of our heart towards them; but also "when we love God and keep His commandments." This is a remarkable passage: it com-

bines the Divinely infused love of God and its evidence ; it makes this the evidence that we love His children with a genuine love ; and we know both again by our keeping His commandments. The practical deeds of love are also declared to be proof to us that "we are of the truth ;" and the pleaders to "persuade our hearts" or our conscience "before Him." "If our heart condemn us not, then have we confidence towards God:" the confidence of prayer, that is, "Whatsoever we ask, we receive of Him, because we keep His commandments, and do those things that are pleasing in His sight." It is not omitted here, that God is greater than our conscience, and can pacify it, or silence its just reproach by His merciful intervention through the atonement. But that is not St. John's meaning. He leaves this irrefragable testimony that the office and function of conscience, as bearing its witness, is not suppressed in the Christian life. Full assurance of faith is also full assurance of conscience or the heart. Our grounds of assurance are Divine and human united. They are firm and stable ; but in their combination they leave no room for the doctrine of a necessary final perseverance.

The doctrine of the Christian fellowship, hinted at already, must now occupy our attention. The term stands in this Epistle for all that is elsewhere called the Church. It is remarkable that neither this last word, nor any other connected in any way with the organisation, whether internal or mystical, of Christianity, occurs in this last document. If it were alone in our hands we should have no idea, derived from its teaching, that the Lord had left an institution of the nature of the Church upon earth. But this must not be used as an argument against either the reality or the importance of the organised Christianity of the Apostolic days. It must not be inferred that the last Apostle swept away all the outward forms and ceremonies of the Divine service. The ministry, and the sacraments, and the assemblies, and the holy day, and the constant ministrations, were all kept up, though there is no allusion to them. We have only to turn to the little letters which are appended to this, and in them we find the missing word, and some hints of a systematic organisation and graduated authority. The Apocalypse also supplies its evidence. Not even in the presence of the general assembly of the Firstborn do the visible churches with their ministry of angels fade away. Moreover, there is some slight quali-



fication of our own general assertion. The Apostle speaks of the false teachers as going out "from us:" and this is a qualification not slight if we make the most of it. Upon this little word hangs the whole doctrine of the Apostolic Church. It implies that behind and around all that is said of the religious life of Christ's people there was an outward and visible fixed organisation.

But the strain of the Epistle tends to the exaltation of the theory of the Church, by bringing into view and keeping always in view its spiritual character. It might seem as if the last pages of the New Testament would teach us that the Church gathered from the world is in its essential idea a "fellowship" with one another, based upon a "fellowship with the Father and with His Son" through the "fellowship" of the "Spirit whom He hath given us." The Epistle begins by going back to the earliest use of the word in the New Testament, which is indeed the first mention of the Church: "they continued in the Apostles' doctrine and fellowship." St. John echoes the very sentence "That ye may have fellowship with us," almost as if he were quoting the words, and inserting a term into his phraseology which he never uses elsewhere. But his idea of the fellowship rises to its highest exaltation; for he goes back beyond the Acts, even to the Lord's words concerning the common fellowship of the saints in His Father and in Himself by the Spirit: "As Thou, Father, art in Me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in Us." These words he adapts to the term fellowship: "And truly our fellowship is with the Father and with His Son Jesus Christ:" thus teaching us that the only union with God in Christ, is the common participation of the holy Divine nature. Thus St. Peter's "partakers of the Divine nature" is included, with the superadded idea that the Divine nature is the Trinitarian Divine nature. For, though reference to the Holy Ghost is not at once made, it follows in due time. St. Paul's "fellowship of the Holy Ghost," imparting to all alike the "grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God," is in this Epistle, without the word "fellowship," "the anointing from the Holy One," and, more expressly, "hereby we know that He abideth in us by the Spirit which He hath given us." Here then we have the true Church: the mystical fellowship which is as manifest to God as the visible organisation is to us, the ideal communion which is a great and blessed reality; "the com-

munion of saints" of the next age. This is the true bond of organic perfectness. This is both the body and soul of the true Church: as in St. Paul, "There is one body and one Spirit, even as ye were called in one hope of your calling." This is the sublime thought which fills St. John's mind, and fills his Epistle. It is a calm and steadfast protest against the undue elevation of the outward and visible assemblage of ecclesiastical institutes: appropriate to the close of the first century, and still more appropriate to future times.

And what is this fellowship thus exhibited at the outset? Most observable is it that the first note struck is that of joy: whatever else has to follow, the design of this Epistle "to the churches" is to deepen and make perfect their joy. Who can fail to see that the Apostle is again translating the Lord's words into his own writing: "These things have I spoken unto you, that My joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full?" "We joy in God through Jesus Christ, by whom we have received the atonement:" this reconciliation is the secret of fellowship with the Father and the Son: the peace restored to man through the atonement is no other than the re-establishment between man and his God of a unity which is the reflection of the union between the Father and the Son. "It pleased the Father that in Him should all fulness dwell; and, having made peace by the blood of His cross, by Him to reconcile all things to Himself:" the incarnation gives God to man in Christ, as the ground of the reconciliation of men to God. Hence it is a fellowship in the full efficacy of the atonement: "if we walk in the light as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." The fulness of joy cannot consist with the darkness of sin: the Christian gladness is a sacred gladness. How soon and how explicitly does the Apostle teach, in his own way, the old truth that we have "our part in the inheritance of the saints in light." After this the current sets in towards the fellowship of brotherly love, concerning which the arguments and illustrations and injunctions and warnings and promises are more abundant than in any part of Scripture. St. Paul's doctrine is taught, and more than taught. Whereas he had said, "concerning brotherly love ye have no need that I write unto you, for ye yourselves are taught of God to love one another," St. John seems to think that

he has need to write of this, beyond anything else. "Brethren, I write no new commandment unto you. Again I write a new commandment unto you:" the old commandment which needed not to be written is nevertheless written again and again. It is the fellowship of entire renunciation of the world: a renunciation so perfect and entire in his description that the least vestige of creaturely attachment seems to be inconsistent with "the love of the Father." It is a fellowship in the confession of a true faith: Christ incarnate being the one article in the Christian creed, and the doctrine of Antichrist the sign of every error. It is a fellowship in the present enjoyment of eternal life: which is union with God, the life of the soul and its abiding blessedness. This does not exclude the communion of hope; but hope in this Epistle seems to be already "seen," and therefore more than hope. Lastly, it is a fellowship in a pure and spiritual worship. Ceremonies and ordinances and sacraments are not excluded, but they are not mentioned. What is supreme and above all is the pure homage of the heart to that "only true God who is in His Son Jesus Christ." In the Christian temple—though St. John does not use the word—every one speaks of His glory alone. "Little children, keep yourselves from idols!" which is St. John's answer to St. Paul's word: "What agreement hath the temple of God with idols?" But St. John's is spiritual idolatry alone: the idolatry which the Bible in the beginning denounced in its carnal forms, it ends by denouncing in its spiritual.

But this fellowship is set before the reader as an object to be attained as well as already existing. The ideal is a beautiful one throughout, and it is perpetually exhibited as the stimulant to attainment. Were it the organic fellowship of the visible Church, then the inculcation of unity—as in St. Paul's Epistles—would be enough. But here it is the mystical fellowship. And it is not too much to say that the predominant idea of this Epistle keeps the high ideal before the community as the object of intense pursuit. Before the individual is mentioned at all, the fellowship is referred to. What, then, is this ideal to be realised? The sphere of light in the midst of darkness; the sphere of God against the sphere of Satan; the sphere of God's house in the midst of the world. But we cannot fail to see that everywhere the exhortation is to the individual, who must keep this ideal ever before him. Every Christian

belongs to the holy fellowship, and must realise its holy obligation in himself. Whatever church he belongs to among men this is his true church, the fellowship of the saints in light: he must aim to walk himself in the unclouded light; amongst the children of the devil he must walk as a son of God, and dwell among the children born—or begotten, not born—of God. And in the world he must live as if the world had already passed away with all that is in it.

By nothing is this final Epistle more distinguished than its high and intense ethical teaching. It cannot be said that it is distinguished from all others by this: the practical godliness of religion is paramount everywhere. But it may be said that it reduces the ethics of Christianity to these first principles in an unexampled manner, and interweaves them with the very texture of every doctrine. In this it goes back to the standard of the Gospels, but with the fuller light which accomplished redemption has thrown on all. First, it is observable that there is not the faintest demarcation between dogma and practice: we cannot say of this, as of the Epistle to the Romans, for instance, that at any point the doctrine passes into the ethics. Every single statement of Gospel truth is clothed in its vesture of practical holiness: let the eye fall on any declaration for faith, and it will find hard by the corresponding duty. Secondly, all morality is in this life the pure and simple response to the character of God in Christ. He is light, and He is love: practical religion is "walking in the light," and being "perfected in love." We have shown traces of the great doctrines of godliness as pertaining to righteousness in the presence of law, sonship in union with the Son, and sanctification as bestowed in the temple of God. St. John does not define these distinctions, nor adapt to them his ethical teaching. But his "doing righteousness" responds to the first; his "love" responds to the other two in one. Thirdly, though St. John distinguishes between these two—"whosoever doeth not righteousness is not of God, neither he that loveth not his brother"—yet it is obvious that he finally reduces both to love: taking up the doctrine which St. Paul left him, and carrying it further, that "love is the fulfilling of the law." St. Paul spoke more especially of love to the neighbour: he never expressly declares love to be the fulfilling of all law, though evidently including this. St. John fully

announces it. "Perfect love casteth out fear." It is everywhere love to God, it is everywhere love to the brethren, and it is at last love absolutely; not only as the "bond of perfectness" as St. Paul says, but as perfectness itself. Now and then the particular expressions of love are mentioned: such as its bestowment of "this world's goods." But generally the infinite variety of the ethics of love are omitted: the strong supreme almighty principle is enough. It is itself the unction from the Holy One that teacheth all things. It is all righteousness or light: "He that loveth his brother abideth in the light, and there is none occasion of stumbling in him" (chap. ii. 10): a memorable word, which beyond any other sums up all religion in love; whether as the love of God, or the love of man, it is everywhere in this Epistle. It is written within and without with that one word. So constantly does it appear, and intertwine itself with every paragraph, that its presence is the leading embarrassment in making a systematic analysis: this bond of perfectness prevents its perfection as a symmetrical whole.

There are two other points in connection with St. John's ethics which demand special though brief attention: his constant reference to the part of man himself; and his unwavering maintenance of the doctrine of an attainable perfection. As to the former, it is very remarkable, and ought never to be forgotten, that with regard to every department of the Christian estate St. John uses language which makes us co-workers with God. In the course of our justification, "he that doeth righteousness is righteous:" the doing or the practice of good works is not represented only as a fruit of justification, but as a condition of continuance in that state: an eternal justification pronounced irrespectively of good works is here unthought of. "The Righteous" is our advocate in that court, on condition that we "sin not," as well as to secure our pardon on the grievous supposition that "any man sin" nevertheless. As the children of God we are under commandment to love one another. Though love is of God, and it is said that every one "that loveth Him that begetteth loveth also him that is begotten," the emphasis is still stronger on this, that "every one that loveth is born of God," and "he that loveth not knoweth not God." And, finally, like St. Paul and St. James, St. John appropriates to Christians themselves some of the very sacrificial words that express the

supreme sanctification of the Spirit: "he that hath this hope in Him purifieth himself," and the love of God perfected in us is our own love "made perfect," or, as it were, developed in its own perfection. As to the second point, how perfectly the ethics of Christianity may be realised in the Christian life, the entire strain of the Epistle shows. Sin is abolished: confessed for ever as ours, whether in time or eternity, but removed in its guilt and its pollution. "As He is, so are we in this world." The mutual indwelling of God in us and of us in God is so described as to exclude every flaw. And the fear of the judgment is "past already." Whatever the ordinary Christian life may be, here is its ideal, and presented for present attainment.

There is yet one branch of theology which receives in our Epistle its consummating light: the doctrine of the Last Things. While a multitude of revelations are absent, as taken for granted, it may be said that at the same time nothing is really excluded. But whatever is said is said in terse compendious statement: every word being as it were a key to the whole of eschatological revelation.

We live in "the last time:" *ἐσχάτη ὥρα ἐστί*, a new word. The last times, the fulness of time, the last days, the last day, have now become the last hour; but the New-Testament meaning of last is here finally brought out as being the last days, or the consummation and perfection of time. Hence it makes all things new. It brings the "true light" which shineth, and pronounces the abolition of darkness and night. "The night is far spent, the day is at hand:" said St. Paul, annihilating death for the living Church. St. John goes further: "It is the last hour," and "we have eternal life." It is obvious that the Apostle hangs on His Master's word. Each crisis of the history of redemption was to Him His hour; but especially the hour that struck the beginning of the new and final day. St. John ends the New Testament by announcing that we live under the final dispensation of time. The next season, or time, or hour will be the advent of our Lord.

But that advent is again and again the "appearance" of Christ, while at the same time it is His "coming." Though He is coming in the sense of returning to His people, His coming is only the manifestation of one who is already with them: the *παρουσία* unites these two meanings in one. The paradox of the following words is in



harmony with the Lord's own words: "Abide in Him; that, when He shall appear, ye may have confidence, and not be ashamed at His coming." Mark the various turns of expression, and especially the two pairs of counterparts: "when He shall be manifest" and "at His coming;" "abide in Him," that ye may not be ashamed "before Him." All will appear before the Judge; but those who are perfected in love have no "fear in the judgment." They are in the Judge as He is the life, even while they stand before Him. The secret of the whole is that St. John regards this as the privilege of those who are in Christ, that they have come to their last hour already. They "never die;" they live in Him as their eternal life, of which it is never said that its hour "is coming," but that it "now is." All this glorious ideal "last hour"—as if not only death and resurrection, but judgment also, were "past already"—is not to be regarded as displacing any other revelation of the solemnities of the last day, but as their final glorification in the Bible.

In harmony with this, Antichrist is not dwelt upon as the historical personage in whom will be concentrated all human sin in its character as opposition to Christ. St. John does not deny that in the development of the kingdom of light there will be a crowning manifestation of opposition to it in the person of one who will be both against Christ and coming in His place. But he dwells on the spirit that will rule that Antichrist as already present in every form of heresy and opposition to the truth. The "last hour" is, as we have seen, the crisis of the world. St. John never forgets that meaning. Judgment is now going on; and the contest between error and truth, the Spirit of truth and the spirit of error, which will come to a future temporal issue, is going on in a continuous judgment. "Whereby we know that we are living in the last hour:" the preliminary judgment begun already in time. And, as the whole Epistle makes the individual relation to Christ as prominent as that of the Church, St. John would teach that personal religion is, or may be, such a real, abiding, transforming union and unity with the Lord as makes the present human probation verily and indeed ITS LAST HOUR: the time of its fulness and perfection.

The final consummation is not depicted here. For the saints "it doth not yet appear what we shall be:" the Scripture closes by rendering to heaven the things of

heaven. Eternal life is begun; nothing remains but its everlasting development. As to the portion of mankind severed from God for ever there is awful silence: save in the solemn utterance of two passages. Whilst the hope of the believer is that "he will not be ashamed before Him at His coming," it is implied that before Him all others will be put to shame. And "there is a sin unto death" which no intercession can plead for "with confidence," because it seals against itself the only provision of mercy. But what is that death? The Epistle tells us that it is the opposite of that eternal life which the saved already "have." The ungodly have then death in them. St. John uses the fearful expression "sin unto death" with fourfold emphasis. His only other mention of the word adds its own explanation: "He that loveth not his brother abideth in death," μένει ἐν τῷ θανάτῳ. It is not that he is doomed to an eternal extinction: that would not be the antithesis of what follows, "ye know that no murderer hath eternal life abiding in him" (chap. iii. 14, 15). As eternal life is in us and abideth eternally, so eternal death is in the unloving and abideth in them eternally. St. John gives here the last word of Scripture as to the meaning of death, the "second death."

But the Epistle ends as it began with "eternal life:" in the beginning concerning our Head, at the end concerning ourselves. "The same thing true in us and in Him."

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- ART. II.—1. *Indian Wisdom ; or, Examples of the Religious, Philosophical, and Ethical Doctrines of the Hindus.* By MONIER WILLIAMS, M.A. London : W. H. Allen and Co. 1875.
2. *Ancient and Mediæval India.* By Mrs. Manning. Two Vols. W. H. Allen and Co.
3. *The Indian Song of Songs.* From the Sanscrit of the Gita-Govinda of Jaya-dêva. By EDWIN ARNOLD, M.A., F.R.G.S. Trübner and Co. 1875.
4. *The Birth of the War-God.* Translated from Sanscrit into English Verse. By R. T. H. Griffith, M.A. W. H. Allen and Co. 1853.
5. *Sakoontalâ ; or, The Lost Ring.* Translated by MONIER WILLIAMS, M.A. Fourth Edition. W. H. Allen and Co. 1872.

HAVING lately sketched the early Vêdic literature of India, we now pass over for the present the middle period of philosophy and law, and come to the age of classical Sanscrit, the golden age of the language, the age of poetry and passion, of graceful lyrics and ponderous epics. But it must not be forgotten that there is no modern Sanscrit. The most recent classics are ancient to us. Kâlidâsa, the Indian Horace, is placed by native authorities a little before the Christian era, and Western conjecture only reduces this by three centuries. The Râmâyana is of the same early date. The Mahâ-Bhârata must have been the growth of centuries ; but its present form cannot be more recent than that of its sister-epic. The Purânas seem to be the most recent, though they probably fall within the first half of our era. Purâna means "ancient," and Hindus of course assign to these works the usual incredible antiquity. It would thus seem that the golden age of the Sanscrit tongue was contemporaneous, more or less, with that of Latin. The second half of our era has added nothing to the wealth of Sanscrit classics. This is not surprising ; for classical works are only the perfect flower and fruit in the growth of a language, and we have abundant proof that in language, as in everything else, growth ceases with life.

As intimated in the former article, Vêdic Sanscrit is so archaic in words and forms as to need special study. Even a thorough knowledge of ordinary Sanscrit is no key to the Vêdas. There is just as great a difference in the character of the works of the two periods, the one consisting of sacred books only, the second embracing every kind of composition—the one, though not small, limited and uniform—the other almost infinite in variety. As in Hebrew literature, if other works existed in the early period, they have not come down to us. In the later age we are oppressed by the profusion of wealth. Adequately to describe one of its many sections would require a volume rather than a paper.

A circumstance which detracts greatly from the interest of Indian literature, and makes it difficult to convey any vivid impression of its character, is that we know nothing of the lives of the authors whose genius we are constrained to admire. For us they are names and nothing more, as undistinguishable from Hindu names of to-day as one forest leaf from another. We know how differently the classics of Europe, ancient and modern, would read, if we knew nothing of the writers. Our knowledge of Virgil and Cæsar, of Milton and Wordsworth, sheds a flood of light on their works. Unfortunately we have no such help in India. There never was another case in which the workman was more completely lost in his work.

The great blot of Indian literature, let it be admitted at once, is impurity. We know that a Hindu might retort with a *tu quoque* upon us, and support his position by proofs from every European language. But to those who know both there is a difference in extent and character which is very palpable, however difficult it might be to put it into words. Mr. Arnold, in his translation of *The Indian Song of Songs*, is obliged to omit entirely the last of the twelve chapters, "in order to comply with the canons of Western propriety," and in the rest to modify, omit, and paraphrase very freely. Yet it would be a great mistake to suppose that this feature is universal. In fact it is very limited. Not only the larger epics, but most of the works to be named by us are as unobjectionable in this respect as any similar works in the West.

We may say a little on the technicalities of Sanscrit poetry. Prosody is the subject of one of the six sacred sciences (Vêdāṅgas—limbs of the Vêda), a knowledge of

which is considered essential to a student of the sacred books. The elaborate treatment of the subject is such as to suggest that the national existence must have been devoted to it. The same remark applies to every department. The varieties of metre are endless.\* Starting with Mātra=instant as the unit, we find technical equivalents for all our old friends—iambus, spondee, pyrrhic, dactyl, cretic, and the rest. The classification of metres is simple enough. Each verse has two lines. There are three classes of metres. In the first the metre is denominated from the number of syllables in the half line; in the second from the number in the whole line; in the third from the number in the whole verse. The commonest metre is the Shlōka (Anushtubh), consisting of two lines of sixteen syllables each, or four half lines of eight each. Only five syllables are fixed in the line. The fifth must be short, the sixth and seventh must be the same, long or short, and the last four must form two iambs. This is the metre in the main part of the epics, and lends itself admirably to flowing narrative. The rhythm even to one ignorant of the meaning is very musical. Every verse should be complete in itself; but this rule is not always adhered to, a sentence sometimes running through many verses. The invention of the Shlōka is ascribed to Vālmiki, the poet of the Rāmāyana, who is also credited with the invention of poetry itself. The story is that directly after Vālmiki had received instructions from the sage Nārada, son of Bramha, to relate the history of Rāma's incarnation, he saw a bird killed by a fowler, and cursing the murderer was astonished to find the curse flowing from his lips in measured feet. He resolved therefore to give his story this form. Other common metres are the Indra-vajrā, with eleven syllables to the half line, and the Jagati with twelve. Professor Williams gives the following illustration of the former:—"Dōwn cōmes | thē rān | ānd with | it cōmes | thē thūn | dēr." We will say nothing of the Dandaka metre, which may have from 27 to 999 syllables to the half line, instances of which occur with fifty-four.

Equally minute and elaborate are the numerous treatises on legitimate figures and similes. There is something repulsive to our minds in this rigid classification of what should be perfectly free and spontaneous. The

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\* Williams' *Sanskrit Grammar*, p. 388.

general division is into comparisons arising from sound (Shabdālankāra), and those arising from the meaning (Arthālankāra). Under the second head twenty varieties are enumerated. Of course for a poet to work in such fetters would be fatal, but no poet ever did. Rules are only for students and critics.

The prince of Indian poets is Kālidāsa, whose name is music to Hindu ears. Native tradition makes him one of nine illustrious men, who are called the nine jewels of the court of King Vikramāditya, whose reign begins the Hindu era 57 B.A. He was King of Ujjayinī (Oujein). Western writers incline to place the poet three centuries later. His principal works are the *Raghu-Vamsha*, *Mēgha-Dūta*, *Kumāra-Sambhava*, *Ritu-Samhāra*, *Nalodaya*, and three celebrated plays to which we shall refer presently. Kālidāsa's diction is perfect in smoothness, finish, and the delicious flow of its cadences. He is remarkable too for delicate taste and freedom from the conceits which disfigure Oriental poetry in general. In this respect he comes near our own ideal. His forte is description of nature, in which he has never been equalled in his own country. It is thoroughly refreshing to find such intense love of simple nature in an Indian poet. His works abound in minute touches which reveal the loving patient observer. All the features of nature as it is seen in India—fervours of day, brilliance of sky by night, stillness of garden and forest, colours of flowers, notes of birds—all live in his pages. Of course it is impossible to transfer this to another language. The subtle grace and bloom vanish in a translation. But to readers of the original our praise will not sound extravagant.

His *Mēgha-Dūta* (Cloud-Messenger) is a short but lovely idyll of 116 verses.\* The conception is ingenious. A certain deity is sent from heaven into solitary exile. In his banishment in the far south he sees a cloud floating towards his Himalāyan home, and resolves to make it the bearer of a message to his wife. Apostrophising the cloud, he describes the countries and scenes it will traverse, and gives the message which is to be delivered. The miseries and longings of separated affection are vividly pictured. The subject gives full scope to the poet's special genius. The metre is the one called Mandākrāntā, con-

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\* Williams. Our copy gives 124 verses in the two sections.



taining seventeen syllables in the half line, and divided by a *cæsura* at the fourth and tenth syllables into three parts, the first part consisting of two spondees, the second of five short syllables and one long, and the third of two cretics (— — —), and a long syllable. Here is a description of the Indian hot season :—

“ Now the burning summer sun  
Hath unchallenged empire won ;  
And the scorching winds blow free,  
Blighting every herb and tree.  
Should the longing exile try,  
Watching with a lover's eye,  
Well-remembered scenes to trace,  
Vainly would he scan the place :  
For the dust with shrouding veil  
Wraps it in a mantle pale.  
Lo ! the lion, forest king,\*  
Through the wood is wandering ;  
By the maddening thirst opprest,  
Ceaseless heaves his panting chest.  
Though the elephant pass by,  
Scarcely turns his languid eye ;  
Bleeding mouth and fainting limb,  
What is now his prey to him ? ”

Next comes the rainy season :—

“ Who is this that driveth near,  
Heralded by sounds of fear ?  
Red his flag, the lightning's glare  
Flashing through the murky air :  
Pealing thunder for his drums,  
Royally the monarch comes.  
See, he rides amid the crowd,  
On his elephant of cloud,  
Marshalling his kingly train ;  
Welcome, O thou lord of rain !  
Gathered clouds, as black as night,  
Hide the face of heaven from sight :  
Sailing on their airy road,  
Sinking with their watery load.”

Here is a portrait of the autumn goddess :—

“ Mark the glory of her face :  
’Tis the lotus lends it grace.

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\* The lion (*simha*) is not found in India now, though references to it are common in Indian poets.

See the garb around her thrown :  
 Look, and wonder at her zone.  
 Robes of maize her limbs enfold,  
 Girt with rice like shining gold.  
 Streams are white with silver wings  
 Of the swans that autumn brings.  
 Lakes are sweet with opening flowers,  
 Gardens gay with jasmine bowers ;  
 While the woods to charm the sight,  
 Show their bloom of purest white."

The lonely exile comforts himself with the following reflection :—

"Some friendly stars the moonless night illumine ;  
 Some flowers of hope amid the desert bloom ;  
 Life has no perfect good, no endless ill,  
 No constant brightness, no perpetual gloom ;  
 But circling as a wheel, and never still,  
 Now down and now above all must their fate fulfil."

The *Raghu-Vamsha* (Family of Raghu = Râma) is a favourite account of Râma's family and history, a story which Hindu poets never weary in telling, or Hindu people in hearing. It is in nineteen chapters. After their separation and troubles are passed and the final victory achieved, Râma and his faithful wife, Sîtâ, are returning to their capital : Râma is pictured describing the scenes they traverse :—

"Look far before us : see the distant gleam,  
 Through the thick reeds of Pampa's silent stream.  
 There on the bank I saw two love-birds play,  
 And feed each other with a lotus-spray.  
 'Ah, happy birds,' I said, 'whom cruel fate  
 Dooms not to sorrow for an absent mate.'  
 Well I remember in my wild despair,  
 I thought a bright asoka glowing there  
 Was Sîtâ."

"Now to the left, dear Sîtâ, turn thine eyes,  
 Where Chitrakûta's lofty peaks arise.  
 Like some proud bull he lifts his haughty crest ;  
 See the dark cave, his mouth, and shaggy breast.  
 Now like a clod in furious charge upborn,  
 A cloud is hanging on his mighty horn.  
 See, how the river with its lucid streams,  
 Like a pearl necklace round the mountain gleams."

Pointing to a tree near the junction of the Jumna and Ganges, he asks:—

“Dost thou remember how thy prayer was prayed  
For me, sweet love, beneath its friendly shade?  
Now see the waves of Jumna's stream divide  
The fair-limbed Ganga's heaven-descended tide.  
Distinct, though joined, fair-gleaming in the sun,  
Like pearls with sapphires mixed the rivers run.  
Thus intertwined, the azure lotus through  
Crowns of white lilies pours its shade of blue.”

The Kumāra-Sambhava\* (Birth of the War-God) is in sixteen cantos, and is an account of Kumāra's birth. A fiend, Tāraka, by tremendous austerities had attained universal power, and held everything in terror. The gods believe that only a son of the dread Shiva can deliver them, and send Kāma, god of love, to effect a union between him and Pārvati. Shiva, furious at being disturbed in his penances, burns the luckless messenger to ashes. Pārvati then on her part begins a course of dreadful penance, the reward of which is to be union with Shiva, and gains her end. This is the subject of Kālidāsa's poem. We give an address to Bramha:—

“Thou countest not thy time by mortal's light:  
With thee there is but one vast day and night:  
When Bramha slumbers, fainting nature dies;  
When Bramha wakens, all again arise.  
Creator of the world, Thou uncreate!  
Endless, all things from Thee their end await.  
Before the world wast Thou! Each lord shall fall  
Before Thee, mightiest, highest Lord of all!  
Thy self-taught soul Thine own deep spirit knows:  
Made by Thyself Thy mighty form arose.  
Into the same when all things have their end,  
Shall Thy great self absorbed in Thee descend.  
Lord, who may hope Thy essence to declare?  
Firm, yet as subtle as the yielding air.  
Father of fathers, God of gods art Thou,  
Creator, Highest, Hearer of the vow.  
Thou art the Sacrifice, and Thou the Priest;  
Thou He that eateth, Thou the Holy Feast.  
Thou art the Knowledge which by Thee is taught,  
The mighty Thinker and the Highest Thought.”

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\* Kumāra is the name of the Indian Mars. Kārttikāya is another name.

The Kumâra-Sambhava glows with the beauty of tropical scenes. We insert a description of spring:—

“How fair was Spring, to fill the heart with love,  
And lure the hermit\* from his thoughts above,  
In that pure grove he grew so heavenly bright,  
That Kâma's† envy wakened at the sight!  
Now the bright Day-god turned his burning ray  
To where Kuvêra holds his royal sway,  
While the sad South in whispering breezes sighed  
And mourned his absence like a tearful bride.  
Then from its stem the red Asoka threw  
Full buds and flowerets of celestial hue,  
Nor waited for the maiden's touch, the sweet  
Beloved pressure of her twinkling feet;  
There grew love's arrow, his dear mango spray,  
Winged with young leaves to speed its airy way,  
And at the call of Spring the wild bees came,  
Grouping the syllables of Kâma's name.

How sighed the spirit o'er that loveliest flower  
That boasts no fragrance to enrich its dower!  
For Nature, wisest mother, oft prefers  
To part more fairly those good gifts of hers;  
There from the tree Palâsa blossoms spread,  
Curved like the crescent moon, their rosiest red,  
With opening buds that looked as if young Spring  
Had pressed his nails there in his dallying—  
Sweet wanton Spring, to whose enchanting face  
His flowing Tilaka gave fairer grace—  
Who loves to tint his lip, the mango spray,  
With the fresh colours of the opening day,  
And powder its fine red with many a bee  
That sips the oozing nectar rapturously.

The cool gale speeding o'er the shady lawns  
Shook down the sounding leaves, while startled fawns  
Ran wildly at the viewless foe, all blind  
With pollen wafted by the fragrant wind.

Sweet was the Kôil's voice,—his neck still red  
With mango buds on which he just had fed—  
’Twas as the voice of love to bid the dame  
Spurn her cold pride, nor quench the gentle flame.

What though the heat has stained the tints that dyed  
With marvellous bloom the heavenly minstrel's bride?  
Neither her smile nor sunny glances fail,  
Bright is her lip, although her cheek be pale.

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\* Shiva engaged in penance.

† The God of love.

E'en the pure hermits owned the secret power  
Of warm Spring coming in unwonted hour,  
While love's delightful witchery gently stole  
With strong sweet influence o'er the saintly soul."

The Ritu-Samhāra (Collection of the Seasons) is a short but beautiful poem. It describes the six seasons—Grishma, hot; Varshā, rainy; Sharad, autumn; Himanta, cold; Shishira, dewy; Vasanta, spring season. Kālidāsa revelled in such a subject. The Nalodaya, a version of the popular story of Nala and Damayanti, is also ascribed to Kālidāsa, though the artificial style has led some to doubt whether it is the same Kālidāsa.

We next come to Kālidāsa's three dramas. He is the first of Indian dramatists, as he is the first of Indian poets. The flower of the three dramas, and, indeed, of all Hindu plays, is the *Shakuntalā*, which has been repeatedly translated into most European tongues. Goethe, no mean judge on such a subject, says :—

"Wouldst thou the young year's blossoms and the fruits of its  
decline,  
And all by which the soul is charmed, enraptured, feasted,  
fed,—  
Wouldst thou the earth and heaven itself in one sole name  
combine?  
I name thee, O Shakuntalā, and all at once is said."

*Shakuntalā* is the illegitimate child of the great sage Vishwāmitra, though we are bound to say that, as the story goes, the sage is the victim of a selfish intrigue. *Shakuntalā* is adopted by the sage Kanwa, whose home is the forest to the south of Hastināpura, Delhi. The King Dushyanta is hunting in the neighbourhood, and in the absence of Kanwa falls in love with her. The royal jester, Mathavya, comes in limping. The king asks him the reason, when he says, "Here you are, living the life of a wild man of the woods in a savage, lonely region, while your state affairs are left to shift for themselves; and as for poor me, I am no longer master of my own limbs, but have to follow you about day after day in your chases of wild animals, till my bones are crippled and out of joint." It is all to no purpose.

"All undisturbed the buffaloes shall sport  
In yonder pool, and with their ponderous horns

Scatter its tranquil waters ; while the deer,  
 Couched here and there in groups beneath the shade  
 Of spreading branches, ruminates in peace.  
 And all securely shall the herd of boars  
 Feed on the marshy sedge ; and thou my bow  
 With slackened string enjoy a long repose."

The lovers are married, and the king gives a ring to the bride, the presentation of which will ensure her recognition. The king has to return to court. Shakuntalā unwittingly offends a certain sage, who, according to the use and wont of Indian sages, curses her—the curse being that her lover shall forget her.

In due time Shakuntalā prepares to follow to court. Her foster-father blesses her thus :—

"Holy flames that gleam around  
 Every altar's hallowed ground ;  
 Holy flames, whose frequent food  
 Is the consecrated wood,  
 And for whose encircling bed  
 Sacred Kusa grass is spread ;  
 Holy flames that waft to heaven  
 Sweet oblations daily given,  
 Mortal guilt to purge away ;  
 Hear, O hear me, when I pray,  
 Purify my child this day."

He also counsels her as to her behaviour :—

"Honour thy betters ; ever be respectful  
 To those above thee ; and should others share  
 Thy husband's love, ne'er yield thyself a prey  
 To jealousy : but ever be a friend,  
 A loving friend, to those who rival thee  
 In his affections. Should thy wedded lord  
 Treat thee with harshness, thou must never be  
 Harsh in return, but patient and submissive.  
 Be to thy menials courteous, and to all  
 Placed under thee considerate and kind.  
 Be never self-indulgent, but avoid  
 Excess in pleasure ; and when fortune smiles  
 Be not puffed up. Thus to thy husband's house  
 Wilt thou a blessing prove, and not a curse."

The farewells of Shakuntalā to her early home and friends, her flowers and pet animals, are most beautiful.



The scene then shifts to the court. One of the two queens is heard singing :—

“How often hither didst thou rove,  
Sweet bee, to kiss the mango's cheek!  
Oh, leave not, then, thy early love,  
The lily's honey'd lip to seek.”

The king says this means that he has left the singer for the other wife, and sends Mathavya to say so. The jester goes, expecting to be seized by the hair and pounded to jelly. A reminiscence seems to come over the king, who sings :—

“Not seldom in our hours of ease,  
When thought is still, the sight of some fair form,  
Or mournful fall of music breathing low,  
Will stir strange fancies, thrilling all the soul  
With a mysterious sadness, and a sense  
Of vague yet earnest longing. Can it be  
That the dim memory of events long past,  
Or friendships formed in other states of being,  
Flits like a passing shadow o'er the spirit?”

The party from the forest is announced. Shakuntalâ has lost the ring in crossing a river. The king soliloquises :—

“’Tis a fond thought, that to attain the end  
And object of ambition is to rest.  
Success doth only mitigate the fever  
Of anxious expectation ; soon the fear  
Of losing what we have, the constant care  
Of guarding it doth weary. Ceaseless toil  
Must be the lot of him, who with his hands  
Supports the canopy that shields his subjects.”

Painful scenes follow. Shakuntalâ is rapt up to paradise. A fisherman finds the ring in a fish. The king on seeing it recovers recollection, and is in despair. At last he is taken to paradise, and finds his wife and child.

Kâlidâsa's play, *Vikramorvashî* (hero and nymph *Urvashi*) is second only to the *Shakuntalâ*. This and the *Mâlavikâgnimitra* (names of the characters), we must content ourselves with simply mentioning.

*Bhavabhûti*, surnamed *Shri-kantha* (whose voice is eloquence), stands next in dramatic eminence to Kâlidâsa, and, like him, has left three plays. He is supposed by Western scholars to belong to the eighth century, and to have flourished at the court of *Yashovarma*, King of

Kanyâ-Kubja (Kanouj). His three plays are the Mâlâti-Mâdhava (names of the hero and heroine), in ten acts, the Maha-Vira-charita in seven acts, which is one of many dramatic versions of Râma's history, and the Uttara-Râma-charita, relating to the same subject. The first and third of these are translated in the late H. H. Wilson's *Hindu Theatre*.

We give Professor Williams' outline of the play Mâlâti-Mâdhava :—

“Two ministers of two neighbouring kings have agreed together privately that their children, Mâdhava and Mâlâti, shall in due time marry each other. Unhappily one of the kings requires the father of Mâlâti to make a match between his daughter and an ugly old court favourite called Nandana. The minister, from fear, consents. Meanwhile Mâdhava is sent to finish his studies under an old Buddhist priestess named Kâmandaki, who had been Mâlâti's nurse, and who contrives that she and Mâdhava shall meet and fall in love, though they do not at that time make known their attachment. Soon after the king prepares to enforce the marriage of Mâlâti and his favourite. The news makes Mâlâti desperate. Another meeting takes place in Kâmandaki's garden between her and Mâdhava, who is followed to the garden by a friend Makaranda. During their interview a great tumult and terrific screams are heard. A tiger has escaped from a cage and spreads destruction everywhere. Madayantikâ, sister of Nandana, happens to be passing and is attacked by the tiger, Mâdhava and Makaranda both rush to the rescue. The latter kills the tiger, and Madayantikâ is brought half-fainting into the garden. On recovering, she naturally falls in love with Makaranda. The two couples are thus brought together, and Mâlâti there and then pledges herself to Mâdhava. At the very moment a messenger summons Madayantikâ to Nandana's marriage, and another summons Mâlâti herself to the king's palace. Mâdhava is mad with grief, and resolves to purchase the aid of demons by going to the cemetery and offering them his own flesh as food. The cemetery is near the temple of the dread goddess, Châmundâ, presided over by a sorceress, Kapâla-Kundalâ, and her preceptor, a terrible necromancer, Aghôra-ganta. They have determined on offering a beautiful maiden to the goddess. With this object they carry off Mâlâti, before [her departure, while asleep on a terrace, and are about to kill her at Châmundâ's shrine, when her cries reach Mâdhava, who is in the cemetery offering his flesh to the demons. He rushes forward, and after a terrific fight kills Aghôra-ganta, and restores Mâlâti to her family. The marriage preparations go on, and the priestess Kâmandaki contrives that the bridal dress shall be put on at her own temple.

There she persuades Makaranda to personate the bride. He puts on the bridal dress, is taken to the house of Nandana, and goes through the marriage ceremony. Nandana, disgusted with the masculine appearance of the supposed bride, leaves Makaranda in the inner apartments, thus enabling him to have an interview with Madayantikâ, his own affianced. Makaranda makes himself known, and persuades her to run away with him to the place where Mâlâtî and Mâdhava are concealed. Their flight is discovered, the king's guards are sent in pursuit, a great fight follows, but Makaranda and Mâdhava conquer. The bravery and beauty of the two youths disarm the king's anger, and they go unpunished. In the confusion, however, Mâlâtî has been carried off by Kapâla-Kundala in revenge for the death of Aghôra-ganta. Mâdhava is again in despair; but an old pupil of Kâmandaki, named Sandâminî, who by penance has acquired extraordinary magical powers, opportunely appears on the scene, delivers Mâlâtî from the sorceress, and brings about the marriage of Mâlâtî and Mâdhava and of Madayantikâ and Makaranda."

Another popular drama is the *Mrich-Chakatikâ* (Clay-Card), attributed to King Shûdraka, in the first or second century B.C. It is a story of the troubled love of Chârudatta, a virtuous Brahman, and Vasanta-senâ. The rogue of the plot is Prince Samsthânaka, Chârudatta's rival, a dissipated gambler. The play ends as usual. We quote from Professor Williams a single scene. A gambler is introduced, fleeing from the keeper of a gaming-house, called Mâthura, and a second gambler.

"1st G. The master of the tables and the gamester are at my heels. How can I escape them? Here is an empty temple. I will enter it walking backwards, and pretend to be its idol.

"Mâthura. Ho, there! Stop thief! A gambler has lost ten suvarnas, and is running off without paying. Stop him! stop him!

"2nd G. He has run as far as this point, but here the track is lost.

"Mâthura. Ah, I see; the footsteps are reversed. The rogue has walked backward into this temple which has no image in it. (*They enter, and make signs to each other, on discovering the object of their search standing motionless on a pedestal.*)

"2nd G. Is this a wooden image, I wonder?

"Mâthura. No, no, it must be made of stone, I think. (*So saying, they shake and pinch him.*) Never mind, sit we down here, and play out our game. (*They commence playing.*)

"1st G. (*Still acting the image, but looking on, and with difficulty restraining his wish to join in the game. Aside.*) The

rattling of dice is as tantalising to a penniless man as the sound of drums to a dethroned monarch. Verily it is sweet as the note of a nightingale.

"2nd G. The throw is mine—the throw is mine !

"Māthura. No, no, it is mine, I say !

"1st G. (*Forgetting himself, and jumping off the pedestal.*) No, I tell you, it is mine.

"2nd G. We've caught him !

"Māthura. Yes, rascal, you're caught at last. Hand over the suvarnas.

"1st G. Worthy sir, I'll pay them in good time.

"Māthura. Hand them over this minute, I say. (*They beat him.*)

"1st G. (*Aside to 2nd G.*) I'll pay you half, if you will forgive me the rest.

"2nd G. Agreed.

"1st G. (*Aside to Māthura.*) I'll give you security for half, if you will let me off the other half.

"Māthura. Agreed.

"1st G. Then, good morning to you, sirs ; I'm off.

"Māthura. Hallo ! Stop there, where are you going so fast ? Hand over the money.

"1st G. See here, my good sirs ; one has taken security for half, and the other has let me off the other half. Isn't it clear I have nothing to pay ?

"Māthura. No, no, my fine fellow ; my name is Māthura, and I'm not such a fool as you take me for. Don't suppose I'm going to be cheated out of my ten suvarnas in that way ; hand them over, you scoundrel.

"(*Another gambler comes on the scene, and in the scuffle the first one escapes.*)"

Another favourite play is the Ratnāvali, Jewel Necklace, attributed to King Shri-harsha :—

"Sāgarika (called Ratnāvali from her necklace) is accidentally brought to the court of King Udayana, falls in love with him, and paints his picture. The king is equally struck with her. The queen's jealousy is excited by the discovery of the picture. She even succeeds in imprisoning Sāgarika and putting fetters on her feet, and more than ordinary impediments threaten to stop the love affair. All difficulties, however, are eventually removed, and the play ends by conciliating one wife and gaining a second."\*

Other celebrated plays are the Mudrā-Rākshasa (twelfth century), by Vishākha-datta, in seven acts ; the Prasanna-

\* *Indian Wisdom*, p. 487.

Rāghava, by Jaya-dēva, in seven acts; the Vēṇi-Samhāra, by Bhatta-Nārāyana; the Prabōdha-Chandrōdaya (Rising Moon of Wisdom), an allegorical play by Krishna-Mishra, who is put in the twelfth century. The Mudrā-Rākshasa (the Signet-Ring Rākshasa) introduces the famous King Chandra-Gupta, and his equally famous minister, Chānakya, the Indian Macchiavelli, whom Indian tradition makes the father of all political art and intrigue. Chānakya is "represented as having slain King Nanda and assisted Chandra-Gupta to the throne. The principal design is to show how this wily Brahman effects a reconciliation between Rākshasa, the minister of the murdered Nanda, and the persons on whose behalf he was killed." The Prasanna-Rāghava dramatises the history of Rāma again. The Vēṇi-Samhāra (Binding of the Braid) is founded on an incident of the Mahā-Bhārata. In the celebrated gambling scene, the Pāndus had, at last, staked their common wife, Draupadi, and lost. One of the winners, Duhshāsana, thereupon dragged her into the assembly by the hair, which fell loose. The Pāndu Bhima swore that he would one day drink the insulter's blood, and then bind up Draupadi's hair.

There are numerous elaborate treatises on the dramatic art. Dramas are classified as Principal and Secondary. Under the first head (Rūpaka) ten varieties are named, defined, and illustrated; under the second (Upa-rūpaka) eighteen.

The Gita-Govinda (Song of Govinda = Krishna), by Jaya-dēva (twelfth century), is one of the most popular songs of India. The subject is the sporting of the god Krishna, in the form of a cowherd (govinda), with shepherdesses, and the means by which he was won back to his own wife, Rādhā. We have already referred to its voluptuous character. Some Hindus spiritualise it, and make it an allegory of the human soul, led astray by the senses, and reclaimed to the sway of the spirit; but this is an interpretation thought of by very few. Towards the close Rādhā's maidens address her thus:—

"So follow, while the flowers break forth  
In white and amber clusters,  
At the breath of thy pure presence,  
And the radiance on thy brow;

Oh, follow where the asokas wave  
 Their sprays of gold and purple,  
 As if to beckon thee the way  
 That Krishna passed but now.  
 He is gone a little forward.  
 Though thy steps are faint for pleasure,  
 Let him hear the tattling ripple  
 Of the bangles round thy feet;  
 Moving slowly o'er the blossoms  
 On the path which he has shown thee,  
 That when he turns to listen  
 It may make his fond heart beat.  
 And loose thy jewelled girdle  
 A little, that its rubies  
 May tinkle softest music too,  
 And whisper thou art near;  
 Though now, if in the forest  
 Thou shouldst bend one blade of Kusha  
 With silken touch of passing foot,  
 His heart would know and hear;  
 Would hear the wood birds saying,  
 'It is Râdhâ's foot that passes';  
 Would hear the wind sigh love-sick,  
 'It is Râdhâ's fragrance this';  
 Would hear thine own heart beating  
 Within thy panting bosom,  
 And know thee coming, coming,  
 His ever, ever his!"

We will next notice three of the six Mahâ-Kāvya, Great Poems, the Kirâtârjuniya, Naishadha, and Shishupâla-Vadha.\* The Kirâtârjuniya is by Bharavi, in eighteen cantos. The subject is from that exhaustless thesaurus of legend, the Mahâ-Bhârata.

"The hero, Arjuna, went to the Himâlâya mountains to perform severe penance and thereby obtain celestial arms. After some time Shiva, to reward him and prove his bravery, approached him as a Kirâta or wild mountaineer, at the moment that a demon named Mûka, in the form of a boar, was making an attack upon him. Shiva and Arjuna both shot together at the boar, which fell dead, and both claimed to have hit him first. This served as a pretext for Shiva, as the Kirâta, to quarrel with Arjuna. Arjuna fought long with the Kirâta, but could not conquer him. At last he recognised the god, and threw himself at his feet.

\* The other three are the Raghu-Vamsha, Mēgha-Dûta, and Kumâra-Sambhava, already noticed.



Shiva, pleased with his bravery, gave him the celebrated weapon Pâshupata, to enable him to conquer Karna and the Kuru princes in war."

We select a few sentiments from many quoted by Professor Williams \* :—

"Those who wish well towards their friends disdain  
To please them by fair words which are not true."

"Better to have a great man for one's foe  
Than court association with the low."

"Do nothing rashly, want of circumspection  
Is the chief cause of failure and disaster.  
Fortune, wise lover of the wise, selects  
Him for her lord who, ere he acts, reflects."

"To those who travel on the rugged road  
Trodden by virtuous and high-minded men,  
A fall, if preordained by destiny,  
Becomes equivalent to exaltation ;  
Such falls cause neither evil nor distress,  
The wise make failures equal to success."

"The man who every sacred science knows,  
Yet has not strength to keep in check the foes  
That rise within him, mars his fortune's fame,  
And brings her by his feebleness to shame."

"Be patient if thou wouldst thy ends accomplish,  
For like to patience is there no appliance  
Effective of success, producing surely  
Abundant fruit of actions, never damped  
By failure, conquering impediments."

"The noble-minded dedicate themselves  
To the promotion of the happiness  
Of others—e'en of those who injure them.  
True happiness consists in making others happy."

"As persons though fatigued forbear to seek  
The shelter of the fragrant sandal trees,  
If deadly serpents lurk beneath their roots,  
So must the intercourse of e'en the virtuous,  
If vicious men surround them, be avoided."

"Youth's glories are as transient as the shadow  
Of an autumnal cloud ; and sensual joys  
Though pleasant at the moment end in pain."

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\* *Indian Wisdom*, pp. 393, 457.

"Soon as a man is born, an adversary  
Confronts him, Death the Ender ; ceaseless troubles  
Begin ; his place of birth, the world,  
Must one day be abandoned ; hence the wise  
Seek the full bliss of freedom from existence."

"The enemies which rise within the body,  
Hard to be overcome, thy evil passions,  
Should manfully be fought ; who conquers these  
Is equal to the conqueror of worlds."

The Naishadha, by Shri-Harsha, 1000 A.D., tells, in twenty-two cantos, the beautiful story of the loves of Nala and Damayanti, from the Mahâ-Bhârata. Nala is King of Nishadha and Damayanti, daughter of Bhima, King of Vidarbha. They fall in love with each other on report. Damayanti's father proclaims a Swayamvara=Election, at which a maiden is allowed to choose from among the assembled suitors. Among the rest four gods—Indra, Agni, Varuna, and Yama—come in the form of Nala, so that Damayanti beholds five Nalas. But on her entreaty the gods discover themselves, and the lovers are married. They live happily together, and Nala is a model king. But unhappily he falls through an accidental omission under a curse, gambles away his kingdom, and is driven with his wife, with a single cloth between them, into the forest. Here Nala, unable longer to bear the sight of his beloved one's misery, resolves to abandon her.

"In the night he leaves her after many struggles  
And departing, still departing, he returned again, again."

Damayanti is recovered by her father, and Nala becomes a charioteer of the King of Ayôdha, Oude. A second Swayamvara is proclaimed, and Damayanti discovers her husband by his peerless skill in driving. Such is the story which is drawn out by Shri-Harsha into twenty-two cantos. By many his work is regarded as the finest poem in Sanscrit literature. Undoubtedly the beauty and wealth of illustration are extraordinary. The story is highly praised by Dean Milman in the *Quarterly*.<sup>\*</sup> But the ornament overlays the subject. Apparently the first exists only for the second. The movement is so slow as to be imperceptible. Even Hindu appetite cloyed under the long-drawn, luscious sweetness, for only about seven out of the twenty-two cantos are usually read.

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<sup>\*</sup> *Quarterly Review*, Vol. XLV.

The *Shishupāla-Vadha* (Destruction of *Shishupāla*), by *Māgha*, is likewise in twenty-two cantos. The subject, from the *Mahā-Bhārata*, is the destruction of the heretic King *Shishupāla*, by *Krishna*, at a great sacrifice; celebrated by *Yudhisthira*. Professor *Williams* quotes some sentiments from the second canto :—

- "Alliance should be formed with friendly foes,  
Not with unfriendly friends ; of friend and foe  
The test is benefit and injury."
- "He who excites the wrath of foes and then  
Sits down, inactively, is like a man  
Who kindles withered grass and then lies near  
While a strong wind is blowing from beyond."
- "A man of feeble character resembles  
A reed that bends with every gust of wind."
- "Soft words, intended to alleviate,  
Often foment the wrath of one enraged,  
Like drops of water poured on burning butter."
- "The foolish undertake a trifling act  
And soon desist, discouraged ; wiser men  
Engage in mighty works and persevere."
- "That energy which veils itself in mildness  
Is most successful in its object ; so  
The lamp that burns most brightly owes its force  
To oil drawn upwards by a hidden wick."
- "Weak persons gain their objects when allied  
With strong associates ; the rivulet  
Reaches the ocean by the river's aid."
- "Wise men rest not on destiny alone,  
Nor yet on manly effort, but on both."

There are two curious poems by *Bhartri-hari*, who is assigned to the sixth century. One is the *Bhatti-Kāvya*, narrating *Rāma's* history, but so constructed as to "illustrate the rules of Sanscrit grammar, as well as the figures of poetry and rhetoric, by introducing examples of all possible forms and constructions, as well as of the *Alan-kāras* (ornaments) ; it is in two great divisions, *Shabdakshana*, 'illustration of grammar,' and *Kavya-lakshana*, 'illustration of poetry,' together comprising twenty-two chapters."\* This is a kind of composition in which Hindu

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\* *Indian Wisdom*, p. 450.

writers and students greatly delight. Bhartri-hari's other work is one of 300 verses, divided into three equal parts, which treat of love, morality, and renunciation of the world. The first part could not be translated into English, though it has been edited with a Latin translation;\* but the purpose of the poet throughout is to inculcate goodness. There are very few of the verses which are not striking both in matter and form, and the whole work is a condensed mass of practical wisdom, skilfully expressed. The first of the following sentiments is a favourite one with Hindu poets. It is found both in Kâlidâsa and Bhartri-hari.

"The loftiest trees bend humbly to the ground  
Beneath the teeming burden of their fruit;  
High in the vernal sky the pregnant clouds  
Suspend their stately course, and hanging low,  
Scatter their sparkling treasures o'er the earth:  
And such is true benevolence; the good  
Are never rendered arrogant by riches."

The following are all the specimens quoted by Professor Williams:—

"Here in this world love's only fruit is won,  
When two true hearts are blended into one;  
But when by disagreement love is blighted,  
'Twere better that two corpses were united."

"Blinded by self-conceit and knowing nothing,  
Like elephant infatuate with passion,  
I thought within myself I all things knew;  
But when by slow degrees I somewhat learnt  
By aid of wise preceptors, my conceit  
Like some disease passed off; and now I live  
In the plain sense of what a fool I am."

"The attribute most noble of the hand  
Is readiness in giving; of the head,  
Bending before a teacher; of the mouth,  
Veracious speaking; of a victor's arms,  
Undaunted valour; of the inner heart,  
Pureness the most unsullied; of the ears,  
Delight in hearing and receiving truth—  
These are adornments of high-minded men  
Better than all the majesty of empire."

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\* *Indian Wisdom*, p. 508.

"Better be flung from some high peak,  
Or dashed to pieces falling upon rocks,  
Better insert the hand between the fangs  
Of an envenomed serpent, better fall  
Into a fiery furnace, than destroy  
The character by stains of infamy."

"Now for a little while a child, and now  
An amorous youth ; then for a season turned  
Into the wealthy householder ; then stripped  
Of all his riches, with decrepid limbs  
And wrinkled frame, man creeps towards the end  
Of life's erratic course, and like an actor  
Passes behind death's curtain out of view."

We will do no more than mention a class of Sanscrit works, perfectly unique in literature, in which a system of alliteration and double meanings is carried to a pitch never attained elsewhere. In the works already passed under review, this feature is present to a limited extent ; but in others it is the prominent characteristic from first to last. The object seems to be to exhibit the boundless resources of the language, and the equally boundless ingenuity, however misapplied, of the Hindu mind. To give any specimen in translation would be simply bewildering and, in a sense, unfair—unfair, because in the works which are the chief examples of this perverted skill, it is impossible to deny the presence of wonderful beauty, which could not be presented in short extracts. Suffice it to say, that these poems relate different histories and yield different meanings, according to the division of the sentences, which are unbroken in Sanscrit as in other Indian tongues, into different words, or according to the different senses borne by the same words. The result is a style laboured, involved and enigmatical to the last degree. However foreign to our habits, it is very popular with Hindus, who boast, with good reason, of the marvellous perfection to which these word-puzzles have been brought.

To this class belong the *Naishadha* already named, the *Rāghava-Pāṇḍaviya*, by Kavi-rāja, which, as the title indicates, may be read as a history both of the Raghu and Pāṇḍu families, and so is an epitome at once of the *Ramāyana* and *Mahā-Bhārata*, the *Vāsava-datta*, a romance by Subandhu, in the seventh century, and the *Kādambari*, by Bāna, of the same period. The latter is in two parts, the

second being said to be more difficult even than the first, which is needless. We remember reading the first part many years ago under the guidance of a clever old Brahman, and being deeply impressed with the great wealth of fancy and skill which no artificial and florid style could wholly conceal.

There is an extensive literature, mostly anonymous, of tales and fables, which are used to illustrate texts and aphorisms inculcating moral lessons of all kinds. This is a kind of writing in which Orientals greatly delight. The East is the native home of story, parable, and apologue. An Oriental argues by illustrations, and will always accept analogy, however inappropriate, instead of argument. The popular standard work is the *Pancha-Tantra*, which is ancient even in its present form, belonging probably to the fifth century, and was, at first, probably a collection of maxims and stories which had long been current. It was translated, in its abridged form, into Pahlavi, about A.D. 570, and into Arabic about A.D. 760, and since then into most Indian languages, as well as into "Hebrew, Syriac, Persian, Turkish, Italian, French, German, English, and almost every known language of the literary world."\* A French translation was the source of Pilpay's fables in the Middle Ages. Thus many of our popular stories can be traced directly back to Indian sources. According to the book itself, the stories were related by a Brahman, Vishnu-Sharma, by command of the King Amara-Sukti, with a view to the reformation of three dissipated princes. *Pancha-Tantra* means "Five devices or methods." These are *Mitra-Bhêda*, division of friends; *Mitra-Prâpte*, acquisition of friends; *Kâkôlukiya*, inveterate enmity; *Âparikshita Charitwa*, acting without forethought. Under each head are numberless stories, one running into another in such a way that the clue is often lost. There is so much of the gross that full translation would be impossible. Still the design is to illustrate the necessity of the best qualities and the defeat of evil. The fox and jackal are among the principal actors, while the elephant, lion, and other beasts and birds play their part. For example, to show that common sense is better than any amount of technical skill, a story is told of four Brahmans, the first three being wonderfully clever, the last ignorant.

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\* *Indian Wisdom*, p. 509.

On a journey they come upon the bones of a slain lion. One says, "I know how to put the bones together again;" the second, "I can clothe it with skin, mane, tail, talons;" the third, "I will show you that I am cleverer than you all, for I can give it life." The fourth objected that there would be danger. But they persisted and perished, while the fourth climbed a tree and escaped.

Under the first head an account is given of a merchant's ox, which was left behind disabled on a journey. However, it bellowed in such a way that the lion was afraid of approaching the stranger. Two jackals, who wish to curry favour with the lion, and get the credit of making the lion and ox friends, tell all sorts of stories to prove the necessity of caution, and thus enhance the merit of their success. They introduce the ox to the lion, which proves a wrong step, for the new friends are so inseparable that the jackals are forgotten. They then scheme to break the new alliance, and tell other stories, illustrating the danger of hasty friendships. One is that of a jackal who once fell into an indigo-vat, and in his new colour was taken for a new species of animal, and forthwith installed by the other beasts as sovereign. But at last, some jackals coming near, the new monarch forgot himself, howled, and was forthwith slain as a pretender.

Professor Williams gives a characteristic story, with some alterations, from the fifth book, which we quote\* :—

"Once upon a time there lived in a certain place a weaver named Manthara, whose loom one day fell to pieces while he was weaving. Taking his axe he set off to cut fresh timber to make a new loom, and finding a large Simshapâ tree by the seaside, and thinking to himself, 'This will furnish plenty of wood for my purpose,' he began to fell it. In this tree resided a spirit, who exclaimed, on the first stroke of the axe, 'Hallo, there, what are you about? This tree is my dwelling, and I can't allow you to destroy it; for here I live very happily, inhaling the fresh breezes cooled by the ocean's spray.' The weaver replied, 'What am I to do? Unless I get wood, my family must starve. Be quick, then, and look out for another house; for cut your present one down I must, and that too instantly.' The spirit replied, 'I am really quite pleased with your candour, and you shall have any boon you like to ask for; but you shall not injure this tree.' The weaver said he would go home and consult a friend and his wife,

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\* *Indian Wisdom*, p. 513.



and would then come back, and let the spirit know what gift he would be willing to take in compensation for the loss of the tree. To this the spirit assented. When the weaver returned home, he found there a particular friend of his, the village barber. To him he confided all that had occurred, telling him that he had forced the spirit to grant him a boon, and consulting his friend as to what he should demand. The barber said, 'My good fellow, ask to be made a king: then I'll be your prime minister, and we'll enjoy ourselves gloriously in this world and gain felicity in the next. Don't you know the saying—

“A king by gifts on earth achieves renown,  
And, when he dies, in heaven obtains a crown?”

The weaver approved his friend's suggestion, but said he must first consult his wife. To this the barber strenuously objected, and reminded him of the proverb:—

“Give women dress, food, gems, and all that's nice,  
But tell them not your plans, if you are wise.

‘Besides, the sagacious son of Bhṛigu has said—

“If you have aught to do and want to do it,  
Don't ask a woman's counsel, or you'll rue it.’

The weaver admitted the justice of his friend the barber's observations, but insisted that *his* wife was quite a model woman, and that he felt compelled to ask her opinion. Accordingly he went to her and told of the promise he had extorted from the spirit, and how the barber had recommended his asking to be made a king. He then requested her advice. She replied, ‘You should never listen, husband, to barbers. What can they possibly know about anything? Surely you have heard the saying—

“No man of sense should take as his adviser  
A barber, dancer, mendicant, or miser.

Besides, all the world knows that royalty leads to a perpetual round of troubles. The cares of peace and war, marching and encamping, making allies and quarrelling with them afterwards, never allow a monarch a moment's enjoyment. Let me tell you, then,—

“If you are longing to be made a king,  
You've set your heart upon a foolish thing;  
The vase of unction at your coronation  
Will sprinkle you with water and vexation.’

The weaver replied, ‘What you say, wife, is very just; but pray tell me what I am to ask for.’ His wife rejoined, ‘I recommend you to seek the means of doing more work. Formed as you now are, you can never weave more than one piece of cloth at a time.

Ask for another pair of hands and another head, with which you may keep a loom going both before and behind you. The profits of the first loom will be enough for all household expenses, and with the proceeds of the second you'll be able to gain consequence and credit to your tribe, and a respectable position in this world and the next.' 'Capital, capital!' exclaimed the husband. Forthwith he repaired to the tree, and addressing the spirit, said, 'As you have promised to give me anything I ask for, give me another pair of arms and another head.' No sooner said than done. In an instant he was equipped with a couple of heads and four arms, and returned home, highly delighted with his new acquisitions. No sooner, however, did the villagers see him, than, greatly alarmed, they exclaimed, 'A goblin, a goblin!' and between striking him with sticks and pelting him with stones, speedily put an end to his existence."

We wish that all the Pancha-Tantra were as innocent as the above, or as good as the following extracts; but it is far from this. Many of the maxims represent the female character as equally divided between the worst depravity and lowest cunning, and these are illustrated by appropriate stories. The husband is always made the victim. We fear this too nearly represents a popular estimate of woman in India.

"Praise not the goodness of the grateful man  
Who acts with kindness to his benefactors.  
He who does good to those who do him wrong  
Alone deserves the epithet of good."

"The misery a foolish man endures  
In seeking riches, is a hundred-fold  
More grievous than the sufferings of him  
Who strives to gain eternal blessedness."

"Hear thou a summary of righteousness,  
And ponder well the maxim: Never do  
To other persons what would pain thyself."

"The little-minded ask, 'Belongs this man  
To our own family?' The noble-hearted  
Regard the human race as all akin."

The *Hitopadēsha* (Good Advice) is an abridgment of the Pancha-Tantra. It is partly prose and partly poetry, and in its four books contains 701 verses. It is a favourite text-book with students of Sanscrit. We quote from Professor Williams some specimens of the maxims:—

- "A combination of e'en feeble things  
Is often potent to effect a purpose ;  
E'en fragile straws, when twisted into ropes,  
May serve to bind a furious elephant."
- "He has all wealth who has a mind contented.  
To one whose foot is covered with a shoe  
The earth appears all carpeted with leather."
- "'Tis right to sacrifice an individual  
For a whole household, and a family  
For a whole village, and a village even  
For a whole country's good ; but for one's self  
And one's own soul, one should give up the world."
- "Strive not too anxiously for a subsistence,  
Thy Maker will provide thee sustenance ;  
No sooner is a human being born  
Than milk for his support streams from the breast."
- "He by whose hand the swans were painted white,  
And parrots green, and peacocks many-hued,  
Will make provision for thy maintenance."
- "How can true happiness proceed from wealth,  
Which in its acquisition causes pain ;  
In loss, affliction ; in abundance, folly ?"
- "Whoever, quitting certainties, pursues  
Uncertainties, may lose his certainties."
- "A friend, the sight of whom is to the eyes  
A balm ; who is the heart's delight, who shares  
Our joys and sorrows, is a treasure rare.  
But other friendly persons, who are ready  
To share in our prosperity, abound.  
Friendship's true touchstone is adversity."
- "That man is wise who knows how to suit  
His words to each occasion, his kind acts  
To each man's worth, his anger to his power."
- "Is anything by nature beautiful  
Or the reverse ? Whatever pleases each,  
That only is by each thought beautiful."
- "Disinclination to begin a work  
Through fear of failure is a mark of weakness ;  
Is food renounced through fear of indigestion ?"
- "A feverish display of over-zeal  
At the first outset, is an obstacle  
To all success ; water, however cold,  
Will penetrate the ground by slow degrees."

"Whither have gone the rulers of the earth,  
With all their armies, all their regal pomp,  
And all their stately equipages? Earth,  
That witnessed their departure, still abides."

"E'en as a traveller, meeting with the shade  
Of some o'erhanging tree, awhile reposes,  
Then leaves its shelter to pursue his way,  
So men meet friends, then part with them for ever."

Other collections of stories are the *Kathâ-Sarit-Sâgara* (Ocean of Rivers of Stories), the *Dasha-Kumâra-Charita* (Adventures of Ten Princes), the *Vetâla-pancha-vimsati* (Twenty-five Tales of a Demon), the *Simhâsana-dwatrimshat* (Thirty-two Stories told by the Images on the Throne of *Vikramâditya*), the *Shukâ-saptati* (Seventy Tales of a Parrot), the *Kathârnava* (Ocean of Stories), all but the last of which are ancient.

Our purpose has been to illustrate the character rather than the extent of the ancient classics of India. If it had been the latter, we might have filled pages with titles of works.

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ART. III.—*Lexicon Græco-Latinum in Libros Novi Testamenti.* Auctore. C. L. W. GRIMM. Leipsic. 1868.

IN nearly all the instances in which the terms "minister," "ministry," "to minister" occur in the New Testament, they are translations of *διάκονος*, *διακονία*, *διακονεῖν*. The group came from classical Greek almost directly, having had no particular religious use in the Septuagint; and from their first use to their last are exceedingly honoured in the latter Scriptures.

Two short verses in the Gospels will serve to introduce them almost perfectly. "If any man serve Me," *ἐὰν ἐμοὶ τις διακονῇ*, "let him follow Me; and where I am there shall also My servant be," *διάκονος μὲν*. "Martha was cumbered about much serving," *περὶ πολλὴν διακονίαν*. The former suggests the derivation of the term: from *διᾶκω* or *διήκω* to hasten or follow after. It also marks its general relation to an individual servant: a master or beneficiary of some kind being always involved in it. It also indicates a certain freedom in the service; and this also was true of the ancient classical use of it. The second verse gives us the only instance in the Gospels of the use of "ministry," and suggests that, besides being rendered to one in particular, it was a service rendered at the table. This was the prevalent classical use, and it bade fair at first to take the lead in the New Testament. Who can help thinking of that most affecting illustration of this limited meaning: "He shall gird Himself, and make them to sit down to meat, and will come forth, and will serve them" (*διακονήσει αὐτοῖς*). But, though they never lost their original signification altogether, they all can put on their perfection.

This family of words, or rather this one word, stands for personal official service in the new phraseology of the Christian revelation, and stands almost literally alone. The only other term which runs parallel with it is *δοῦλος*, with its relation of permanent servitude, *δουλεύειν*. This, however, expresses not so much the service rendered as the relation of absolute dependence on a master or lord. It expresses everywhere in the New Testament that blessed bondage to Christ which is perfect freedom, and is a

term that is gloried in by Apostles, even as every the humblest Christian may glory in it. There are a few other synonymes of the term we now study which need no particular mention, occurring as they do only on a few occasions and without any reference to the service of the kingdom of God. Our term takes three forms in the New Testament; it occurs as a verb to "minister," as a noun "he that serveth" or "minister" or "deacon," and as "the service" which is rendered. Taking the whole range of its occurrence in these forms, we may say that it is more abundantly used than any word of the same kind in the New Testament. There is no family of words which can be compared with it. And it may be added, by anticipation, that the great majority of its applications is to what may be called the official service of the Christian Church.

It may be said, generally, that the term as thus limited runs through three phases of application in the New Testament. First, it is used in the Gospels of service generally; in the Acts and earlier Epistles it is employed to designate, in addition, the entire range of official service in the Christian Church; and in the Philippians and Pastoral Epistles, still retaining its former uses, it is more particularly applied to the office of the diaconate.

Passing over some few general applications of the term in the Gospels, we find that it is connected with the Person of our Lord in the great majority of instances. It is used of all ministries rendered to Him in His earthly life; also of the spiritual service of His future discipleship; and, midway between them, of His own supreme ministry of redemption.

Its first use in any form refers to the ministry of the angels sent forth to minister to the Saviour, even as they now "minister to the heirs of salvation." This gives high dignity to the word as it comes up from infrequent service in the Septuagint: the prelude to an abundant use, surpassing far that of classical literature, in the New Testament. It is also used of the women who "ministered to Him of their substance,"—a circumstance which is remembered after the resurrection—as also of that particular woman who was "cumbered with much serving," and whose gentle reproof was that she undervalued her sister's better silent ministry. Before He departed our Lord sanctified the word to signify a religious devotion in which all might share. Though in the Synoptists He

said that He came "not to be ministered unto," St. John records that once He summed up the whole Christian life, whether of active or of passive devotion, as the rendering to Himself of the same service which He has rendered to us, "If any man serve Me, let him follow Me; and where I am there shall My servant be." This may be compared with other words recorded by this evangelist, "Henceforth I call you not *δούλους*, bondservants, for the bondservant knoweth not what his Lord doeth." His service was to be the service of friendship and love, not the enforced or hireling servitude of slaves. It was to be "ministry" of which we now speak. But it is observable that His disciples did not interpret these words literally. They gloried in the name which their Master disavowed. They never used the gentler term of freer service. They rightly understood the spirit of His meaning, though they neglected its letter. That "service" which the Father's honour shall reward is not throughout the New Testament used of the discipleship generally; only of the official ministry in the new kingdom. But this requires us to turn to the word as appropriated by Christ Himself.

All forms of the word are applied in the most impressive manner to our Lord's own work in the world, but, it must be remembered, only by Himself, at least in the Gospels. Observing carefully the occasions on which He used it, we mark that He described His whole estate of humiliation as a service, which He commends as a pattern of self-sacrifice to His disciples; and then that He uses the same word to describe the dignity to which His imitators will be raised, inasmuch as He will minister still to their blessedness in heaven. He served in lowliness once to our salvation, and will hereafter serve again for our final redemption.

Every Old-Testament word must be fulfilled, and it was for the accomplishment of Scripture that our Lord, as He approached the Cross, began to adopt, concerning Himself, the tone and language of a servant. During the course of His earthly life He assumed every title and illustrated every symbol by which the ancient Scriptures had marked Him out. This one He left for the last. Thrice had Isaiah fore-announced Him as the servant, but most impressively when he predicts His sacrificial sufferings. St. Matthew quotes the words in reference to the Redeemer's active ministry, though not without allusion to the humility and self-sacrifice of His work. St. Paul gives the widest applica-



tion to the prophetic word, including the condescension of our Lord's union with our race, the whole form of His service among men, consummated in His obedience unto death; but with special reference to the self-sacrifice which undertook the burden laid upon Him by His Father, the burden which "made Him to serve with our sins" and "carry our iniquities." But our Lord reserved the assumption of the servant-name for His perfected obedience. He had received the lesser ministries of His disciples, and exacted them for all the future; but, in view of His great obedience to God and service to man in redemption, all that was done for Him is forgotten, and His own self-sacrifice absorbs every other thought. "The Son of Man came not to be ministered unto but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many." His ministry was to God, and man's redemption was His service and His reward. St. Matthew and St. Mark alone give this memorable saying, which the Apostle Paul afterwards expanded into the doctrine of the sacrificial obedience. But all the evangelists unite in recording how impressively, and in what a variety of ways, the Lord made His service our example. The emphasis is always on the word we are now studying, and the lesson is taught on the eve of the Passion. Even at that supreme moment the disciples were striving among themselves which should be accounted the greatest. To rebuke this spirit of self-seeking ambition, He had once before set a child in the midst and made it the example of humility. Now He places Himself: "I am among you as He that serveth"—the "as" reserves His supreme dignity—"and he that is chief among you shall be as he that serveth." St. John omits one word in the account of the feet-washing, which, however, was the perfect symbolical rehearsal of the great ministry. "Ye call Me Master and Lord, and ye say well, for so I am," is the best explanation of "as he that serveth." He had already paid his tribute to the term in his record of the injunction with promise already quoted, "If any man serve Me, let him follow Me." No further enlargement is necessary. Suffice that our Lord has for ever sanctified and hallowed the term "ministry" by appropriating it to His own redeeming self-sacrifice, by making it the expression of our highest official and personal service to Himself, and by representing Himself, though only in a slight allusion, as remembering His service even in another world.

"Verily, I say unto you, that He shall gird Himself, and make them to sit down to meat, and will come forth and serve them."

It is remarkable that St. Paul has once applied this term to the work of our Lord, but in another sense than His, and with a limited application. When he is urging upon Jewish and Gentile Christians the duty of mutually receiving each other, because the common Master had received both, he thus enforces his plea, "Now, I say that Jesus Christ was a Minister of the circumcision for the truth of God, to confirm the promises made to the fathers." The Redeemer of mankind was circumcised Himself, and numbered amongst the seed of Abraham. He was a Minister of the circumcision. His office was a ministry among the chosen people and for them; to fulfil every word of their law and their prophets. But not for the Jews only: "That the Gentiles might also glorify God for His mercy." St. Paul could not forget the Lord's Word that He came to minister as "the Son of Man," the Head and Representative of the race of mankind. He reached His final ministry through the preparatory service which He rendered to His own race; indeed, His redemption of the world was wrought out by sufferings which He underwent because of His fidelity to the Jewish mission. He was a Redeemer of mankind as a Martyr of Judaism.

One other bold saying of the same Apostle betokens the deep hold which the term had on his thoughts as connected with the Saviour's work: "Is Christ the Minister of sin?" Whether or not he had the Lord's great word in his thoughts when he used this unique expression, it is needless to ask. We cannot but be reminded of it. Can it be that that holy ministry of redemption, the laying down of the ransom-price of His most precious life, should be perverted either by bigotry or by licentiousness into the service of God? The emphasis of the question is the strong assertion of the Apostle: Christ was and is for ever devoted to one eternal ministry—the abolition of sin from the soul of man.

Before passing from the use of the term as applied to the Redeemer, we must for a moment allude to the general truth, that somewhere or other in the New Testament every term which describes the service of man to Christ has been given in its highest meaning to Christ Himself. Save indeed one: the *δούλος* is never applied to Him,

though the Old Testament predicts His coming as the "Servant of the Lord." Once at the end of the Apocalypse Moses has that designation: "they sing the song of Moses, the servant of the Lord, and the song of the Lamb." But "minister" is the lowest word that reverence could apply to the Lord, and that but once. Other ministerial designations are used, though each but in a unique instance. He termed Himself the "Shepherd" or Pastor, and St. Peter remembered it in his "Chief Shepherd," as also the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews, "that Great Shepherd of the sheep." He is "the Bishop of souls." He is "the Apostle and High Priest of our profession." He is "the Prophet," "the Preacher," "the Teacher." He is the "Evangelist" "to preach glad tidings to the poor," and He came "and preached peace," or "evangelised peace to them that were far off" (Eph. ii. 17). Thus He has graced every title known among men by bearing it, every title of the world's earthly dignity, and every title current in His Church. And every minister of every grade in His kingdom may regard his Lord as the Head of his profession, and remember that the name he bears has been borne by One whose Spirit is supplied from Himself "for the work of the ministry" (Eph. iv. 12).

The word in all its forms was destined for wider service after Pentecost. But it was only by slow degrees that it established itself in Christian phraseology. In the Book of the Acts it appears very irregularly, and, with one exception, only in the form of the *διακονία*, or service. The first occurrence is in a very melancholy connection. "Judas," St. Peter says, "was numbered with us, and had obtained part of this ministry." He was one of the Christian fellowship, and his lot or part was in the apostolic company. His place must be supplied, as it was not expedient that the Spirit should find the organisation of the Church incomplete when His hour was come. The prayer in which they all appeal to the Lord combines the ministry and the apostolate in a striking manner: in a manner, in fact, without any parallel. Here, during the interval between the Lord's personal administration and that of His Spirit, one of the chief concerns of the company is to fill up the number of the Twelve—the only corporate body which our Lord appointed—and in the words of the head and representative of the company they all had a ministry which was an apostleship, and an apostleship

which was a ministry. From the Lord they were apostles; to the Church, ministers. No other function is mentioned as yet having reference to the internal fellowship. That was even now "the Apostles' fellowship." The entire apostolate to the world and the entire ministry to the saints were vested in these men: an impressive memorial of the high dignity put on them by the Lord, and anticipation of their future dignity.

It is remarkable that the book which records the origin of church order and official functions—that of the diaconate especially—never mentions the minister as deacon or *διάκονος*. But it should be remembered that this book is not the history of a period of transition preceding that of the Epistles. Its history runs through that of the greater part of the Apostles' writings, which must be inserted in their proper places. It is not necessary, therefore, for our purpose to pause here. It is enough to mention in passing that the use of the term "minister," as it runs through the Acts, reflects only in part the changes which are more distinctly traceable in the Epistles. It appears that at the outset the term was used for all service to Christ in His Church. The widows complained that they were neglected in the "daily ministry" of alms; and the Apostles' reason for appointing men to that service was that they ought to be relieved from "serving" tables, that they might give themselves to prayer and the "ministry of the Word." Thus, in the first post-Pentecostal use the word touches its two extreme points—the apostolical preaching and the serving of tables. Nor does it throughout the book go beyond these two applications, save in one or two instances to which reference will be made. The diaconate proper is not again mentioned; the term "deacon" never occurs. But there is a singular expression in chap. xi. 29, which almost sounds as if the term was conventionally used for charitable relief: they "determined to send relief, *εἰς διακονίαν*, unto the brethren which dwelt in Judæa." But there is no repetition of this. Where it occurs again it seems limited to the particular service for which Paul and Barnabas were set apart, "when they had fulfilled their ministry." In Jerusalem, at a later period, St. Paul declared to the brethren "what things God had wrought among the Gentiles by his ministry," seemingly by his specific mission to the regions beyond Judaism. But, before that, among the elders at Miletus, he had desig-

nated his full apostolic function, in all its compass, by the same term, "the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God." There is no term but this for the office which the Apostles held as such; nothing equivalent to apostolate or episcopate or even mission. They are always only "ministers by whom ye believe," *δίακονοι*, as we find in 1 Cor. iii. 5. St. Paul—for to him alone the remark refers, as St. Peter only says "by my mouth" when he mentions his work—seems to take pleasure in defining his great commission by a term which would include every other, even the humblest service in the Church. But of this again.

As applied to the elders, the term is never found in the Acts. But there are indications of its extension to other helpers of the Apostles besides the deacons proper. St. Paul, at a time when he waited in Asia to know the will of God, sent to Macedonia "two of those who ministered to him," Timothy and Erastus, the former of whom was afterwards the Apostle's delegate, and as such termed an evangelist. These ministered "to him;" thus a new element comes in; but, as such an expression does not again occur, it is needless to dwell upon it. It is remarkable, however, that the first of those attendants upon the Apostles, John Mark, is said to have been, not their *δίακονος*, but their *ὑπηρέτης*; "they had John to their minister;" though he ministered in spiritual things also, his service was more in things external, and this singular distinction is made. But we must not dwell much upon this; for, at a later time, we hear, "Take Mark, and bring him with thee, for he is profitable to me for the ministry," *εἰς διακονίαν*. It may be noted that this interloper in the phraseology of Christian office, *ὑπηρέτης*, is once used by St. Paul of his own function: "Let a man so account of us, as of the ministers of Christ," *ὡς ὑπηρέτας Χριστοῦ*, "and stewards of the mysteries of God" (1 Cor. iv. 1). This word was as fit to express the idea of a service, the peculiarity of which was that it was freely set at the disposal of a Master, as that which we are considering. In this respect it was as ready for use as the classic *ἐπισκόπος*. But the Holy Ghost has not selected it; and the few exceptional instances of its use only show that it was rejected.

Before entering upon the Apostolical field it may be as well to remark that St. Paul has almost entirely appro-

priated this whole family of terms. St. John, having given them as spoken by the Lord, does not directly or indirectly return to them: save when, in the Apocalypse, the Church of Thyatira is cheered by hearing: "I know thy works and charity and *service* and faith." St. Peter has one or two references which will be used in illustration. But it is in St. Paul's writings that we have all the shades and varieties of its evangelical use: he alone employing both *διάκονος* and *διακονέω*. It will be found that in this, as in every other idea in his writings, the germ of every application is already to be found in the Gospels. Omitting now such allusions as refer to the later diaconate proper, where the idea of ministering to the Church begins to enter, we have two large classes of passages: first, those which designate the Gospel generally as a "ministry," and, secondly, those which term those who preach the Gospel "ministers."

Our Lord declared Himself to be the "Minister of redemption:" that was the ministration for which He came. But never do we find the term "ministry of redemption;" because in that He has no sharers or co-workers, either in heaven or in earth: the presentation of the atoning ransom was His own and supreme work. When, however, that work once accomplished is administered by the Holy Ghost through His human agents, the term "ministration" is objectively applied to it with sundry specific characteristics which well repay study: the term *διακονία*, be it remembered, always being in the texts quoted.

The Gospel is in the Second Epistle to the Corinthians the ministration or ministry of the Spirit and of righteousness in opposition to the Law, which was, and still is where men are only under law, a ministration or ministry of the letter and of condemnation. In this cluster of passages, found only in 2 Cor. iii., the word *διακονία* is used in a peculiar sense. What *οικονομία* or dispensation was to the outward constitution which the Law and the Gospel assumed, *διακονία* was to the effect or result produced by it. The former economy wrote all it had to say in a book or on stone: it ministered a letter which only condemned and pointed to death. The latter economy wrote its memorial by the Spirit on the human heart made living to receive the living impress, and, imparting the Holy Ghost—Himself the Administrator and the administration—wrought righteousness in man corresponding to the righteousness of God in Christ, giving a rather different turn to the idea,



but retaining the word. St. Paul says again: "Ye are the epistle of Christ ministered by us, written not with ink, but with the Spirit of the living God." A bold and beautiful word: the Apostle not only ministered by preaching the reconciliation, but he was the pen which the Spirit used in writing it on the hearts of the reconciled. The term we are studying seems to have been very dear to his thoughts. For, soon afterwards in the same Epistle he uses it of his administration of the trust of money, which evidently gave him much solicitude. Twice he speaks of the matter as "ministered by us," himself and the "messengers of the churches:" the honourable discharge of this function was to him of great importance, as the workings of his mind evidently show. Here the word connects the Apostle with the diaconate proper, with whose special "ministry" he was then associated. But the Apostle was only at the head of the little company of "messengers." The "ministration" was really theirs.

The Gospel is also in 2 Cor. v., and there only, the ministration or ministry of reconciliation; and here the same term signifies the economy of the Gospel as based upon the atonement, but with special reference to the offer of that atonement to men on certain conditions. In Rom. v. we find similarly: "we have received the atonement." There is no mention made of an "economy or dispensation of reconciliation:" if there were, that would include the whole Divine arrangement, the reconciliation of God to man in Christ, and through His blood, as well as the offer of the reconciliation to the guilty race. In the former sense "the ministry of reconciliation" would be the presentation of the atonement on the part of Christ reconciling God to the world: rather, the whole relation of the Incarnate in eternity and in time to the Trinity as removing the holy wrath against the sinner. The latter is the "ministry of the reconciliation" to men, the offer of the peace of God on its appropriate conditions. God "received the atonement" from the ministration of Christ, who came "not to be ministered unto" by man, but to "minister" to God. We "receive the atonement" by the hands of men as the visible instruments: "ministers by whom we believe." It is observable that the two words "economy" and "ministration" are both, in these senses, peculiar to St. Paul; belonging to his new theological vocabulary. Both occur some three or four times: the



former only in the Epistle to the Ephesians, the latter only in the Epistle to the Corinthians. We are persuaded that the true meaning is best seen when we make them mutually complementary.

In close connection with this all the ambassadors of Christ, stewards of the economy of the Gospel, and preachers of its glad tidings to fallen men, are termed "ministers," or *διάκονοι*. As the Apostles were the just and pre-eminent heralds of this announcement, their office bears this name distinctively. It is evident that the term "ministers," appropriated by St. Paul alone in this sense, was the one which he selected as best expressing the peculiar relation in which the Apostles stood, as representatives of Christ, bearing His message, and administering His blessing to men. It connotes a service directly offered to the Lord, and a benefit conferred upon men. Hence that striking expression, in which St. Paul declares at once the insignificance and the dignity of the human agents: what are we but "ministers by whom ye believed?" This term, almost more than any other, made them the direct agents of their present Lord: suggesting, we must needs add, the place they once held at His side when He gave them the loaves, and they gave to the multitude. This is the loftiest use of the term. Of the "mystery of Christ revealed to the Apostles and prophets by the Spirit" St. Paul gloried that he was "made a minister." He and his fellow-Apostles were made "able ministers of the New Testament:" approved able by receiving the "firstfruits of the Spirit" belonging to this office and revealing its truths, and also "approving ourselves as the ministers of God in much patience" (2 Cor. iii. 6; vi. 4). The term runs through St. Paul's writings. His closing expression of gratitude, when he recalls the mercies of his whole life, is that his Lord "counted him faithful," saw in him the fidelity which He Himself wrought, and foresaw its future earnestness, "putting him into the ministry." It might seem almost as if the Saviour's saying, "I came not to be ministered unto, but to minister," was ever with him. They who heard those words when first spoken never use them, at least never with reference to themselves. But St. Paul, who did not hear them, never forgets them. He applies to himself the term "Apostle," in common with the others, because it was the name the Master gave, and because the dignity of his special vocation required him to assert his

right to it. He calls himself and his brethren ambassadors, though only once. Some few other designations of the Apostolical function he employs. But this one is his favourite. It linked the office with the supreme Lord, on the one hand, and with the humblest office-bearer in the church, with Phœbe, on the other. And, borrowing a word of St. Peter, we may say that it linked it with the prophetic office of the Old Testament. The prophets did in their time "minister, *δηκόνουν*, the things which are now reported to you by them that have preached the Gospel unto you with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven" (1 Pet. i. 12): they ministered *under* the influence of the Spirit, the Apostles *with* it as the glorious accompaniment and seal. And it links it lastly, though here we make a descent, with the ordinance of God for the government of human society: the earthly ruler is "a minister of God to thee for good." (Rom. xiii. 4.)

But it soon becomes obvious that the title is given to all who were in any sense formally entrusted with the preaching of the Gospel: formally, as the term, in this connection at least, always implies something like official service. It is used of the evangelists: St. Paul bids Timothy, "Do the work of an evangelist, make full proof of thy ministry." And, after speaking of deacon-ministers, he says: "Thou shalt be a good minister, *καλὸς διάκονος*." He could not transfer either his Apostolic name or his Apostolic function: he was not so free to bestow it as the later Church has been sometimes bold to assume it. But the term ministry he hands over to them with all its rights. Not to them only, but to all who preached the gospel of grace. There is indirect evidence of this in a characteristic passage which vindicates his Divine Apostleship. "If he that cometh preacheth another Jesus, whom we have not preached, or if ye receive another spirit"—it is hard to say whether we should read Spirit or spirit—"which ye have not received, or another gospel which ye have not accepted." Then follows the protest. And, after that: "Satan himself is transformed into an angel of light. Therefore it is no great thing if his ministers also, *διάκονοι αὐτοῦ*, be transformed as the ministers of righteousness." They were false apostles as preaching another gospel: but their "deceitful work" was not so much their assuming the Apostolical function as their preaching an unevangelical Christ. But, generally, it is obvious from the whole tone of St. Paul's

epistles that he reckoned all who preach the true Gospel as "ministers of the reconciliation" in common with himself and the other Apostles.

The history of this flexible word shows us a slowly developed tendency to make it the designation of all kinds of official service in the promotion of the interests of Christ: official, that is, as expressly ordained by Himself. All are His bondservants: it is the glory of all classes of Christians, male and female, bond and free, that they "serve the Lord Christ;" having it as their highest privilege "whether they eat or drink, or do anything," to regard their whole life, down to its minutest circumstance, as in that sense a service done to their Master. But of these *δούλοι* those are *διδάκονοι* who have any special ministry assigned to them. The cardinal text on this subject is that in Eph. iv.: "And He gave some, apostles; and some, prophets; and some, evangelists; and some, pastors and teachers; for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ." Here there are three ends for which the official representatives of Christ are given by Him to His Church: for the restoration to perfectness, individual and organic, of the saints; for the building up of the temple in the full growth of the universal body of Christ; and, between these and uniting them, for the whole work of the pastoral ministry. Very remarkable is the conformity of the Corinthian parallel (1 Cor. xii. 4—6). There the Apostle adds to the regular ministry, including however the extraordinary, the ministry of gifts and charisms. These come first and are assigned to the Spirit: "there are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit." The others are assigned to the Lord: "There are differences of administrations, *διακονιών*, but the same Lord." It is observable that the whole context speaks only of the more direct spiritual functions of the ministry. Here we may include sundry occasional references to the service of individuals of a comparatively unknown class: such as Archippus, recommended "to take heed to his ministry," which "he had received in the Lord" (Col. iv. 17), and the more eminent Epaphras "our dear fellow-servant, who is for you a faithful minister of Christ" (Col. i. 7): a striking instance this of the distinction, before laid down, between the common service and the special ministry of Christ.

Finally, there are some passages which seem to waver

between the specific ministry of the care of the poor and the general ministry of that charity to man which is the perfect following of Christ. The afflicted Hebrews are reminded that God does not forget their labour of love in that "they ministered to the saints and do minister." So the entire household of Stephanas has a third distinction in addition to other two: they had been baptized by the Apostle, contrary to his usual custom; they were the first-fruits of Achaia; and "they addicted themselves to the ministry of the saints" (1 Cor. xvi. 15), in this a pattern to all Christian families. So the Corinthians' "ministry of this service not only supplieth the wants of the saints, but is abundant also by many thanksgivings to God" (2 Cor. ix. 12, 13): a service of "experiment tested or approved of God to His glory." The Apostle calls his own charity to them when "I robbed other churches, taking wages of them, to do you ministering service," a *διακονίαν*. And St. Peter, speaking of the charity of hospitality, bids every man, as he "hath received the gift, even so minister the same," and adds "if any man minister, let him do it as of the ability which God giveth:" remembering that the source of his charity is of God. So the Apostle Paul himself descends to the common level: "I go unto Jerusalem," as for other supreme reasons also, "to minister unto the saints." But he speaks also of the services of love shown to himself by many as a ministry. "He is profitable to me for the ministry." "In how many things he ministered unto me in Ephesus." And here the angels, who watch our faith, emulate our charity: "sent forth to minister unto those who shall be heirs of salvation."

A few observations may be made at this stage which will connect our topic with the tendencies of modern thought.

First, it is plain that the term "ministry" or service is not used in Scripture of all work done in the sanctified employment of human gifts to the glory of Christ. Appeal may be made to that early word of the Lord, "If any man serve Me, let him follow Me," as showing that there is no distinction between ordinary and official service. Certainly, there is a sense in which the use of our talents of every kind is service done to Him in His Kingdom. A Christian may yield himself to the sacred ambition of pressing his literary occupation, his domestic life, his commerce with the world, into so high a relation to the

Saviour: "No man liveth to himself." But it may be questioned whether our Lord did not in those words refer more especially to the Apostles and all who should afterwards bear special responsibilities. And even if He did not, we must remember the subsequent definition of terms by the Holy Ghost, which has made the "ministry" an official designation. In this sense there is no man-made ministry. All who are called to any office of trust in the Christian Church have a special ministry of service within their ordinary ministry of devotion. It is not overstraining the Scripture to say that concerning every *διακονία* in the congregation the rule holds, "No man taketh this honour but he that is called of God." There is a ministry ordained of God. Much difference exists as to the vocation and authority of all classes of ministry. But there ought not to be any doubt as to a specific service being demanded of some to which all are not called.

Again, it appears from a very rapid review of these testimonies that the special dignity of every order of ministry is that it is a waiting upon Christ, and ministering to Him. This is the idea found in the very heart of this family of words, and it stamps almost every application of them in the New Testament. The phrase is not "ministers of the Church," but "ministers of Christ." It is not fair to plead against this that we all in everything "serve the Lord Christ." Assuredly, when the question is of "menpleasing," every act of life must be referred directly to the Lord. But there is a special emphasis in the characterisation of official service as "to the Lord and not unto men." All whom He appoints serve Him. Nor should such instances, or rather the one instance, of "Phœbe, a servant or deaconess of the Church," *διάκονος τῆς ἐκκλησίας*, be pressed. Phœbe introduces the women into this service; but she was a servant of the Lord "in the Church which is in Cenchrea." Moreover, she served in a ministry which might be called that of the Church, as connected with duties other than the preaching of the Gospel. She served as the "messengers of the churches" served, who were chosen by them. This must be remembered as against those who exalt the Church in more senses than one. Against the monarchical theory, which, while asserting a very high Divine authority for the ministry, nevertheless makes the Church rather than its Head the Lord of all. Also against the opposite theory,

which, while asserting a Divine authority for the institution of the office, makes the individual appointment that of the congregation simply and the continuance of the office dependent on its will. Whatever may be said of the deaconship proper—of which more hereafter—the ministry generally is not “of man, neither by man, but the Lord Jesus Christ.”

Once more, the term “ministry” is not by any means restricted to those who bear office as pastors and teachers or elders or bishops in the Christian community: that is, the special office which is defined as one by these four terms is never in the New Testament distinctively “the ministry.” There is not a solitary verse which looks that way. The function of the presbytery or pastorate is a ministry, in common with the apostolic or prophetic, and in common with the diaconate, but is never marked out from them as such. It might be said that there is a careful abstinence from such a demarcation. As our object is not to leave the New Testament in this study, it is necessary to ask by what process the word has come to a restricted use which the Scriptures do not suggest. Suffice, that the word was often ecclesiastically used—not the original Greek, rather the Latin equivalent—to denote the function of the official in conducting a particular service. By degrees the ministry was connected especially with preaching and teaching: the *ministerium verbi* became a favourite phrase. It is not for us to contend against conventional limitations of the usage of words. We have to submit to them in many instances besides this. No church in Christendom adheres in its ecclesiastical phraseology to the precise language of the New Testament. Its few leading terms—such as Bishop, Elder, Deacon—are reproduced under a wide variety of disguises. If the term “minister” is appropriated to the service of those who are occupied with the teaching and oversight of the Church, be it so. But we may demur to the tendency observable in modern times to sacrifice all other terms to this. Ministers of the Word are pastors of the Church. Both cover the whole office, but in different senses. As ministers they serve the Gospel in common with all who preach and teach. As pastors they preach and teach and watch over the flock; and this term embraces their whole office as distinguished from every other.

The tendency is rather as we follow the New Testament



to appropriate the term to the functions of those who were helpers of the Apostles, ministers of the Church in its financial affairs, "serving tables." The process through which it passed is not matter of history. Suffice that in the Epistle to the Philippians we suddenly find the distinction between "bishops and deacons" as representing the representatives of the community: both startling changes in the accustomed phraseology, and all the more startling as in the Epistle to the Ephesians, written during the same Roman imprisonment, neither of these terms is used. In the passage of that Epistle already referred to we have apostles, prophets, evangelists, pastors, and teachers, but not bishops. The work of the ministry includes all such offices, but not the specific diaconship which is distinct from them all.

But, in these remarks, we have glided into the last branch of our little argument—the final definition of the diaconate, or ministering proper.

All that the New Testament tells us on this subject is to be found in the history of the institution in the Acts, and St. Paul's statement of the qualifications for the office in the Pastoral Epistles, with the collocation of the bishops and deacons in the Philippians. It may be said that the office is at all points connected with his name. The most prominent Christian whom he had known as Saul was Stephen the first deacon, and as such the first martyr. How much the great speech of the protomartyr impressed his mind is obvious to anyone who compares it with the Apostle's discourses as recorded in the Acts and with the style of his future teaching. His own words to his invisible Lord—"When the blood of Thy martyr Stephen was shed"—bear their testimony. Though he disavowed any obligation to the Apostles who were in Christ before him, but "adding nothing to him," he would not have disowned the influence of the deacon whose last words he had heard, and whose death he had witnessed. And when we read his careful description of what a deacon must be, there are some of the qualifications which cannot but lead our minds to revert to Stephen. We must not, of course, say that the institution of the diaconate owed its origin to St. Paul, the originator under the Holy Spirit of so much besides. The other Apostles had given it birth while he was yet a persecutor. But it is hard to doubt that he founded it anew, and that his elaborate care for the



character of the deacons was the proof of his solicitude for an office which was his own secondary creation.

This implies that the institution recorded in the Acts was comparatively of a transitory character, adapted to an extraordinary time, and only the germ of the future office. Extreme views on both sides on this subject have been advocated, and it is probable that the truth is found midway between them. Certain it is that the first deacons, though this name was not yet given to them, were chosen by the suffrages of the Church, and solemnly ordained by the Apostles; that their special function was "to serve or minister to tables," both the table of the Lord and the table of the Church's charities, probably adding to this certain other duties connected with public worship, after the analogy of the "ministers" of the Jewish synagogue, who had in charge all that concerned the order and decorum of the service; and, finally, that they appear at a later time as "the Seven" (Acts xxi. 8), from which it appears that their corporate organisation was a definite one like that of "the Twelve" or the "Presbytery," and had, though not mentioned again, survived through the changes of the Acts. On the other hand, it is undeniable that the first two members of the diaconate are described as preachers or evangelists; their other function being merged in this; Philip, in particular, being an evangelist in Samaria, and then "found at Azotus, and finally found in Cæsarea." Their endowments at least, whatever might be said of the other five, were of the order of the spiritual gifts, the "helps" or *ἀντιλήψεις* mentioned in 1 Cor. xii. 28. Moreover, it appears that the alms sent to Jerusalem were given into the hands of the presbyters at Jerusalem (Acts xi. 30), as if the diaconate was not yet a fixed office. In Acts xiv. 23, we read only of elders as appointed in every city; and, generally, there is a total silence as to the extension of the office into the other churches planted either in Palestine or in heathen countries. We are led then to the conclusion that the first diaconate was an institution somewhat adapted to an extraordinary time, in harmony with the gracious irregularity of the days when the Holy Ghost was more abundantly poured forth, and with that effusion of charity, making all things common, out of which it grew. It was the germ or the ideal of the future institute, never lost sight of by the organising Apostle, but at length so firmly established in the churches

which he planted that the time came when he could write to Philippi with its "bishops and deacons." Let it be observed that both these terms flash upon us suddenly and with an equal sense of surprise. How had the Jewish-Christian elders become the Gentile-Christian bishops? There is no record. How had the early deacon-evangelists become the definite body of deacons? Again there is no record. In fact, there is no necessity for explaining the silence in either case. The history is not a history of processes, but of results; and when we turn to the Pastoral Epistles it is plain enough that the more secular-spiritual affairs of the Church were entrusted to a body of men chosen, tested, and ordained for that function.

St. Paul in the Pastoral Epistles does not limit the term to the special office of deacons. But he applies it to them in a very particular manner. He terms them deacons, or *διάκονοι*, in express distinction from elders and bishops; therefore as an order. He speaks of their being "tested and approved first," that is, both by the Church and by Timothy, after which "let them minister," *διακονεῖτωσαν*. Ministering in that office well, they "purchase to themselves a good degree" in the estimation of God and in His future reward. The form of the word shows at once a certain change, which is well expressed in our version, "let them use the office of a deacon." He mentions also an order of deaconesses, though without precisely giving them the name: it is disguised under the title "women" or "widows." However, as Phœbe receives the very name itself, we may infer that the diaconate was an office which was faithful to its early type; not an office of public teaching, nor one of government, but embracing every kind of help which might be rendered to the pastorate, and every kind of service that might be rendered to the Church in its poor: summing up in short every kind of ministry—the very term demands that word—of an official character which might be assigned to men and women not invested with the responsibilities of the pastoral office. But the express mention of their qualifications, side by side with those of the bishops, and in many respects so much like them, show that they were a corporate body united with the Presbytery under certain conditions in the general management of the affairs of the community.

Their ordination is left by the Apostle undetermined, and may, therefore, be left undetermined by us. But a

glance at their credentials for this office will help us to determine more clearly the character of their office. They have a "degree" assigned them in the Church and by the Church; they purchase for themselves a "good degree" by exercising their office "well." From the fact that the women exercised the office it might appear that the ordination which the first Seven received was not continued; in fact, that theirs was a special ordination and inauguration of the office for all times. Leaving this, however, let us note what this *διακονία*, distinguished from the *ἀποστολή* and the *ἐπισκοπή*, included in common with these and in what it was inferior. Let it be observed in passing that these are the only words of the kind, connoting the office of a corporate body. The *πρεσβυτέριον* takes another form, as referring to the dignity of the body, not the office of its individual members; hence, "the Presbytery" is the Biblical expression for the company of elders, always mentioned in the plural, "let the elders that rule well." The "Episcopate" does not signify the body of bishops—no such body is alluded to in the New Testament—but the office of the bishop; in the singular, because the qualifications of the individual had to do with his election into a brotherhood, not as hinting any pre-eminence, for the same Apostle uses the plural in the Acts, "overseers;" and the *διακονία* seems now at last to have as nearly as possible been reduced to a designation of this particular office.

When St. Paul says, "likewise let the deacons," it is evident that he is beginning to speak of a well-known order of persons, whose ranks must be filled up by persons of "grave" character, religiously reverend, "not double-tongued," but sincere in speech, not "given to much wine," abstinent in social intercourse, "not greedy of filthy lucre." All these requirements point to an office the holders of which were in the commerce of life, were much in the houses of the flock, and had much to do with people's private affairs. They must not be absorbed in the pursuit of great wealth, otherwise they could not possibly give due attention to their office. This requirement is omitted in the case of the bishop. They must, as almoners of the Church, have clean hands. As visitors of the sick and the poor they must know how to order their conversation aright, remembering the importance of their example at the table, and the danger of becoming retailers

of slander and backbiting. As having the care of the sacramental wine and the wine of charity, temperance was incumbent upon them. But they might, especially the men, be called to teach, to read the Scriptures publicly, to assist at the Eucharist, to act as catechists, and sometimes to supply the place of the bishops in preaching to congregations in what we should call country villages. And all these duties would demand reverence, devotion, and the simple faith that holds the mystery of the faith in a pure conscience. They were not required as an order to be "apt to teach," for, though some members of the diaconate might be employed as preachers and teachers, the majority would not need to be "didactic."

In this order were "enrolled"—such is the term used of the deaconesses—all those members of the Church who were chosen by the elders with the concurrence of the congregation to attend to the various duties indicated above. Hence it was a miscellaneous body. When this body met, for instance, in Philippi, there might be seen its lay teachers and preachers, stewards of the poor, stewards of the Church's finances, catechists, Euodias and Syntyche, representatives of the women who laboured with St. Paul in the Gospel. These all were known and acknowledged office-bearers, forming a compact body, all the members of which were consulted on their various affairs, those things being reserved, of course, which belonged solely to the pastoral office. However that distinction was kept up, certain it is that these constituted an organised body, a *διακονία*, or diaconate, a body of functionaries not chosen annually or for the occasion, but marked out from the congregation by a permanent distinction. "Let these first be tried" is said concerning the men: so careful was the choice that the domestic relations of the deacons were subject to inquisition. They must be "husbands of one wife," men who had not contracted a second marriage. Such seems the meaning of St. Paul's words, though they must not be pressed, any more than in the case of the bishop, into a rule for all time. Moreover, they "must rule their children well, and their own houses;" though it is not said, as in the case of the bishops, how otherwise "shall he take care of the house of God?" Apart from subsequent developments of the theory and practice of the diaconate, there is no great difficulty in forming an adequate conception of the institute as

originated in the Acts, and brought to perfection by St. Paul.

But subsequent ecclesiastical practice complicates the matter. The episcopate itself has not occasioned more controversy than the diaconate, nor assumed more various forms in the various churches. The tendency in primitive times was to make the office of deacon only a step to the "functionary of a higher degree," that of the presbytership or priesthood. That tendency is still seen in the churches which know the deacons only as inferior ministers on their way to the full pastoral office. At the Reformation both the Lutherans and the Reformed strove to bring back the institute to its original character, but with very indifferent success. In modern times the deacons re-appear under a variety of aspects; in a large number of Christian congregational churches with much appearance of conformity to the early model, but without the primitive relation to the presbyteral body. With this question, however, we have not to do, this essay being devoted to the Scriptural universal and particular diaconate. Suffice that the English community of Methodism may be pointed to as reproducing the essentials of the thing without the name. It has its ecclesiastical synods in which the presbytery alone is represented, concerned with the pastoral government of the Church. It has its assemblies in which pastors are conjoined with the diaconal body. Weekly and quarterly and annually the pastoral ministry and the diaconate ministry meet in consultation about the affairs of the common service. In some of these meetings may be seen as perfect a reproduction of the reality of the New-Testament "bishops and deacons" as the estate of Christendom presents. The time seems to be coming when a certain extension of the diaconate idea will be introduced, laymen—that is to say, persons elected without necessary reference to their standing in the diaconate body—being admitted to a voice in the final, or quasi-final, regulation of financial and economical affairs. But this will not vitally touch the essentials of the New Testament principle. On the one hand, these laymen, though annually elected, will be to all intents and purposes made members of the diaconate ministry by sufficient suffrage; and, on the other, the arrangement would have reference rather to what may be called the Methodist Society than to the Methodist churches. However, with this question we have not now to do.

The purpose of this little essay has been accomplished. Every instance of the use of the term *διακονία*, in all its inflexions, has been examined, from its application to the Supreme Minister down through all its shades of reference to the lowest, if any can be called low. It has been shown to what a rich variety of uses the term has ministered. How the examination itself may minister to any practical views must be left to the reader. It may directly or indirectly tend to clear his views on some points of the difference between the universal ministry of all who are the bondservants of Christ, and that particular ministry to which He calls an election, as also between those who in this ministry are called to be the special ministers of His Gospel, and those who are called to be the ministers of the more temporal needs of His body. And, apart from all this, it will do something, however unworthily, to promote the patient investigation of "the words which the Holy Ghost useth" for their own sake.

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ART. IV.—*Memorials of Millbank.* By CAPT. C. G. GRIFFITHS, Governor of Millbank Penitentiary, &c., &c. Murray. 1875.

THE Londoners will be sorry to lose Millbank. For so many years that strange cross between a star fort and a mediæval castle has seemed to belong to the river landscape. Men will miss it from their Chelsea boats; and now that the river-boats are to be improved (as they said some time ago the cabs were to be), there will be more to miss it than heretofore. It is a peculiarity of our times that a thing very soon becomes classical. The penitentiary began to be used a year after the Battle of Waterloo; the Act (Howard's Act it may be called) "for the establishment of penitentiary houses," which led to its erection, is not quite a century old. Yet City clerks, as they pass the gloomy pile on their way from office, always think, with a half shudder, of the French Revolution. Millbank is their Bastille, their great and little Châtelet, their Abbaye, all in one. The halo of ages is round that "crown of towers;" and when it is all done away with, and Cubitopolis has stretched down to the river's edge as it does at Grosvenor pier; when streets and squares and a fine new church cover the prison ground—the neighbourhood will fancy it has lost something almost as ancient as the Tower. Millbank is doomed. Last year, about Wormwood Scrubs, might be noticed some big wooden sheds, shut in by a high wooden paling. Those are the convicts' quarters, and the work that is going on is the new prison—to be built, as most work of the kind lately has been, by prisoners themselves. At last, "the Chelsea philosopher" has got his wish. We do not pet our Uriah Heeps now; we make them at once keep down the taxes and keep in one another. One reads with great satisfaction the statement by Capt. Griffiths, historian of Millbank, that "the Devil's Brigade," "the Army of Rascaldom" (for its other titles see *Latter Day Pamphlets*), has, within the last few years, actually saved us £75,000 in building alone; the work they have done has cost £93,000; the same work, done by contract, would have cost £168,000. That is something to be proud of; and so, too, is the fact that our system has become so perfected that there, at the Scrubs,



within hail of London, Rascaldom is lodged almost in the open, and yet there is no attempt to run away, because Rascaldom feels at last that authority is too strong for it.

In the good old times convicts did not multiply. It was a struggle for existence with them, a case of survival of the fittest—fittest, *i.e.* to stand against gaol-fever. Gaols were mostly private ventures; the gaoler was paid out of the fees; and he paid himself by pilfering the wretched rations that scarcely kept body and soul together. Ventilation? Why in those days the wisdom of our legislators had laid on a window-tax. How could a gaoler, anxious to put by every penny he could scrape together, be expected to find windows to the cells? So far from feeling bound to give fresh air to the guilty, he would not even set innocent men at liberty till his fees were paid. The court acquitted you; you were free in the eyes of the law; but back you must go unless you could wipe off the score that he had against you. "A merciless set of men, these gaolers (says Blackstone), steeled against any tender sensation." Sometimes the prisoners had their revenge in a strange fashion. At the "black assize" in Oxford Castle, in 1577, the gaol-fever was so strong that all present died in forty hours—the Lord Chief Baron, the Sheriff—some 300 in all. At Taunton, in 1730, some prisoners from Dorchester gaol so infected the court that Chief Baron Pengelly, Serjeant Sir Jas. Sheppard, the Sheriff, and some hundreds more died. Again, in 1750, a Lord Mayor, two judges, an alderman, and many others took the distemper and perished. These were gaol-deliveries with a vengeance; Nature asserting her broken laws, proving that chief barons and sheriffs and such like are of the same flesh and blood as prisoners, and thereby hinting that it was the duty of such notables to look into these things—to see, for instance, that gaolers should be no longer permitted to bind men and women with chains and iron collars if they could not pay for dispensations. It was no chief baron or official personage, but simple John Howard who forced this abomination into public notice, and thereby did so much to remedy it. The Penitentiary Act was his work; he had seen a sort of penitentiary at Ghent, and a good deal of prisoners' labour in Holland. But we never do things in a hurry, so it was a quarter of a century from passing the Act to laying the foundation stone of Millbank.

Meanwhile, Jeremy Bentham had come to the front with

his "greatest happiness of the greatest number" theory, part of which was "to provide a spectacle such as persons of all classes would in the way of amusement be curious to partake of, and that not only on Sundays at the time of Divine Service, but on ordinary days at meal times or times of work." This "spectacle" was the common gaol, or as he styled it, "Panopticon, or the inspection house," "an iron-cage glazed, with glass lantern as large as Ranelagh, the cells being on the outer circumference." In such a building, he contracted to maintain and employ convicts for £12 a head per annum, he receiving "the produce of their labour," and, by admitting "the public" to the central room whence they could see without being seen, he fancied he should be providing "a System of Superintendence universal, unchangeable, and uninterrupted, the most effectual and indestructible of all securities against abuse." People would throng in for the fun of the thing, just as they do to the monkeys' cage at the Zoological Gardens; and yet this "curiosity and love of amusement, mixed with better and rarer motives," was his chief security against abuse and imperfection in every shape. "A promiscuous assemblage of unknown and therefore unpaid and incorruptible inspectors would cause a sentiment of a sort of invisible omnipresence to pervade the place." But, since "the banquet offered to curiosity will be attractive in proportion to the variety and brilliancy of the scene," the humanitarian philosopher proposed "to light up the Panopticon at night by reflection, and to enable the prisoners, by means of tubes reaching from each cell to the general centre, to hold conversations with the visitors."

From this sort of half Crystal Palace, half ear of Dionysius, the tower-girdled penitentiary sprang. People were at their wits' ends what to do with prisoners; the American war had stopped one great safety-valve, "the plantations" in Virginia and elsewhere. Bentham offered to do the thing cheaply. His building was to cost only £19,000—and then he promised as grandly as Fourier or St. Simon could have done. The prisoners he undertook to provide with "spiritual and medical assistance;" he promised them constant work when discharged, and ever annuities for old age. To the Crown he bound himself to pay a fine for every prisoner who escaped, for all who died above the ordinary rate within the bills of mortality, and for every one convicted of a felony after his discharge at a

rate increasing according to the time that he had been a happy denizen of the Panopticon.

Strange as it seems, Pitt, Dundas, and the rest, warmly embraced Bentham's project; and, but for stubborn old George III., who hated radical philosophers as much as his grandfather hated "bainters and boets," the great experiment of rascaldom *versus* humanitarianism would have been tried under a man of real genius. Bentham bought fifty-three acres in Tothill-fields, paying Lord Salisbury £19,000 for them; but not a stone was laid till 1812, long after Bentham had been got rid of, of course with due compensation.

Well, perhaps it was best so; for the difficulties of the site were enough to break even a philosopher's heart. £19,000 indeed; why the "additional item for the foundations" amounted to £42,000! Bentham had chosen the site, because, as he said, it was "in no neighbourhood at all." A quagmire, where snipe have been shot by men still alive, it contained any number of almshouses (how "rheumatiz" must have flourished), Hill's, Butler's, Wicher's, Palmer's, and Lady Dacre's; a Bridewell; some pest-houses (used as almshouses "so long as it shall please God to keep us from the plague"); and Charles II.'s Green Coats Hospital—verily he deserved his name of "merry monarch" when he dressed the poor boys ("yellow-hammers," envious gutter-children call them) in such motley. Good enough for school children and alms-people, and such like, the swamp was eschewed by "people of condition;" its name came from the Abbot of Westminster's mill, to which a very old embankment directed a current from the river. In Stow's time the Earl of Peterborough had a big house thereabouts, "but its situation is but bleak in the winter, and not over healthful, as being so near the low meadows on the south and west parts." The new supervisors, however, did not care to look out for a new site; they got a Mr. Hardwicke for architect, his payment being 2½ per cent. on the estimated £260,000. The plan was imposing—a six-pointed star fort, every salient being a pentagon with a small tower at each angle and a big watch-tower in the centre of its "airing-yard." The labyrinth within is so intricate that Captain Griffiths tells us an old warder, who had served for years and had risen step by step, could never find his way about; he always carried a bit of chalk with which to "blaze" his path as a man "blazes" trees in the bush.

It must have looked grand on paper; but the difficulty was to get it on *terra firma*. This was a very rare substance thereabouts. Here and there was a seam of good stiff clay; but in general it was all peat and loose sand. Plenty of plans were proposed. A mysterious Blackheath architect, Alexander, offered to contract for foundations "independent of piles, planking, and brickwork." But, as he insisted on keeping his secret, the supervisors would have nothing to do with him, and Messrs. Rennie and Cockerell were employed to dig down twelve feet to the sound gravel, and fill in with puddled walling. The outer gate, lodge, and boundary wall were to be trusted to piles, "with rubble two feet deep rammed tight between them." But the rubble sadly betrayed its trust; the boundary wall bulged out and sank, and the lodge was soon found resting on nothing but the piles, the masonry between having sunk, along with the whole surface of the ground, as soon as a main drain had somewhat dried the peat. Mr. Harlwicke got disgusted, and resigned; a Mr. Harvey took his place, and courses of brickwork bedded in Parker's cement began to be laid regardless of expense. It was all paid out of the taxes; and people seemed rather pleased when the saying, "There's more money put away below ground than above at Millbank," seemed likely to be verified. At length, in June 1816, came the first batch of prisoners—36 women from Newgate. But by September serious cracks had opened in walls and arches, and the inmates began to fear lest some fine night they might be swallowed up in a quaking bog. Towards the end of this month the governor was called up at daybreak with the news that none of the passage gates in Pentagon No. 1 could be unlocked. He went, and found the women going into fits, and noticed that the three angle towers had sunk a little, cracking arches and walls, and naturally preventing doors from opening. The architect was sent for, and laid the blame on the Thames, which had lately been let in to flood the drains. For fear of accidents admission of prisoners was stopped, and Rennie and Smirke called in. "The main sewer is badly built (said they), and the foundations are far too meagre." Then came more tinkering and jobbing, one engineer playing into another's hands, till the total cost had risen to nearly half a million. Wormwood Scrubs is to be finished for a fifth of the sum.

And now the Penitentiary was fairly launched. A governor was found (who resigned by-and-by because the Committee would not let him go on practising as a solicitor outside). A lawyer's widow was made matron. The Bishop of London recommended as chaplain "a clergyman of great activity and benevolence, and untainted with fanaticism" (*surtout point de zèle*). And turnkeys were secured who were warranted to unite firmness with gentleness. But the Committee did a deal (a deal too much) of the work themselves; they were always about the place. One of them, Mr. Holford, confessed that for some time he had done everything but sleep there. Millbank was their toy-house, which they had the privilege of keeping up at the expense of the nation. They showed it to all comers—grand dukes, lords, princes of the blood, ladies who came to see the prisoners "perform their religious exercises." Meanwhile they tried experiments and encouraged "reports." Tale-bearing threw apace; prisoners and inferior officers "referred things to the Committee." The governor was a non-entity; and as for the matron, she was accused, first, of setting some of the women to work at her daughter's wedding things, next of using a shilling's worth of prison thread (she replaced it as soon as she could get some of her own), lastly of giving to her daughter a Bible with which the Committee had supplied her—she thought as a present. On these grave charges she was dismissed.

One of the experiments, by the way, was giving brown instead of white bread. The prisoners would not eat it. Mr. Holford exhorted them; but they all left it outside their cell-doors. Next day was Sunday, a row was evidently preparing, so the governor by way of precaution "put three braces of pistols loaded with ball inside his pew"! Who should come in but the Chancellor of the Exchequer with a party of friends? Such "religious exercises"—file-firing by slamming down the flaps of the seats (why were they made with flaps?) varied with discharges of heavy artillery in the shape of loaves, the women raising their war-song, "Give us our daily bread." The riot got worse, and then the women began fainting and had to be removed. Then there was a lull; the Chancellor made a most appropriate admonition, and the prisoners went off, to begin, next day, breaking windows and destroying their furniture. "They're over-fed," said the public. "It's Mr. Holford's fattening house," observed a jocose M.P., whereupon the

Committee ran into the other extreme, and at once did away with all the solid meat, giving instead ox-head soup at the rate of one head for a hundred prisoners. Then (Mr. Holford having seen potatoes carried out in the wash-tubs better than he was eating at home), potatoes were given up, and the diet was reduced to a pint of gruel for breakfast, a pint of soup at mid-day, and the same in the evening, a pound and a half of bread being distributed through the day. This seems nourishment enough; but sedentary people really need more nourishment than those who live in fresh air, and prisoners more than either. Most of them are really fretting, even though they "brave it out," and nothing uses up nerve force like fretting. So in January, 1823, scurvy broke out and was followed by a sort of slow cholera, which carried off a good many, and set the Committee taking opinions from eminent medical men. Doctors differed, as usual. Some said it was the water (likely enough; it came from the Thames, into which poured the prison drains); others said it was the low diet. Meat (four ounces a day) and oranges were instantly supplied, and before August was over the prisoners were sent to the Woolwich hulks for change of air. There they had a fine time of it, playing practical jokes on one another—such as "toeing and gooseing," i.e. dragging off the bed-clothes with a crooked nail at the end of a string, and every now and then escaping and being caught. Thus three got off together, and made their way to London; but one, a young lad, was refused admission by all his relatives, so he gave himself up again, and through his information the other two were taken. One rough day the master of one of the hulks was drowned, and the prisoners wrote a letter "with feelings of the deepest commiseration for his melancholy fate, and wishing by the only means in their power to show their gratitude for his uniform kindness, viz. by contributing a small sum from their percentage (earnings) as a reward for the recovery of his body, the surplus to be handed to his wife, or, if she will not have it, to be applied to erect a tombstone as a lasting monument of his worth and a token of unfeigned respect to his memory." There must have been some good in men who could write in that way, for since the letter was sent collectively (each "deck" petitioning as a "deck" and not as individuals), there could have been no idea of getting any individual good from writing. Yet



at times these men were so riotous that once the soldiers had to be sent for.

Meanwhile the Penitentiary had been cleansed. Sir H. Davy had undertaken the ventilation, Faraday ("a Mr. Faraday, from the Royal Institution," he is styled) had fumigated it with chlorine. More stoves were put in, school-hours were to be lengthened, moral and religious books to be multiplied, "games and sports" to be introduced. The philanthropic *régime* had come in stronger than ever, and the criminals on whom it was to be tried were chosen as affording reasonable hope that they would be corrected and reclaimed. Instead of amendment there broke out an epidemic of suicide, mostly feigned—prisoners would hang themselves a few seconds before the time for opening their cell-door, taking care to keep something under their feet till they heard the key in the lock. Others made false keys—one fellow, who remarked when found out, "You see, I've got a very nice eye," caught the pattern of his cell-key, moulded it in bread, cut up his pewter-can with his tailor's scissors, and melted it with his irons and ran it into the mould. A comrade told of him; indeed, most of the plans failed "through information." Before long there came a grand conspiracy, started in letters written on blank Prayer-book leaves, to make such a riot as should get them all sent to the hulks; "it's so much jollier at the hulks." This riot was serious, and was met by a great deal of "dark-celling." But this, even when continued for a month together, has little general effect; some people, even some children, don't mind it one bit. So the humane Committee had nothing to do for it but to ask Parliament to let them use flogging. It was time; threatening notices began to be posted about; the infirmary warder's cat was hanged, and he was warned: "You see your Cat is hung And you Have Been the corse of it for your Bad Bavior, to Those arond you. Dom yor eis, you'll get pade in yor torn yet." Then a long and elaborate petition was sent to the Governor complaining of one of the warders. "The Governor," the writer says, "would reason with a man on his misconduct; Mr. Pilling delights in aggravating the cause with a grin or a jeer of contempt." At last a warder or two was half killed, and then the Flogging Act was passed, and temporary quiet was the result. But prisoners must be at something, and as they were not rioting they took to love-making. The



laundry woman, who had to open the men's kits, one day found a slip of paper, on which a man had written that he comes from Glasgow, and hopes the women are all well. The "kitter" could not read, so she handed the slip round. "I know him well," spoke up a Scotch lassie; "it's John Davidson, a very nice young man, and if none of you'll answer, I'll just write to him myself." She wrote, was answered, sent him a lock of her hair, and a heart worked in worsted on his flannel bandage. Before long every woman had a correspondent; the washing "blue" supplied ink, and all went on merrily when the wardwoman told the matron, and the kits were all searched. Just then the following letter was picked up in chapel:—

"From the young man that wrote first to the young woman that wrote last. My dear—It is with a pleasure produced from a mind enduring the bitters of anxious suspense, that I set myself down for the purpose of relating to you the candid feelings I possess at the present hour; and I hope, my dear, that it will find you enjoying the sweets of good health, as, thank God, I am at present. . . . It is not from the pleasure received from our correspondence that I venture to commit myself to yours and your friend's generosity; but it is from the real expectation of being joined to one of you by the appointed precept of the Creator, to stick strong and constantly to you, and to live an honest, industrious life, endeavouring to obtain felicity in the world to come. So, my dear, if your heart be disposed to acknowledge a sympathy with mine, conditionally, that is to say, by the blessing of God, restored to liberty, and becoming a spectator of my person, I myself am not so very particular about having a handsome wife, for many pretty girls are so sensible of their beauty that it makes their manners rather odious; but so as you are a tidy-looking girl, and industriously inclined, with a good disposition, and will love me and me only, . . . But if any other young man is your intended suitor, I beg you give me a true answer in reply to this. . . . I hope neither you nor your two friends will show our notes to any one, for some women can never keep a secret; when friendship ceases they let all out. That is why I am more distant in my expressions than I should be, for I would not have this known for the best ten pounds that ever was coined."

And so on, in the complete letter-writer style, a marvellous instance of high-polite. But the flirting was not confined to the prisoners; at this time the superior officers were married, and lived with their families inside the walls. They had their servants, of course; and, since "girls will be girls," no wonder the chaplain's maid "was

always at her kitchen window making signs;" and the surgeon's servant struck up a friendship with a prisoner-cook, in whose pocket was found a lock of her hair neatly plaited. The steward's housemaid kept her love-letters in her kitchen-drawer; she had two admirers, one of whom, Adam-like, excused himself by saying: "Well, she nodded to me first." On the whole, the women gave more trouble than the men; they assaulted the chief matron, telling one another that "if two or three well-behaved women hit her again and again, the gentlemen of the committee would say she's not respected, and is not the prisoners' friend. Then they'll send her away, and we shall be quit of her." They lamented the want of pluck of the men; went into hysterics when the patrol stopped them from rushing about, stool in hand, vowing they would have somebody's life. Then they were such clever cheats. One girl wandered about the ward at night (the "security" locks seem to have been rather carelessly managed in those days) knocking at the cells, and saying: "I jumped out of window, and got back through the gates, which were left open, and now I can't get into my cell, for it's fastened up." About 3 A.M. she got tired, woke the ward matron, and was put back. Next day she became a heroine; governor and visitors hastened to look at the girl who had climbed out through a V-shaped hole, ten inches wide at top, without breaking a pane of glass, and had actually fallen 17 feet without getting anything worse than a little sprain in the hand. There she was quietly at needle-work, rejoicing as only prisoners can rejoice in being the centre of attraction, till at last she confessed she had been making fools of them all:—"Coming out of night-school, I hid myself in an unoccupied cell; that is all." By-and-by a sham conspiracy was got up, preluded by a letter, contrasting sadly with the love-epistle; it was worked in black letters, on yellow serge. "Stab balling (bawling) Bateman, dam matron too and parson; no justice now; may they brile in hell and their favrits too. God bless the governor, but this makes us devils. Sha'n't care what we do. 20 of us sworn to drink and theve in spite. Make others pay for this. Sha'n't fear any prison or hell after this. Can't suffer more. Some of us meen to gulp the sakrimint; good blind. . . . All swer to die but don't split. . . . Watch your time; stab 'am to the hart in chape. . . ." Which bloodthirsty missive

meant nothing, except that many of them were angry with the matron and wanted to be sent to Australia. No wonder; as one of them said: "We've no friends in the world, and when we come out what are we to do? We must just do the same over again." There was, as yet, no "Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society."

But the men could sham too. One "confessed" that he had drowned his sweetheart in the New River, telling the soft-hearted governor, "Sir, I've never had a happy moment since I committed that deed. My life is a burthen to me, I would gladly terminate it on the scaffold." He had only made up the story in order to be sent to Newgate. Indeed Newgate then must have been a sort of fiends' paradise. The women's side, when Mrs. Fry first began to pay those visits one of which is so well represented in this year's Academy, went by the name of "hell above ground." There they were, all huddled together, untried along with convicts, without even beds, washing, cooking, doing everything on the filthy floor. Visitors were clamorously beset for alms; the women fought with one another to get near the bars, and thrust forward their wooden spoons, tied to the end of long sticks, hoping a few pence might be put in them. Many had their children with them, most were half naked; and there they were singing, screaming, fighting, dancing, dressing up in men's clothes, doing all that a bad woman (who is so much worse than most bad men) could get the chance of doing. Other prisons were as bad—read Mr. Chesterton's report (1830). Coldbath Fields, for instance, was "a sink of pollution—the female side only half fenced off from the male." So that, in spite of the "experimenting," the Penitentiary stood out very well by contrast. The reins, too, were beginning to be drawn tighter; even humanitarians came to see that it was ridiculous to make a fuss about flogging a convict who has brained his warder with a sleeve-board or a shoe-frame; while the "cat" was freely used in the penal colonies, and while soldiers got their hundred or two hundred lashes for purely military offences. Floggings, few and far between, began to be administered in Millbank; but just now (some forty years ago) a committee had investigated the rival American system, solitary confinement (at the U.S. Eastern Penitentiary), and "the silent system," enforced by warders cat in hand (at Auburn and Sing Sing). The latter had its evils; an assistant-keeper at Auburn (for instance) flogged a pregnant woman to

death. The former involved dangers of which the committee were well warned (e.g. in Dickens' *American Notes*), but warned in vain. It was tried, this solitary confinement, strangely enough under the "theocracy," as we may call it, which was next established at Millbank. A clergyman, named Nihil, was made chaplain-governor, and he made up his mind that the object of the place was solely "reformation by moral and religious means." The warders were all to be godly men; one was reprovved for calling a prisoner a rascal; another was dismissed because a prisoner reported that he had said: "The nature of man is sinful no doubt, but the worst man that ever lived was no worse than the God who had made him." This man being asked, "Are you a believer in the Scriptures?" said, "I would rather not enter into that subject." "Did you not, when engaged, say you belonged to the Church of England?" "No; I was never asked the question." But the clincher was when the prisoners accused him of saying that St. Paul told women what sort of ribbons to wear in their bonnets. The man was dismissed; and the warders were thenceforth demonstratively devout. The prisoners took up the same plan. One began to prophecy, and wrote to Governor Nihil in the style of Amos or Micah. "My kind governor, I hope you will hearken unto me; in truth I am no prophet, though I am sent to bear witness as a prophet. . . . If you will hear my words, call your nobles together, and then I will speak as it has been given unto me . . . Behold, out of the mire shall come forth brightness against thee." Indeed, "pantiling," i.e. sham-piety, became the rule at Millbank.

The pretence was often so transparent that even Mr. Nihil saw through it. He was specially exercised with attempted escapes and feigned lunacy. One girl's conduct was so outrageous that it seems hard to think she was not really mad on certain points. Many a saner creature has been saved the gallows by the intervention of a mad doctor. Julia St. Clair Newman (Miss Newman she was called in prison, where criminals of the better class are wonderfully looked up to by the rest) was a West Indian creole (not a half or quarter caste, that is, but a *pure white*, island born). When quite young, she was sent to a French boarding-school, and at sixteen was left with her mother on an allowance made by her guardian. Unhappily, hers was not honourable poverty, like that in which the girl-

hood of another creole, afterwards Madame de Maintenon, was passed. Mother and daughter soon became accomplished swindlers; and, after a sojourn in the King's Bench and in Whitecross-street, they added to swindling the ugly trick of carrying off the spoons. Being caught, they were both sentenced to transportation; and the mother, a quiet old woman, died in prison. But Julia was made of sterner stuff; accomplished, lady-like, very musical, a really beautiful singer, clever with pencil and colours, and "decidedly interesting" (said the matrons), though with no claims to beauty, she ought to have made the happiness of some honest man's home. "The system" failed with her. The day after her reception she began writing to her mother, urging her to make a sham confession to the chaplain, and to get the daughter released. For this she was sent to "the dark." There she shammed ill, making her face look ghastly with chalk. Her pen and ink were confiscated, and then she began scratching verses, bemoaning her separation from her mother, on the white-wash of her cell. This, to which our historic prisons owe so much of their charm, is forbidden nowadays; so the muse had to be silent, and Julia was again driven to letter-writing. How she could have got ink and blank Prayer-book leaves is a mystery. Besides letters, she wrote a dying confession of one Mary Hewett, "the cause of all our misfortunes," exculpating the Newmans at her own expense. By-and-by she went mad, beating her head against the wall; and then, calming down, began to lampoon Mr. Nihil in verses which he thought showed "much talent and some attainments." After the infirmary has been tried to no purpose, she is again put in the dark cell, where she amuses herself with singing songs of her own composition, sleeping well, and eating all the bread they give her. After eleven days, Mr. Nihil loses patience, and, discovering in her cell a long critical examination of the character of the then new Queen, tells the Committee that they must find out whether she is really mad or not. There is no chance of getting her off to Australia for many months, and he is in despair. "A case of affected madness," says the surgeon before whom she beats herself violently, and dresses up in all sorts of fantastic ways. At the lady visitors she flings water; yet when put into the infirmary, and spoken to by the task-mistress, she weeps like a child. Then she refuses her meals, tears up her Prayer-book, and

grazes her nose so as to make her face hideous. The doctors will not let her be sent to the dark again, and she is put in a strait-jacket, which she tears to atoms, and her own clothes as well. She destroys a second strait-jacket before they find that she has a pair of scissors under her arm. This is too bad, so off she goes to the dark cell, where she makes three baskets of her straw mattress, and on her Bible leaves writes, with blood and water for ink, and a needle for pen, a long account of her wrongs. After hurling a few tin cans at surgeon, matron, &c., she collapses, eats only a little crust of bread, and gets so seemingly feeble, that the surgeon warns Mr. Nihil that "the dark" may shorten her life. But, when the said surgeon is sent to examine her, she suddenly rouses herself, begins to sing and scream, pelts him with bread, calls him bad names, and refuses to have her pulse felt. She is then sent to Bedlam, whereupon some one in the House of Lords cries out "culpable leniency; she gets off so easily because she is a lady." At Bedlam they find her out at once; so she is passed back to prison, where she varies her tricks by hanging herself, breaking her windows, tampering with the ward women. She is then handcuffed, but slips "the bracelets" off; then a surgical instrument maker makes a muff and belt, with handcuffs attached. She destroys the muff, and gets rid of the rest of the machine. So they chain her to the wall; but even then, dexterous as the Brothers Davenport themselves, she frees herself, and afterwards cuts to ribbons with a bit of glass a pair of stout leather sleeves with straps specially invented for her case. After trying a strait-waistcoat and collar, which she manages to destroy with her teeth, they leave her free, and free she remains until she is shipped off to Van Diemen's Land. It would have been interesting to trace her after career, though undoubtedly it was far worse than if she had had the good luck to have been sent out at once, instead of being, for so many weary months, the subject of Mr. Nihil's experiments.

Escapes from Millbank were rare. Men do escape; even at Chatham a man was built over by his comrades, brick by brick, and so got clear. At Dartmoor a convict broke into the chaplain's house, dressed himself in the reverend gentleman's clothes, and rode away on his horse. One of the Millbank officers was also a servant about the Palace, and used to wear at *levées* a very gorgeous uniform.



His housemaid dressed one of the prisoners up in this uniform, and he was, of course, able to pass the gates.

The foul-air shaft was a favourite means of egress; but none of the attempts equalled that of "Punch" Howard, who turned his knife-blade into a saw by hammering it on his bedstead, and then sawed through a rivet of his window. It was all done in dinner hour—saw made, bar cut, knife returned. How he passed his big head, and then his shoulders, through a slit three feet by six inches and a half, it is hard to understand. However, he did draw his whole body out, and then managed to spring up and catch the coping of the roof above. He had his ropes (strips of sheet and blanket) fastened to his foot, and soon let himself down into the graveyard. Here the sentry saw him; but, taking him for a ghost (he was in his shirt), turned and ran without giving any alarm. He got clear off, found clothes at a relation's house in Westminster, and was off to the Uxbridge brick-fields. One is almost sorry to hear that he was soon captured. His warder managed to set a comrade talking, and so learnt the secret of the brick-fields, went down, and, by offering work to any lively boys, decoyed "Punch" out from among the brickmakers, a set of men among whom no policeman would have ventured to trust himself.

What with real or supposed mad-women and determined attempts at escape, Mr. Nihil became hard and soured, and went in largely for solitary confinement. His attempts at reformation could not, it seemed, succeed unless the prisoners were perfectly isolated; and he was determined to give his system a fair trial. Unfortunately the public were against him; lunacy was found (or fancied) to increase, and the "pantilers" ("broadbrimmers") were seen to be of all men most unsatisfactory. So Sir James Graham intimated, in his place in the House, that, "as a penitentiary, the place has thoroughly failed." The moral and religious ends were not attained, and the discipline had become a farce. Philanthropic experimenters forgot (what everybody is apt to forget) that all men are not cut out after the same pattern, and that, therefore, the treatment which will suit one will be ruin to another. "Give me a good sound flogging, sir. I don't care a bit for the dark," said a prisoner whom Mr. Nihil was going to send to the cell. Some require flogging (the truth is being borne in upon us just now); some have a higher nature,



which may be otherwise touched. Captain Griffiths, whose *Memorials* should be read by anyone who wants to go into the subject more at length, says: "It is merely waste of time to endeavour to reform habitual criminals by purely moral and religious means." He is right in ninety-nine cases out of the hundred; but when he supports his opinion by the dictum of the Governor of Sing Sing, New York, that "nothing is rarer than to see a criminal of advanced age become virtuous," he forgets that the method at Sing Sing was to enforce silence by the warders' "cats," not a very promising mode of developing virtue. The great thing is to get your able governor—a man with an eye to character, who will be able to deal with men according to their natures; and then to let him overhaul your rules.

The Penitentiary, being a failure, ceased to be; and Millbank was then used as a temporary detention place for convicts on their way to transportation. These were a rough lot, and required to be roughly dealt with. The new governor, an old army officer, was soon complained of by the warders, whom he forced to be smarter and to keep the men better at work. So careless had the officers become that Captain Groves once hid a prisoner as they were at exercise. He put him in his cell, and then, returning, asked, "How many have you in charge?" "So many." "Sure?" "Yes." "Count them." "Why, bless me, I'm one short." "Ah!" exclaimed the old army man, and added an expletive the use of which was one of the main charges against him. Captain Groves came off triumphant from his accusations; but he failed in his attempt to organise his prison boys into a brigade for drill and work,—they were so unruly that they beat even him.

All this time transportation was in full swing. Sometimes a convict did wonderfully well abroad. One man, not particularly clever at business nor specially well-educated, thrived just because he kept from drink. He used to save his rations of rum and sell them to his fellow-workmen at Paramatta. Putting by every shilling in this way, he was able when he got free to set up a public-house and buy a horse and trap for hire. One day he happened to be his own driver, and his "fare" was an ex-convict woman with a little property of her own. He married her out of hand, increased his connection, and eventually got a great deal of land and died worth £15,000 a year. His plan was this (it was the ordinary plan at Sydney), to buy their

produce of the little "Cockatoo" farmers, many of them ticket-of-leave men, and therefore sure to deal by preference with a convict shopkeeper. There was no market, so the shopkeeper had things at his own price and paid for them in "property," i.e. articles of consumption, of which drink was the chief. The farmer got drunk, stayed a day or two, and then the landlord asked, "Do you know what you owe me now?" "Not I." "Well, £50." "Why, how's that?" "You've been drunk all the time, and standing treat all round." It is the same thing nowadays with the Queensland shepherds. A poor fellow lives a dog's life alone in the bush; and, if he is not speared by the blacks, by the year's end he has £30 or £40 in his pocket. He can't spend it in the solitude of his run, so he asks for a holiday, comes down townwards, turns into the nearest spirit store, gets drunk, and when he awakes to consciousness is turned out by the landlord a penniless beggar. Probably the store really belongs to the sheep-master, and so his shepherd's salary comes back to the man who paid it.

Yes, drink is still the curse of Australia, the fruitful mother of *larrikins*, and other reproductions of our social failures. It was so in the convicts' days. Sober men got on, clever rogues became first-rate lawyers, newspaper editors, and so on; but drunkards sank, and their children grew up "*larrikins*," a degree lower than our gutter children. But there is no need to talk of the good or evil of transportation, the frequent horrors of the passage, the occasional shipwrecks—in one case, where the ship ran ashore at Boulogne, nearly every soul was drowned because the surgeon's wife wouldn't go in the same boat with convicts; to humour her, her husband ordered that no one should leave till morning. The ship was comfortably aground, and the crew went below to supper; but she went to pieces during the night, and when daylight came and boats put off from shore, very few were left to be carried across.

Surgeons varied; sometimes a convict ship had the good luck to get a man fit to take rank with St. Paul. Such a one was Dr. Browning, who took the *Arab* out to Van Diemen's Land in 1834. The moment the men were landed it was seen that they had undergone a marked change. The doctor was a stirring preacher, with a talent for organisation almost as great as John Wesley's. He marshalled his men under first captain, second captain, and

captains of divisions, all chosen from themselves; steward, too, school-masters and school-inspectors. He was beloved and obeyed; and, when he fell ill on one of his voyages, he hung his hammock on the prison-deck and gave himself up to be nursed by the convicts.

The best thing for a transported convict was to get "assigned." Under a tolerable master life was easy, and gain pretty sure. A man was often fairly rich before he had become an "Emancipist" (i.e. had worked out his time). But task work under a convict overseer was by no means so pleasant: these overseers were great brutes. One, we are told, when a gang was carrying a tree, would call away first one man and then another, and enjoy the writhing of those left under the unfair burden. Another was taking a gang across country when one man fell very ill. The overseer had a hole dug, and was putting him in. "But I'm not dead," screamed the man. "Never mind, you will be before morning, and I'm not going to hang about here all night watching you." Worst of all were the penal settlements—Norfolk Island, Port Arthur, &c. Pandemonium could not have been worse.

But transportation is over; nor are we likely to try it in any new countries, for it was tremendously costly. When transportation ceased Millbank underwent another change. "Penal servitude" is the thing now, not humanitarian coaxing. Every convict gets, to begin with, nine months' solitary confinement at Millbank or Pentonville. These over, according to his strength he is drafted off to Dartmoor, or Portland, or Chatham, or Portsmouth. The breakwater is convict work; and the basins, big enough for our fleet to shelter in, lately dug in the heavy clay of the Medway bottom, are convict work. Thousands of pounds have been saved in this way.

Of course the Millbank calendar contains many records of misguided ingenuity as well as of mere depravity; of this, Captain Griffiths gives several striking instances. As neat a thing as was ever done in the way of robbery was when Agar and Pierce robbed the bullion on the South-Eastern Railway. It would never have been known who did it had not Agar been sentenced two years after for forgery. While at Portland, he heard that his wife and child were in want, though Pierce, his old ally, had promised to take care of them. In a rage, Agar told that he and Pierce had robbed the train. Pierce was ticket-porter,

and first proposed the robbery. They watched and watched with true thieves' patience. At last Agar once saw a bullion chest opened, and noticed the till where the keys were put. They tried to make friends with the office clerk, but he was "a very sedate young man," so they managed to get in when the office was empty and took impressions of the keys in wax. Burgess, a guard, and Tester, the Dover station-master, were now let into the "swim," and then the thing was easy enough. They opened the safes, took out the gold, and replaced it weight for weight with shot. £12,000 worth of gold they melted down, and sold part, Burgess getting £700 and the others £600 apiece.

At Millbank, too, there were people of all conditions of life. People said that once the place contained at the same time a baronet, two captains, four clergymen, a solicitor, and one or two M.D.'s. There was the rich Liverpool merchant who had forged cheques for £360,000, whom the prison officials used to speak of as "a fine old fellow." There was the needy surgeon whose polygamous aim was to marry woman after woman with a little money of her own; the court was full of his victims the day he was brought to trial. Then there was the Hon. and Rev. — —, who had a living of £1,400 a year in Ireland, but was so fond of horse-racing, that once, going to stay with a Manchester friend, and finding his cheque-book lying about, he could not resist the temptation of forgery. He was off by daybreak to the races; but meanwhile his friend, passing by, happened to call at his bank and was told that a large sum had been paid to his order that morning. "I never drew such a cheque," he cried; and the result was that the Hon. and Rev. — — was arrested on the grand stand.

Then there were the lunatics, whose delusions would fill a volume. One man invented "the cork ship," which no one knew how to build but he and the Americans; he had plenty of these on hand, and would part with them if the Admiralty liked to speculate. He wrote a letter to Bismarck recommending his invention, and went melancholy when, after long daily expectation, he was forced to give up all hopes of an answer. An "official" lunatic, though probably sane enough, was Isaacs, who was always ill-behaved, and one day, while under punishment, told the officer: "I'll murder somebody, and soon too." "Well, why not me?" replied the officer. "No, no; you're too big, and I've known you too long." The threat was forgotten, and

by-and-by Isaacs passed under mild easy-going warder Hall, an ex-publican, who treated him with the utmost leniency. But gratitude was not in Isaacs' nature; so one day he knocked Hall down with a basin. The man was stunned, and, while he lay helpless, Isaacs battered out his brains. "You'll be hanged for this, Isaacs," said a "pal" of his. "I sha'n't—not I. The Rabbi was here last night, and he'll get me off. They don't hang Jews nowadays. They've not done it for a hundred years." Isaacs was a true prophet; he was sent to Bedlam, where he was kept for two years in an iron cage, and signalled his being let out by half-murdering a keeper.

Those who want to know more about Millbank must go to Captain Griffiths' *Memorials*. There they will find, too, a full account of the new system of "marks," which is to work such wonders. Nothing counts below six marks a day, but a man by good honest work may make eight. If he does this every day he'll "overtake" a quarter of his time, and get his ticket-of-leave all the sooner. These are marks for work; there is no such thing now as giving good marks for conduct and attention to religious duties; "pantiling" was the death of that experiment. The appeal is solely and simply to the prisoner's self-interest. He wants to get out, and this system helps him to get out. The work done is marked every day in a book and also on the prisoner's card; and both are often inspected by the higher officers, so as to guarantee that the convict gets fairly treated. On this system all the work which has saved the country so much money has been done, and there is no reason why fortifications should not be raised in the same way wherever they are needed. Those at Portsmouth, built in this way, bid fair to be a credit to the nation.

And so we say good-bye to Millbank and to Captain Griffiths' pleasantly written work. Like him, we have been content to deal indirectly with the great questions which a work like this suggests, rather than to discuss them formally. Possibly as much may be learnt from this indirect treatment as from more formal discussion. It is encouraging to reflect that Wormwood Scrubs will be so much cheaper. It is still more encouraging to believe that the day of experiments is over. Men who ought to know say that "marks" will answer, and so we are bound to believe them, though we cannot help thinking a good flogging will be always wanted in a few cases here and there by way of a stronger incentive.

- ART. V.—1. *The Friend of China: the Organ of the Anglo-Oriental Society for the Suppression of the Opium Trade*, 1875-6. London: P. S. King, Canada Building, King-street, Westminster.
2. *The Indian Opium Revenue, its Nature and Effects*. Illustrated by Extracts from Parliamentary Papers. Published for the Anglo-Oriental Society, by P. S. King, Westminster.
3. *The Debate in the House of Commons on Mr. M. J. Stewart's Motion for the Abandonment of the Opium Monopoly*. June 25th, 1875. Published for the Society. P. S. King, Westminster.
4. *The Opium Revenue*. Sir William Muir's Minute and other Extracts from Papers. Published by the Calcutta Government. Issued by the Anglo-Oriental Society, Canada Building, King-street, Westminster.
5. *Returns of Trade at the Treaty Ports in China for the Year 1872*. Published by Order of the Inspector-General of Customs. Shanghai: Printed at the Customs Press. 1873.
6. *The Middle Kingdom*. By S. WELLS WILLIAMS. New York: John Wiley, 167, Broadway. 1853.

In a previous paper on the Opium Trade, we spoke especially of the production of the drug in our East Indian possessions, and of the moral, physical, and financial results of the traffic in it to the people who are its chief consumers, the Chinese. We now propose to show that England forced opium on China, and that the trade has been at once a barrier to legitimate commerce with that country, and the greatest possible obstruction to the spread of Christianity among its inhabitants.

In discussing the first of these topics, we shall begin with the period extending from the commencement of the trade to the date of our first war with China in 1839 and 1842. We shall then follow the course of events on to the second war in 1858, and so forward to the present time.

The English first obtained a footing in Canton in the year 1684; but it was not until 1773 that the East India Company made a small shipment of opium to that port.

Six years previously the imports had reached 1,000 chests; but most of the trade was in the hands of the Portuguese. In 1800 the importation of opium was prohibited by the Emperor under heavy penalties, the ground of the prohibition being that it wasted the time and destroyed the property of his subjects, who exchanged their silver and commodities for the "vile dirt of foreign countries." In 1809 the hong merchants\* were required to give bonds that no ship which discharged her cargo at Whampoa (the port of Canton) had opium on board. In 1820 the Governor-General of the Province of Canton and Collector of Customs issued an edict forbidding any vessel in which opium was stored to enter the port, and making the pilots and hong merchants responsible for its being on board. In September of the following year the senior hong merchant was disgraced because he had neglected to point out every foreign ship which contained opium. At the same time a paper combining exhortation and entreaty was addressed by the Governor to the foreigners, Portuguese, English, and American. "The gods," he said, "would conduct the fair dealers in safety across the ocean, but over the contraband smugglers of a pernicious poison the terrors of the royal law on earth and the wrath of the infernal gods in Hades were suspended." From this date the opium ships no longer anchored at Whampoa, but at an island named Lintin, situated between Macao and the entrance to the Canton river. Here they formed a floating depôt, and here they remained year after year till 1839, except that during the typhoon weather they sought safer anchorage in other well-known spots. The opium from Lintin was introduced into the country in this manner. Native brokers went to the foreign merchants in Canton and bought it at the market price, paying for it in specie, and receiving orders on the captains for the amount purchased. These orders were taken alongside the store ships in native wherries (smuggling boats) sixty or eighty feet long, well manned and well armed. Whenever the wherries were attacked by official boats the men belonging to them fought desperately, and with reason, for when taken they generally lost both property and life. The Government at Peking, and its leading representatives

\* A body of native merchants who, for the privilege of trading with foreigners, became, in 1720, security for their payment of duties and for their good behaviour.



at Canton, tried to put the trade down, but their subordinates at the custom-houses and military posts connived at it for the purpose of gain, and so the smuggling was carried on, not at midnight, but in open day.

"Towards the close of the East India Company's Charter, in 1834," writes Dr. Williams, "the contraband trade in opium off the Bogue [the entrance to the Canton river] and along the coast eastward had assumed a regular character. The fees paid for connivance at Canton were understood, and the highest persons of the province were not ashamed to participate in the profits of the trade." In one voyage up the coast, in 1831, sales were effected to the amount of 330,000 dollars. The local authorities, coastwise as at Canton, finding their edicts quite powerless to keep off the fast-sailing opium vessels, soon followed the practice of their fellow officers at Canton, and winked at the trade for a consideration. Thus it came to pass that the name and character of foreigners were generally associated with the opium trade, and that this contraband traffic formed a strong argument with the better class of the Chinese against all foreign trade, which they urged would bring enormous evil with it, chiefly from the increased use of opium.

As the famous year 1839 drew on, memorials and counter memorials were presented to the Chinese Government, pleading for and against the legalisation of the opium trade. Among others the President of the Sacrificial Court proposed the legalisation of it. This unexpected movement at the capital created no small stir. The impression was general at Canton, both among the Chinese and English, that the point would be ceded. "*And increased preparations were accordingly made in India to extend the cultivation*"! The reason assigned by the President for proposing his measure is worth noting. He states it to be his "conviction that it is impossible to stop the traffic, or use of the drug; if the foreigners be driven from the coast they will go to some island near by, where the native craft will go off to them, and if the laws be made too severe upon those who smoke the drug, they will be disregarded." The Governor of Canton and his colleagues followed in the wake of this memorial, alleging that "the tens of millions of precious money which now annually ooze out of the Empire will be saved . . . the evil practice of transporting contraband goods by deceit and violence suppressed, numerous quarrels and litigations arising therefrom, and

the crimes of worthless vagrants diminished." Thereupon a Cabinet Minister took alarm, and presented a counter memorial. We regret very much that we cannot transfer to these pages the entire paper. It tears to shreds the special pleadings of the former one, and does honour alike to the intelligence and the moral feeling of the writer.

The discussion of this subject was not confined to the natives, as the pages of the *Chinese Repository* bear witness. One writer charges the sin of murder upon those who traffic in it, and asserts "that the perpetuating and encouraging and engaging in a trade which promotes disease, poverty, misery, crime, madness, despair, and death, is to be an accomplice with the guilty principals in that tremendous pursuit." Of course this plain outspoken article was replied to by a person concerned in the traffic. This rejoinder was answered by two more foreign gentlemen, one of whom was especially successful in exposing its fallacies.

Subsequently to the presentation of the memorials now named, "commanders-in-chief, governors, and lieutenant-governors of provinces were required to express, in the form of regulations, their own several views on the subject, and to lay the same speedily before the Throne." The sense of the empire being now fully taken, the efforts of the Supreme Government to suppress the contraband trade were much greater in 1838 than ever before. By express command of the Emperor, a native was publicly strangled at Macao as a warning to others not to introduce opium. The execution of the sentence was conducted in the presence of a large crowd of natives and foreigners. "The number of the foreign small craft under English and American flags plying up and down the Canton river at this time was over fifty, most of them engaged in smuggling. Sometimes the Government seemed determined to exert its power, and boats were consequently destroyed, smugglers seized and tortured, and the sales checked: then it went on again as briskly as ever." Then, again, the retailers at Canton were imprisoned, and others in the country were brought there in chains. "In Hupeh, it was reported that the officials had punished arrested smokers by cutting out a portion of the upper lip, to incapacitate them from using the pipe." The president of the Sacrificial Court was dismissed for proposing legalisation; three princes of the blood were degraded for smoking opium; and arrests, fines, tortures, imprisonments, and executions were frequent in

the provinces on the same grounds. Beside all this, various other plans were suggested for checking the trade, "such as guarding the ports, stopping the entire foreign trade, arresting the smugglers, shutting up the shops, and encouraging the home growth." One writer recommends that all the blame should be laid upon the consumers, and advises death to be awarded to all who smoke after a year's warning has been given them. "Officers found guilty were not only to be executed, but their children to be deprived of the privilege of competing at the public examinations." These proposals bear on their very front the marks of sincerity; but, owing to the vice and greed of the natives and the shameless rapacity of the Christian foreigners, they were wholly ineffectual.

At length, on the 10th of March, 1839, Commissioner Lin, to whom had been entrusted unlimited powers to put an end to the opium traffic, reached Canton. In devolving upon him this difficult duty, it is said that the Emperor remarked to him, "It is our full hope that the long-indulged habit will be for ever laid aside, and every root and germ of it entirely eradicated," and, while recounting the evils which had long afflicted his people through opium, he was reported to have paused and wept; then, turning to Lin, to have said, "How, alas! can I die, and go to the shades of my Imperial father and ancestors, until these direful evils are removed?" For a week after his arrival Lin took no public step in furtherance of his mission. He was busy, however, informing himself as to the true state of things; and having done this he issued two proclamations to the hong merchants and to the foreigners. "That to the latter required them to deliver up every particle of opium in the store-ships, and to give bonds that they would bring no more, on penalty of death." "Three days were allowed for the opium to be given up and the bonds made out." Orders had been already issued to detain "all foreigners in Canton, in fact making them prisoners in their own houses; communication with the shipping was suspended, troops were assembled about the factories, and armed cruisers stationed on the river." A few days more and further orders were given "to command every servant to leave them, and station guards before the door of each dwelling, and on the roofs of the adjoining houses. By nine o'clock not a native was left, and the foreigners, about 275 in number, were their only inmates." From these particulars

it will be evident that had the Commissioner desired it, the factories might have been easily pillaged and their inmates butchered: "but no arm was lifted against them personally." Seven days had elapsed from the issue of the proclamation, and then "most of the foreign merchants, of all nations, signed a paper pledging themselves not to deal in opium, nor to attempt to introduce it into the Chinese Empire. How many of these individuals subsequently broke this pledge on the ground that it was forced from them cannot be stated, but part of the firms which signed it were afterwards actively engaged in the trade." Finally the opium was given up under protest. In due time instructions, which had been applied for, reached Canton from Peking, to destroy it. Hereby the expectations of Captain Elliot, Chief Superintendent of Trade in China for the English, were falsified. In a despatch to the Home Government he had expressed his belief that the Chinese intended to sell it at a high price, remunerating the owners and pocketing the difference. But the Emperor's orders were obeyed, and 20,291 chests of the "black commodity" were mixed with lime, oil, and rubbish of various kinds, and of course effectually destroyed. While these proceedings were going forward at Canton other ships were bringing fresh opium from India, "and the sales had begun again, even before the destruction of the drug at the Bogue, and rapidly increased when it was known that that immense quantity had really been destroyed."

Exception must be taken, of course, to the measures adopted by Lin to secure the opium. They were the mistakes of judgment, however—nothing more. A careful study of the subject has convinced us that both Lin and his Imperial master were sincerely desirous of putting an end to a monstrous and growing evil, and that the good of their country was anxiously sought, in this matter, by both.

In the following April the matter was discussed in the House of Commons. Some who took part in the debate seemed to think that hostilities might have been averted by a little more timely forethought and precaution on the part of her Majesty's ministers. One of the speakers said that the governors of Canton had sanctioned the trade; another that the connivance of the local officials acquitted the smugglers; a third thought that the Chinese Government was insincere in its efforts; while a fourth put it

bluntly, that "the reason why the English Government have done nothing to stop the opium trade was that it was profitable." As the result of this discussion no formal declaration of war against China was made, but an Order in Council was issued to the Admiralty, to the effect that "satisfaction and reparation for the late injurious proceedings of certain officers of the Emperor of China against certain of our officers and subjects shall be demanded from the Chinese Government."

As is well known, hostilities followed. On June 22, 1841, part of the English force, consisting of five ships, three steamers, and twenty-one transports, arrived off Macao, and in due time moved up the coast. City after city, and fort after fort, fell into our hands, and eventually peace was concluded by the signing of the celebrated Treaty of Nanking. By its provisions five ports, including Canton, were opened to foreign trade, the island of Hong Kong was ceded to us, and the Chinese consented to pay 21,000,000 dollars for the expenses of the war, for the debts due to our merchants, and for the opium which they had destroyed. *The amount refunded for the opium was 6,000,000 dollars.* A more striking example of the triumph of might over right will hardly be found in the history of nations.

At the time the treaty was signed Sir Henry Pottinger proposed to say a few words to the Chinese Commissioners upon "the great cause that produced the disturbances which led to the war, viz. the trade in opium." When this communication was translated to them, they unani- mously declined entering upon the subject until they were assured that he had introduced it merely as a topic for private conversation. They then evinced much interest, and anxiously inquired, "Why will you not act fairly towards us by prohibiting the growth of the poppy?" They were then told that this could not be done consistently with our constitutional laws; that even were it done, it would not remedy the evil, for while the passion for opium remained with the Chinese, other nations would bring it them; and that, in short, as they could not stay the indulgence of the habit they had much better legalise the importation of the drug. Thereupon they expressed to Sir Henry their firm persuasion that their Imperial master would never listen to a word upon the subject.\*

\* When urged to derive a revenue from the importation of opium, the Emperor of China thus righteously recorded his sentiments in 1844, in an

*Other nations would bring it if we did not ! This was the argument. We should like to know what iniquity under the sun might not be defended on the same principle ?*

Ten months after the signing of the Treaty the ratifications were exchanged at Hong Kong, and the island was taken possession of on behalf of the Queen, by Sir Henry Pottinger, who was appointed the first Governor of the Colony. It was of this place that he said, in 1842—we quote from Mr. Mark J. Stewart in his debate of last year—“Its pure and noble institutions would stand one day as a model whereby to work the regeneration of the Chinese Empire.” How far this hope has been already realised, or is likely to be, hereafter, we shall be able to judge when we have passed in brief review the opium transactions carried on there from our acquisition of the island to the present time. Under the circumstances, the only wise, just, and humane, and Christian policy for the British Government to follow, would have been that of, to say the least, a gradual abandonment of the opium traffic. At any rate we were pledged to unite with the Chinese in putting down smuggling. The pledge is contained in Article 12 of the Supplementary Treaty of Oct. 1842, and runs as follows:—“In any positive instance of smuggling transactions coming to the (British) Consul’s knowledge, he will instantly apprise the Chinese authorities of the fact, and they will proceed to seize and confiscate all goods, whatever their value or nature, that may have been so smuggled; and will also be at liberty, if they see fit, to prohibit the ship from which the smuggled goods were landed from trading further, and to send her away as soon as her accounts are adjusted and paid.” And now for the facts—facts which concern at once this country, and India, and Hong Kong. Between the first and second Chinese wars, vessels were built and sent out from England, equipped and armed with every implement of war, for the express purpose of carrying on, by violent resistance of the revenue officers of China, the smuggling trade in opium, the Government making not the slightest effort to intercept them. So much for Great Britain. Then as to India. When the opium was seized by Commissioner Lin, the net opium revenue had reached

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answer which would have been worthy of a Christian monarch: “*It is true I cannot prevent the introduction of the flowing poison; gain-seeking and corrupt men will, for profit and sensuality, defeat my wishes; but nothing will induce me to derive a revenue from the vice and misery of my people.*”



the sum of £1,586,445. In the year in which the second war was waged, 1857-8—that revenue had swollen to £5,918,375! And lastly, as to Hong Kong. In No. 1 of “The Friend of China” will be found “An Outline History of the Opium Farm of Hong Kong.” From this “Outline” we learn, that though no part of the revenue of the colony was derived from opium during the governorship of Sir Henry Pottinger, yet in Nov. 1844 a Government ordinance was passed, entitled, “An Ordinance for Licensing the Sale of Salt, Opium, &c. ;” and further regulations for the sale of opium by retail were issued the following February. Among these regulations will be found the following:—“Without license none shall, within the limits of the island and its dependencies, sell or retail opium for consumption [there is no restriction put upon the sale of opium for smuggling purposes to the main land of China] in smaller quantities than one chest, fines 100—500 dollars, these penalties to be recovered summarily, and if necessary by distress, which failing there shall be imprisonment.” The revenue raised from this source down to the year 1858 inclusive—now by farming out the monopoly to the highest bidder, and now by adopting the licensing system—amounted to £32,790. So much for our opium relations to China from the time of the cession of Hong Kong to the British Crown, on to the second war and the signing of the second treaty in June, 1858.

What Sir R. Peel could not accomplish by peaceful means in 1843, that is to say, “obtain from the Chinese assent to a treaty under which opium would have been admitted,” was secured by Lord Elgin with the support of a powerful military and naval armament. Not, however, without a vigorous protest from the Chinese Government, whose eventual submission is spoken of as “the adoption of a wise policy”! Ordinary men would call it yielding to a coercion which they were utterly unable to resist. However, the point was gained, and the Chinese consented that the importation of opium should be legalised with a duty of 10 per cent. Space will not allow us to exhibit in full the proofs that as the traffic in opium was in the first instance forced upon China, so it has been submitted to down to the present time *wholly and solely* because the Chinese Government has not felt itself strong enough to struggle with the power that wrung from it the original concession. In evidence of this the following



weighty sentences from the pen of the English Ambassador at the Chinese Court may be quoted. Writing to Lord Clarendon in May, 1869, Sir Thomas Wade (then Mr. Wade) speaks as follows :—

“We are generally prone to forget that the footing we have in China has been obtained by force alone, and that, unwarlike and unenergetic as we hold the Chinese to be, it is in reality to the *fear of force alone* that we are indebted for the safety we enjoy at certain points accessible to our force. . . . *Nothing that has been gained, it must be remembered, was received from the free will of the Chinese ; more, the concessions made to us have been, from first to last, extorted against the conscience of the nation,—in defiance, that is to say, of the moral convictions of its educated men, not merely of the office-holders, whom we call mandarins, and who are, numerically, but a small proportion of the educated class, but of the millions who are saturated with a knowledge of the history and philosophy of the country.* To these, as a rule, the very extension of our trade must appear, politically, or what is in China the same thing, morally wrong, and the story of foreign intercourse during the last thirty years can have had no effect but to confirm them in their opinion.”—*The Debate.*

The following official note, addressed to Sir Rutherford Alcock by the Chinese Foreign Office, in which it urges upon her Majesty's Government the policy of prohibiting the importation of opium, shows plainly enough what China would do with the clause in the Tien Tsin Treaty, legalising the opium trade, if it had the power :—

“From Tsunglee Yamen (Foreign Office) to Sir R. Alcock. July, 1869.—The writers have on several occasions, when conversing with his Excellency the British Minister, referred to the opium trade as being prejudicial to the general interests of commerce. The object of the treaties between our respective countries was to secure perpetual peace; but if effective steps cannot be taken to remove an accumulating sense of injury from the minds of men, it is to be feared that no policy can obviate sources of future trouble. Day and night the writers are considering the question, with a view to its solution, and the more they reflect upon it, the greater does their anxiety become, and hereupon they cannot avoid addressing his Excellency very earnestly on the subject. That opium is like a deadly poison, that it is most injurious to mankind, and a most serious provocation of ill-feeling, is, the writers think, perfectly well known to his Excellency, and it is, therefore, needless for them to enlarge further on these points. The Prince [the Prince of Kung is the

President of the Foreign Board] and his colleagues are quite aware that the opium trade has long been condemned by England as a nation. And that the right-minded merchant scorns to have to do with it. But the officials and people of this empire, who cannot be so completely informed on the subject, all say that England trades in opium because she desires to work China's ruin, for (say they) if the friendly feelings of England are genuine, since it is open to her to produce and trade in everything else, would she still insist on spreading the poison of this hurtful thing through the empire? There are those who say, stop the trade by enforcing a vigorous prohibition against the use of the drug. China has the right to do so, doubtless, and might be able to effect it, but a strict enforcement of the prohibition would necessitate the taking of many lives. Now, although the criminals' punishment would be of their own seeking, bystanders would not fail to say that it was the foreign merchant seduced them to their ruin by bringing the drug, and it would be hard to prevent general and deep-seated indignation; such a course, indeed, would tend to arouse popular indignation against the foreigner. There are others, again, who suggest the removal of the prohibitions against the growth of the poppy. They argue that, as there is no means of stopping the foreign (opium) trade, there can be no harm, as a temporary measure, in withdrawing the prohibition on its growth. We should thus not only deprive the foreign merchant of a main source of his profits, but should increase our revenue to boot. The sovereign rights of China are, indeed, competent to this. Such a course would be practicable; and, indeed, the writers cannot say that, as a last resource, it will not come to this; *but they are most unwilling that such prohibition should be removed, holding as they do that a right system of government should appreciate the beneficence of Heaven, and (seek to) remove any grievance which afflicts its people; while to allow them to go on to destruction, though an increase of revenue may result, will provoke the judgment of Heaven and the condemnation of men.* Neither of the above plans, indeed, is satisfactory. If it be desired to remove the very root, and to stop the evil at its source, nothing will be effective but a prohibition to be enforced alike by both parties. Again, the Chinese merchant supplies your country with his goodly tea and silk, conferring thereby a benefit upon her; but the English merchant empisons China with pestilent opium. *Such conduct is unrighteous. Who can justify it?* What wonder if officials and people say that *England is wilfully working out China's ruin*, and has no real friendly feeling for her? . . . Indeed, it cannot be that England still holds to this evil business, earning the hatred of the officials and people of China, and making herself a reproach among the nations, because she would lose a little revenue were she to forfeit the cultivation

of the poppy ! . . . If his Excellency the British Minister cannot, before it is too late, arrange a plan for a joint prohibition (of the traffic), then, no matter with what devotedness the writers may plead, *they may be unable to cause the people to put aside ill-feeling, and so strengthen friendly relations as to place them for ever beyond fear of disturbance.* Day and night, therefore, the writers give to this matter most earnest thought, and overpowering is the distress which it occasions them. Having thus presumed to unbosom themselves, they would be honoured by his Excellency's reply.\*

In the Minutes of a Conference previously held between Sir R. Alcock and the Chinese Foreign Board, presided over by Wan Chang, we are told—

"They proceeded to describe the horror entertained by all good Chinese, and by all the influential classes, of the effects of opium upon the Chinese nation; and said that real friendship was impossible, while England continued responsible for the drug to the Chinese people. Wan Chang repeated that the Chinese Government did certainly hope and desire that the British Government would agree to some arrangement for giving effect to the wish of China, for the discouragement of the consumption of opium by the Chinese people."—*The Debate.*

The only impressions one can receive from a perusal of the above extracts are, first, that the Chinese Government is sincerely anxious to be rid of the foreign opium, because until that is accomplished its hands are tied from putting effective measures into operation for restricting the home production; and, secondly, that as the English poured opium into China by fraud, until 1858, and then compelled its removal from the list of articles prohibited, so at the present time we continue its importation by force.

On another point these extracts are eloquent. Unless we take speedy steps to free the Chinese from the necessity of receiving our opium, they will remove all prohibitions from the native growth of it, in order to drive the Indian product out of the market. If the people *must* be poisoned, they are beginning to think they might as well gain a little by the process, rather than let all the profits fall into our hands. They are evidently loth to adopt this course, and well they may be; for no one can contemplate the possibility of it without starting back in horror at the spectacle of moral and material wreck, which would cer-

\* "East India Finance, 1871," quoted in *The Indian Opium Revenue.*

tainly ensue. Should the Chinese ever take this step, it will be simply because Christian England left them no alternative.

But we must now turn to the question how far the opium trade interferes with British commerce in China. That it does this must be obvious to all who have any comprehension of the physical and material injury which the Chinese people have suffered from opium smoking—a point on which we dwelt in our former paper—or who estimate aright the portentous moral deterioration and mischief of every kind which follows in the train of smuggling, and which at this moment flourishes on the south-east and east coast of China, under the auspices of British cupidity and selfishness. As to the fact and dimensions of the smuggling let our Consul at Canton testify.

"It is difficult to say what amount of opium is taken by this province, for no article is so largely smuggled from the British colony of Hong Kong. . . . Within the last few years stations have been established on the mainland, in the neighbourhood of Hong Kong, and steam cruisers are employed in stopping and searching suspicious-looking junks leaving the colony; but their seizures are insignificant, and they are too few in number to effect much in checking the contraband trade, which flourishes to an extent scarcely credible. . . . *Smuggling is rampant*, and the Provincial Government is satisfied in getting what it can in the shape of duties."\*

From the "Returns of Trade at the Treaty Ports in China, for the Year 1872," we gain additional light on this subject. On page 13 is found a table of comparative statistics as to the importation of opium into Hong Kong, and the amount which reaches Chinese ports from that place in foreign vessels. The table is for eight years, 1865—1872; and we gather from it, that while during that period 671,179 peculs (1 pecul = 133 lbs.) reached Hong Kong, only 468,605 peculs passed through the foreign customs at the different ports; a fact, which proves that within the time specified upwards of 200,000 peculs of opium were smuggled into China from the British Colony of Hong Kong. The estimated value of the sum total imported from India was £108,545,557, and that of the opium introduced into China without paying duty £31,940,782.

\* "Commercial Reports from her Majesty's Consuls in China, 1873," quoted in No. 1 of *The Friend of China*.

It is true that from the amount smuggled from the colony must be deducted whatever the Chinese residing there consumed, as also the quantity reshipped to Australia and California for the Chinese in those countries; but after this has been done the figures given above will not be materially altered. That this smuggling, which still goes on as briskly as ever, could be stopped, if we chose to stop it, will be doubted by no one. But as it only concerns the Chinese Government, which hereby loses fully a quarter of its opium revenue, we allow things to go on as they are. Not only so, but when the Chinese Government proposed locating a custom's official or consul in Hong Kong, in order to check the contraband traffic, they were politely informed—we suppose it was done politely—"That it could not be allowed." This refusal on our part was followed by the establishment of the stations on the mainland, &c., referred to by Sir Brooke Robertson, her Majesty's Consul at Canton. Simplicity itself will not be simple enough to imagine that this state of things can continue without damage to the trade, reputation and influence of England.

Again, the commercial prosperity of England is mixed up with the extension, as soon as may be, of our facilities of trading with the interior of the Chinese Empire. But how can any of those millions of educated Chinamen, referred to by Sir Thomas Wade,—those amongst them especially who have escaped the seductions of the foreign poison—desire that a wider scope should be afforded to foreign commerce? No one of them can visit the capital of his province, or go through any of its walled cities, or sail along its rivers, or even walk the streets of his own village, without seeing alarming examples of the sad effects of English trade, and power, and avarice. Perhaps the victims of the curse are to be found among his own near relatives. This large class of the population, be it remembered, is that out of which the civil officers of the Chinese Government are elected, subsequent to competing at the annual and triennial literary examinations; and there can be but slight hope that what the manufacturing and mercantile classes of this country desire, viz. free access for their goods to the interior of the empire, will be granted, unless effective measures are adopted for lessening, at least, the egregious wrong which they suffer at our hands, and of which they so loudly and so justly complain. As things are, the pro-

ducts of our looms and anvils are kept out of China lest opium, in still larger quantities, should flow upon the country. And who shall impugn the wisdom which is jealous of the advent of so dire a ruin? Dr. Dudgeon, of Pekin, in a speech delivered at Glasgow (see *Friend of China* for January, 1876), says:—

“The high officials and people of the Flowery Land believe opium, and the wars with England resulting from it, to be the cause of all their troubles. Our wars have demoralised the people, disarranged their finances, given rise to official corruption, and in this way have stimulated the native growth of opium. Were this traffic abolished, there is almost nothing in the way of progress in the opening up of the country, and the facilitating of trade, that they are not, I believe, prepared to do; with its existence, what Christian and philanthropist can wish for more facilities for trade extended to the foreigner? Greater facilities for trade mean greater ruin and poverty to the country.”

“The Chinese Government,” says Dr. Williamson, Agent of the Scotch Bible Society in China, “have a most wholesome fear of any wider distribution of this drug; and that is one of their great covert objections to railways, or to admitting us freely into the interior in any manner whatever. . . . For I believe that had it not been for the position we took up in regard to opium, the empire would, by this time, have been opened from end to end; so that the short-sighted greed of our pioneers, who made fortunes out of this drug, which few lived to enjoy, has left to their successors the heritage of a crippled commerce and the malediction of a great nation.”—*The Friend of China*, April, 1875.

On page 307, in the “Correspondence respecting the Revision of the Treaty of Tientsin,” 1871, and in a letter addressed to Consul Medhurst, by James Barr Robertson, occur these words:—

“It is unfortunate that its whole history (the opium trade), as regards China, should be such as one cannot look back upon with any satisfaction; and for an article which is having such a disastrous effect upon the natives, to constitute about one half of the whole import trade, by means of which we pretend to lead the Chinese to civilisation, is, to say the least, regrettable.”—*The Indian Opium Revenue*, p. 17.

Let commercial men and others who have any interest in the China trade ponder well the astounding fact noted in the words we have italicised, and then say whether the trade of the mother country is not fettered, in order that



the coffers of the Indian Government may be replenished by means of this death-dealing traffic; and whether the £6,000,000 of revenue accruing from opium is not, in a sense, a tax paid by England to India?

In what has now been said we have anticipated our last point, the hindrance which the traffic in opium offers to the spread of Christianity. The Chinese, being heathen, have no conception of genuine unselfish benevolence, and when they see men of the same nation coming amongst them with objects so utterly opposed as opium selling and preaching the Gospel, they set their wits to work to reconcile the two. The opium merchant, say they, comes among us to ruin us physically, and the English Missionary, as an agent of his Government, is sent out to wheedle and seduce the people, and "buy their hearts" away from the Emperor, and when the Church is sufficiently strong in numbers and the fighting men and others have been enervated by opium, then the Church and the British Government will coalesce, and the Flowery Land will become subject to the hateful rule of Western barbarians. This sort of reasoning prevents many from reading Christian books, from sending their children to Mission-schools, and from entering chapels and preaching rooms. It is notorious too that commonly the first word uttered by a Chinaman, when urged to believe in Christianity, is to the effect, "Why do Christians bring us opium, they knowing as they do the misery resulting to us from it?" Should the man be of mature age he is not unlikely to proceed as follows: "That vile drug has poisoned my son, has ruined my brother, and has well-nigh led me to beggar my wife and children. Surely those who import such a deleterious substance, and injure me for the sake of gain, cannot wish me well, or be in possession of a religion that is better than my own." Christianity is opposed likewise by the press in China on the same ground. "It is monstrous in barbarians to attempt to improve the inhabitants of the Celestial Empire when they are so miserably deficient themselves. Thus, introducing among the Chinese a poisonous drug (opium) for their own benefit to the injury of others, they are deficient in benevolence." This passage is from a tract, written many years ago, against the Missionaries in the Straits of Malacca. The contraband introduction of the "black commodity" for many years, and afterwards the forced legalisation of the same, keeps alive



the hatred of intelligent and reflecting Chinese against the English name. They may know very little of Western science, art, and philosophy; but they are familiar with the moral sayings of their own great sage, Confucius, and they often quote against us, as a nation, his celebrated golden rule, "Do not unto others what you do not wish done to yourself." Innumerable testimonies in corroboration of the statement that opium is the great barrier to the spread of Christianity are borne by Missionaries now on the ground. We have space only for two or three of these. At a late annual meeting of the Church Missionary Society, the Bishop of Victoria (Hong Kong) said: "I have been again and again stopped while preaching with the question, 'Are you an Englishman? Is not that the country that opium comes from? Go back and stop it, and then we will talk about Christianity.'"—The April number of *The Friend of China* for last year.

The same number quotes from *The Missionary Chronicle* the following account:—

"In the missionary chapel at Amoy, the Rev. John Macgowan got into discussion with one of his auditors. He challenged his visitor to produce one instance, either from the mandarin or the literati class, of a man who was honestly endeavouring to carry out the doctrines of the Chinese sages. The visitor somewhat hesitatingly agreed that the instances were certainly very rare. Whilst in the very act of admitting this, the easy manner he had hitherto assumed in his conversation with me seemed to glide from the man, and, like a flash of lightning, a look of suppressed hatred and bitterness spread instead. 'Oh, then,' he said, 'your object in coming here is to teach us charity and benevolence, and truth and uprightness, is it?' I said, 'Yes.' 'If this be your object, then, why is it that you yourselves act in a spirit so directly the reverse of these, and force upon us instead your abominable opium? If your nation believes in these doctrines as Divine, why has it imported this poisonous stuff to bring poverty, distress, and ruin throughout our land?' And as he went on he became excited and his eye flashed, and, as his eloquence grew, Chinaman-like he rolled his head from side to side, whilst the congregation, which in the meantime had grown largely, looked on with approving sympathy."

Mr. Macgowan admits that he could not answer the man—how could he?—and that he "never felt so uncomfortable in any meeting in his life before." The troublesome controversialist clenched his argument by saying:—

"There is no use in your trying to get out of the matter by

saying that you have nothing to do with this opium system : your country has. It is your nation, England, that is responsible for all the ruin caused by opium. It was the English guns that compelled our Emperor to sanction the trade, and it is through England that it may be sold throughout the length and breadth of the land, without our Government being able to do anything effectual to prevent its spread throughout the kingdom."

Nor does the evil end with the difficulty thrown in the way of the acceptance of the Gospel by the Chinese; for opium has often proved a serious hurt to Christian inquirers, catechumens, and candidates for baptism. Indeed, not a few recognised members of the Church of Christ in China have fallen under its power again, to the intense sorrow of their teachers and pastors.

What is the practical bearing of all these facts? For the sake of our prestige and honour, if for no higher reason, this country should make all haste to wash her hands from the nefarious traffic in opium. Such a step requires that the Bengal monopoly should be abolished, and that China should be relieved from all treaty obligations to admit Indian opium within her borders. To this course, indeed, there are sundry weighty and, in the estimation of many Indian officials, insuperable obstacles. To abolish the monopoly, it is said, would be to demoralise India, just as Assam was demoralised when the cultivation of the poppy was put down. But no one would suggest that all regulations with regard to the production of the drug should cease. We are not at liberty to continue a course which threatens the ruin of a neighbouring kingdom. Others object to relieving China of the necessity of taking our opium on the ground that opium-smoking is not worse than dram-drinking. Perhaps it is not worse, though unquestionable authorities, as we have seen, affirm the contrary. But be it so. Even then we have a very strong argument for taking the course we desiderate. The objection that others would send opium to China if we did not, we have already characterised. Few men would venture to articulate a principle which is at once so primeval and so shamelessly selfish. There is something to be said for the allegation that China is growing opium herself on a large scale, and that therefore to relieve her from the treaty obligation to admit the Indian drug, while it would not diminish the amount consumed, would only enrich China by impoverishing India. The fact here

noted however, is sincerely deplored by all philanthropic minds, both in and out of China. At the same time it should not be forgotten that the growth of opium in China is in direct opposition to Imperial edicts, and that as soon as England will deal fairly with China on this matter, there is every probability of their being put in force.

We have only space to refer to one other objection—that which is generally felt to involve the capital difficulty of the question. “The question,” he said, “was purely one of *finance*, and he could not see the possibility of raising by other means the amount that was derived from the manufacture and export of opium.” This statement by one of the speakers in the Opium Debate last June put it plainly in few words. It is the old plea, first made use of, we believe, by the East India Company in 1817. It was made to do duty again in 1843, when Lord Shaftesbury (then Lord Ashley) moved a resolution in the House of Commons to the effect that the trade with China “was damaging to our legitimate commerce, and utterly inconsistent with the honour and duty of a great Christian country.” The revenue at that time was £2,181,000, and the only argument brought against the motion was a financial one. The same happened again in 1870, and yet again last year; and as often as attempts are made to rid the country of this particular sin and shame, so often will this plea be heard from Government officials and Indian financiers. Until the national conscience is thoroughly aroused upon the subject, or a majority of those in high places adopt the motto of the Anglo-Oriental Society for the Suppression of the Opium Trade, “Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproof to any people,” or some unforeseen catastrophe overtakes our Indian Empire or our relations with China, immediate and decisive measures will not be taken for carrying on the Bengal Government after a more Christian and honest fashion, and this ancient and scandalous objection will not fail to be urged in opposition to the change we advocate.

We do not ignore or underrate the revenue difficulty. For this aspect of the opium question we beg to refer our readers to the second publication named at the head of this article, which contains Sir W. Muir's Minute, and a letter addressed to the Secretary of the Anglo-Oriental Anti-Opium Society by Sir A. Cotton; also to a paper by a retired Indian civil servant in the June number, 1875, of the

*Friend of China*; and to the July number of the *Friend*, in which will be found the "Debate in the House of Commons, June, 1875, on the Opium Question." But be the financial difficulty what it may, we protest in the name of justice, mercy, and Christian faith, that Great Britain is bound to clear herself speedily from all national complicity with this hideous wickedness.

In conclusion, it may not be amiss to mention one or two facts showing how certain heathen governments and peoples have regarded the traffic in opium. In the April number of this Journal, p. 146, we see "that prior to the introduction of British rule into Aracan, the punishment for using opium was death." The Chinese rebels, whom the English and French helped to drive from their strongholds, had no sympathy with the drug. Soldiers in their army were commanded to abstain from opium. To smoke it was deemed an infraction of the Seventh Commandment, and was punished with death. Gamblers, opium-smokers, and other impure persons were exterminated. On p. 13 of *The Indian Opium Revenue* we read: "The market for opium would cease if our gunboats in China ceased to enforce our treaty rights there; and it is certainly under our influence that its growth is maintained (in Malwa). If we left India, there certainly would not be so much cultivation of opium—the native priests would very soon dispose of it." When Japan entered into treaty relations with America and England, the prohibition of opium, as an article of commerce, was distinctly recognised. Indeed, she had previously made up her mind that she would not admit it on any consideration. In the October number of the *Friend of China* it is stated that:—"In the summer of 1872 portions of the crop were deliberately destroyed in the Kirin province (for it is too true, alas! that the poppy is cultivated largely throughout the whole of Manchuria) in consequence of the representations made by a Mongol prince, who, on a journey through Mongolia and Manchuria, had been shocked to find how large an area was under poppy cultivation."

Some time ago, conjointly with America, we believe, certain requests were made by our Government to the Portuguese that the Macao coolie trade should cease. It is not impossible that before long we may ourselves receive a deputation of the powers in treaty with China calling upon us to desist from any longer forcing our opium upon China.

The Chinese Christians of Hong Kong, in a letter published in the *Friend of China*, not obscurely hint at some such eventuality. And dissatisfaction has been already expressed by certain Americans at the amount of opium exported from Hong Kong to California, where the use of it occasions much misery to the Chinese immigrants, and to others of the population.

These are little clouds on the horizon, which may have a great significance, and England will do well to hide herself before the storm comes.

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ART. VI.—*Benjamin Robert Haydon. Correspondence and Table-Talk.* With a Memoir by his Son, **FREDERICK WORDSWORTH HAYDON.** With Facsimile Illustrations from his Journals. In Two Volumes. London: Chatto and Windus. 1876.

*Life of Benjamin Robert Haydon, Historical Painter, from his Autobiography and Journals.* Edited and Compiled by **TOM TAYLOR.** In Three Volumes. London: Longmans, Brown, Green, and Longmans. 1853.

ON the 22nd of June, 1846, Benjamin Robert Haydon died, by his own hand. For more than forty years his name had been prominently before the public as a painter, an art-teacher and critic, a fiery controversialist, a fierce assailant of the Royal Academy. During the whole of that time, in utter contempt for all the dictates of worldly prudence, he had not ceased to produce pictures of a size and aim for which there was in the existing state of art patronage scarcely any demand. The earlier of these pictures had excited much attention. They had been visited by hundreds, their merits eagerly canvassed, their beauties freely admitted; but they remained for the most part unsold, and as years went on fell into oblivion. Their successors, with less of initial recognition, shared the same neglect. Money difficulties of the most harassing kind had not ceased to dog the artist throughout his career. In his fervent love for his art, his equally fervent belief in his own genius, his faith in his own mission as a regenerator of English painting, he had passionately appealed from the treatment of his contemporaries to the verdict of posterity. Enveloped in a hideous atmosphere of duns, money-lenders, bill-discounters, attorneys, sheriffs' officers, and prisoners for debt, agonised by the effect of his position on a noble-hearted wife whom he loved tenderly, and on children to whom he was devoted, he could yet confidently look forward to the time when justice would be done to him, and when the malice, envy, and ignorance to which he attributed his sorrows as an artist and as a man, would have passed away, like some ill morning mist, leaving his fame to shine on in meridian splendour.

Since then—since that restless, ardent, combative brain

became quiet in death, exactly thirty years have passed. A new generation has arisen. Several revolutions have taken place in the world of art. And now the son stands forth as the father's champion, firm in the same faith, animated by an equal ardour, challenging the verdict of that portion of posterity which we form. It is a filial act, and—alas, that we should say so, and we do say so with most genuine regret—the act is not, in our opinion, judiciously performed. We are prepared to make every possible allowance for Mr. Haydon's feelings. That the son of a father who sacrificed "blood and treasure," and what is even more valuable, something of character, in the prosecution of a great public object,—that such a son should hold it a matter of pious duty to clear his father's memory, as far as may be, from spots and stains, is most natural; that the father's fame in his art should be dear to the son, and that he should do all in his power to restore it to its early brightness, or even to gain for it added lustre—this, again, is most natural; but *est modus in rebus*. Mr. Haydon is evidently a man of culture and extensive reading, inheriting much of his father's literary ability, which was very great, and we confess that we find it somewhat difficult to understand how little he evidently appreciates the effect his book is calculated to produce upon any dispassionate reader. He would, we are sure, be quite surprised to know what a strong effort it requires to consider his father's career and art without an unfavourable bias after the constant obloquy with which he speaks of almost every one with whom his father came into contact. It seems almost impossible to believe that the world was so exceptionally deceitful and desperately wicked in its relations with this special member of the human family. As we read, through page after page, how his relatives took away his birthright; how Canning would have nothing to say to him, possibly because he knew Canning's mother, and Canning was ashamed of his poor relations; how the Academy, that "arbitrary club of pretentious pedants, to whom art was nothing but a money-making machine," envied his genius, and meanly intrigued to goad him into some act of folly; how the Duke of Wellington, hearing that he had made a fine sketch of the Waterloo charger, Copenhagen, "waited patiently"\* for the artist's death,

\* That he was older than Haydon by some seventeen years would seem to render this "patient waiting" improbable.



and then bought the sketch cheap; how Sir Robert Peel "kept a valuable picture and only paid him one-fifth of its legitimate price;" how "the late Mr. Gurney, the banker of Lombard-street, disreputably broke his word with him;" how "some of his employers—the shoddy Mæcenases of the last years of his life—screwed the products of his long experience out of him at about a tenth of the fair price;" how the Academy, again, partly in order to destroy the influence of his lectures, and partly—Mr. Haydon is afraid—to "get rid of the unsold pictures of the Academy Exhibition," sent down Etty\* and Howard to organise exhibitions in the provinces; how his career "exemplifies in a remarkable degree . . . the elaborate neglect, the inability, the dread, the dislike, the English nobility invariably exhibit towards the historic art of their own great country;" how a "friend who professed," at the sale of the painter's goods and chattels (when insolvent), to "buy in generously for poor Haydon, you know, and so got the cream of the collection at easy prices, was so pleased with his bargain that he forgot to part with them, and has kept them to himself ever since;" how Prince Albert was one day seen to "ride by and look up at his house, and speak to the equerry," but "his Royal Highness had not the courage to come in;" how his creditors "made use of the law of arrest as a means of profit for their sons, who were commonly their attorneys"—as if so elaborate a reason were required for so simple an act as law-proceedings for the recovery of a debt!—as we read such statements and innuendoes through page after page—and this is but a selection—we feel, unfortunately, that the son is not succeeding in enlisting our sympathies in his father's favour. Enough of this, however, and more than enough, except in justification of our statement that Mr. Haydon's book is not calculated to produce in the critical reader that calm and serene temper of mind in which one would desire to enter on the study of a neglected painter's life and works. And now, having thus disburdened ourselves, let us turn to our task.

Haydon was born at Plymouth on the 26th of January, 1786. His father was a printer and bookseller—a thorough John Bull, "who loved his Church and King, believed England to be the only great country in the world, swore

\* Mr. Haydon calls Etty "the Crébillion of art." The epithet is as a pellet of mud thrown at a statue.

Napoleon won all his battles by bribery, did not believe that there was a poet, painter, musician, soldier, sailor, general, or statesman out of England, and at any time would have knocked down any man who dared to disbelieve him; traits which we notice, because, in a modified degree, they formed part of the son's inheritance of character. At six years old the lad was sent to Plymouth Grammar School, then under a certain Dr. Bidlake, who was an amateur proficient in the arts of painting and poetry, and "rather encouraged a sort of idle country excursion habit in the school." Under his tuition young Haydon seems to have developed, to a more than usual extent, that love of drawing which is characteristic of nearly all children. One of the father's workmen, too, a Neapolitan binder named Fenzi, used to talk to him of the glories of art in Italy, of Raphael, and the Vatican, and exhort him not "to draw de landscape," but to "draw de feegoore." From Plymouth Grammar School, where he seems to have learnt little, he was removed to a boarding school, and thence to a house of business at Exeter, and thence again back to his father's shop at Plymouth. But here an unexpected difficulty arose. He hated the shop, insulted the customers, and finally declared that he would not serve in it again. An illness supervened that threatened his eyesight altogether, and left it grievously impaired for life. With characteristic strength of will, and a pleasure in vanquishing difficulties that had in it something of vain-glory, he maintained that he would be a painter. Great was the family lamentation. The business was of old standing and prosperous, and there was no other son to carry it on. The father stormed and remonstrated; the mother wept; relatives scolded and harangued; but all to no purpose, and on the 14th of May, 1804, having conquered every opposition, Haydon started in the mail for London.

In the *Autobiography*—a book of singular interest and graphic power—the painter describes this first journey to the metropolis, his starting for the Academy Exhibition on the morning of his arrival, his characteristic defiance of, "I don't fear you," after looking at the pictures there collected, his purchase of plaster casts, his immediately setting to work before nine the next day, "breathing aspirations for 'High Art' and defiance of all opposition." Nor is it right to forget, in the history of a career so chequered,

how, in his own words, "On the Sunday after my arrival I went to the new church (in the Strand), and in humbleness begged for the protection of the Great Spirit to guide, assist, and bless my endeavours, to open my mind and enlighten my understanding. I prayed for health of body and mind, and on rising from my knees felt a breathing assurance of spiritual aid which nothing can describe. I was calm, cool, illuminated as if crystal circulated through my veins. I returned home and spent the day in mute seclusion."

We must not linger over the incidents of these first few months of hard anatomical study,—the introduction to Northcote, a "diminutive wizened figure in an old blue striped dressing-gown," who encouraged the lad in his aspirations by telling him that he would "starve with a bundle of straw under his head;" to Opie, "a coarse-looking intellectual man;" to Fuseli, the nightmare painter, and keeper of the Academy, "a little white-headed lion-faced man in an old flannel dressing-gown, tied round his waist with a piece of rope, and upon his head the bottom of Mrs. Fuseli's work-basket;"\*—the first day of drawing at the Academy schools, when he immediately realised how short his sight was, and also made the acquaintance of a fellow-student, "a little good-natured man in black, with his hair powdered," whom he took for a clergyman, and who turned out to be John Jackson, the Methodist portrait painter† and future Academician. A warm friendship was immediately struck up, which was shortly afterwards extended to a new recruit at the Academy schools, whom Jackson, in a letter to Haydon, had described as "a raw, tall, pale, queer Scotchman; an odd fellow, but with something in him. He is called Wilkie."

Ah, those early years so full of hope and all happiness! Well might Haydon, from the sadder standpoint of his later life, "look back on them as the most uninterrupted by envy, the least harassed by anxiety, the fullest of unalloyed pleasure" that he had known. What high ambition! what cheerful prolonged labour! what hours spent in fiery art discussion! what noble emulation, that had in it nothing of mean jealousy! Jackson advances the fortunes

\* "A grotesque mixture," he afterwards describes him, "of literature, art, scepticism, indelicacy, profanity, and kindness."

† And a very good portrait painter too. His portrait of himself at the South Kensington Museum is excellent.

of his friends by introducing them to his patron, Lord Mulgrave. When Wilkie's first picture is praised in the papers, on the day after the Academy private view, Haydon "is in the clouds, hurries over his breakfast, rushes away, meets Jackson, who joins him, and they belt into Wilkie's room. He roars out, 'Wilkie, my boy, your name is in the paper!' 'Is it, rea-al-ly?' says David. Haydon reads the puff and they huzza, and, taking hands, all three dance round the table till they are tired." When Haydon begins his first picture, Wilkie is "delighted" that he has "fairly commenced," and gives him the benefit of his experience.

Haydon's second work was his "Dentatus," a commission of kindness from Lord Mulgrave. It was while engaged on this picture, and torn this way and that in his endeavours to conciliate nobility and truth of form, that he made his first acquaintance with the Elgin Marbles. These matchless fragments were then in a damp, dirty pent-house in Park-lane. Their extraordinary merit was by no means universally acknowledged, and we are told that a strong party among the art connoisseurs of the time, headed by a certain Mr. Payne Knight, were doing all in their power to obstruct the purchase by the Government. Haydon no sooner saw the marbles than he fell in love with them. His anatomical studies had prepared him to appreciate their truth and beauty. In a fury of admiration he obtained Lord Elgin's permission to draw from them, and then, day after day, "for ten, fourteen, and fifteen hours at a time," would repair to Park-lane, "staying often till twelve at night, holding a candle to his board with one hand, and drawing with the other." Nor did he confine himself to study alone. Loud and vehement at all times in the expression of his opinions, he spoke out here to some purpose. Even admitting that the Government purchase would probably have been effected without his advocacy, it would be niggardly to refuse our meed of gratitude to those who did yeoman's service in this great national cause. No doubt it seems difficult now to understand how the surpassing excellence of the works themselves should not have borne down all opposition. Possibly, also, Haydon's advocacy was of a kind that added bitterness to that opposition, as it undoubtedly excited much personal enmity against himself. But the fact still remains that at a time when Lord Elgin's action in re-

moving the Marbles was being bitterly assailed, when the Government still hesitated to secure them for the country, and when an influential party of unenlightened men of taste decried their merit, Haydon was zealous on the right side.\*

In these specimens of the antique of a great period the painter found that model of form for which he had been vainly groping when he began "*Dentatus*;" and the work proceeded satisfactorily enough, and was at last completed. Then came the question whether it should be sent to the Academy: not, of course, that any doubt was felt by the painter of its worthiness to find a place there. Writing many years afterwards, he said that its "production must and will be considered as an epoch in English art;" and it is pretty clear that he admired his handiwork even more at the time. No, the doubt rather was whether the picture was not too good; whether a body so deficient in all noble feeling for the high and ideal as the Academicians could be trusted to do justice to that which was at once a rebuke and an example. These we are told were the feelings of Lord Mulgrave and of Sir George Beaumont, the great art authority of those pre-Ruskinite days. But Haydon, with a sublimer confidence, finally overbore their objections and his own fears; and the picture was sent in.

Of what followed it is very difficult, at this distance of time, to form any opinion that shall be at all conclusive—nor except in so far as Haydon's own career was affected is there very much reason why we should try. The picture was hung in the ante-room. And here the conflict of evidence becomes at once embarrassing. According to Mr. Redgrave and according to Leslie, whose references to Haydon are everywhere marked by a most kindly and appreciative spirit, this was a very good position. It was not of course the place of honour—but it was not a place of dishonour, inasmuch as works by men high in academical rank had previously been hung there; and it was a position where the light

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\* We cannot, however, but remark that Mr. Haydon's account of the Parliamentary Committee of 1816, on the purchase of the Marbles, conveys a very unfair impression of the proceedings. Certainly the conclusion we should come to from an examination of the Report and Evidence is that, at any rate at that stage, the purchase was more than quite safe, independently of any advocacy of Haydon's.

was good, and where the picture could be seen to advantage. According to the Haydons, on the other hand, the place selected was an insult to the artist and his work; a place of contempt, and quite deficient in proper light. In their narratives the action of the hanging committee assumes the proportions of a plot, with envy and fear for motives, and intrigue and mendacity for means. Such are the two sides of this question. Into its merits, as we have already said, it is almost impossible for us now to enter. Our own memory goes back, alas, to the "Consulship of Planeus," but not to that of "Priscus Planeus;" and we are unable to speak from personal recollection of the merits or demerits of the ante-room to the old apartments of the Academy in Somerset House. Neither, unfortunately, are we in a position to give any opinion respecting the quality of the work that ought to have been accepted with acclamations by the Academy as heralding a grander day in art. The design is known to us only by a woodcut. There is a good deal of energy about it—pushing, thrusting, blowing of horns, and shouting; there is one blood-thirsty fellow with a shield and sword; another just in the act of hurling an enormous piece of rock: the faces are fierce to the verge of caricature. And for the rest, we are afraid that the new day in art, if so be that it then began, has passed through a miserable morning of cloud and obscurity; for it would scarcely be possible to name a work which is less in harmony with the productions of any of our modern schools. We have had the curiosity to refer to the catalogue for the year 1809, in which "The celebrated Old Roman Tribune, Dentatus, making his last desperate effort against his own soldiers, who attacked and murdered him in a narrow pass—*vide Hooke's Roman History*"—forms the 259th entry. There are a good many portraits no doubt—not that we are by any means prepared to admit the even comparative vileness of portraiture—but there is much besides. Some of the names are still names of honour—Turner, Stothard, Crome, Constable, Ward, Collins, Callcott, Wilkie, Mulready, and Mr. Linnell, who is still amongst us. Surely all was not so dark in 1809. Our impression is (and, as we have already said, we have nothing more than impressions to offer in this matter)—our impression is that Haydon and his picture possessed in his own mind an importance



which they did not possess in the minds of the Academy; and that the hanging committee hung his picture pretty much on the same principles—or no principles—as they hung other pictures.

This view, however, would be the very last to commend itself to one of Haydon's fiery and almost conscientious self-assertiveness; and he was greatly incensed at what he conceived to be an insult to himself and to "high art" in his person. There is no doubt, too, that he suffered in prestige on the occasion; either because the position of the picture was not really very commanding, or, as is just possible, because he and his friends insisted on claiming a defeat. Though "Sir George Beaumont behaved nobly," and Lord Mulgrave, in order to soften the young artist's disappointment, gave him £60 more than the price agreed upon for the picture, yet the "distinguished society" in which he had lately been moving began to feel a decided chill in its enthusiasm for his powers. He was, by all testimony, a man of singular personal influence, a good talker,\* thoroughly in earnest, and positive in his convictions, and they had probably taken his genius at his own quite honest valuation: and when they saw that his professional brethren did not accept that valuation, they drew back. In his own language, which, we may be sure, never understates a case: "I, the sincere, devoted artist, was treated like a culprit, deserted like a leper, abused like a felon, and ridiculed as if my pretensions were the delusions of a madman."

"Shortly after these events," Mr. Haydon informs us, "and during the season of 1809, Haydon, in a spirit of conciliation, and with an earnest desire to establish the most friendly relations between himself and the Royal Academy, and setting aside entirely the recent indignity their hanging committee had put upon him, entered his name with Wilkie for preliminary election into the Academy as an Associate." The Academy, however, refused to be forgiven, and he was not elected. A small picture which he sent for exhibition in 1810, as a sort of trial balloon, was so badly hung that he went and took it away; and

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\* Talfourd, who knew him well, says that his "vividness of mind burst out in his conversation, which, though somewhat broken and rugged like his career, had also like that a vein of beauty streaking it. . . . He was able to hit off with startling facility sketches in words which lived before the hearer."—*Memoir of Lamb*.



finally, in the beginning of 1812, his long pent-up wrath boiled over, and he wrote three fierce letters to the *Examiner*. In these letters he first assailed Mr. Payne Knight, who had ventured, in an essay on Barry in the *Edinburgh Review*, to advocate the painting of small cabinet-sized pictures rather than enormous decorative works; and had further asserted (it is a very old debate) that the end of art was to please. He then fell foul of the Academy, setting out with the declaration that the King, by giving his support to that institution, was "lending his protection to the promotion of error," and denouncing the ineptitude of the members, their ridiculous exhibitions, and their evil influence. He propounded a scheme for the reform of the body and the encouragement of art—a scheme involving "an improved method of election, so as to secure the best man in every department in the art, a reduction of the power of the council, increased responsibility, annual premiums, greater space for the exhibition of works of ideal art, both in history and landscape; schools of design, and an annual grant of public money for art purposes."\* And finally he addressed the students of painting, promising them that if they would, among other things, "only discard academical teaching," all would go well with them.

These three letters not unnaturally produced a very considerable sensation. Haydon had ingeniously, and possibly designedly, succeeded in setting the artists, the patrons, and the connoisseurs against him, and their combined wrath was very great. The opinions of his friends were much divided. His literary friends, John and Leigh Hunt, the former of whom was editor of the *Examiner*, were delighted. Polemics were their element. A paper war was a mighty pleasure to them. Noise and notoriety were things to be courted and desired. And, indeed, all through life the sympathies of the literary class—of Keats, Wordsworth, Lamb, Southey, Godwin, Sir Walter Scott, Mrs. Browning—were strongly for Haydon. But his artist friends shook their heads. Wilkie, whose name he had introduced into the controversy, much to Wilkie's annoyance, wrote to ask him—rather pertinently, it must be owned—"Is this the way an artist should be engaged? Why not follow up the reputation your painting might

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\* We are following Mr. Haydon's epitome.

gain you, and let that carry you through? . . . I shall be miserable till I hear you are going on with your picture. I shall then be assured that you have regained your peace of mind."\* With Sir George Beaumont he had temporarily quarrelled over the size of a picture of Macbeth; but these were very obviously also Sir George's feelings, for after their reconciliation we find him writing: "As your sincere well-wisher I earnestly request you to abstain from writing, except upon broad and general subjects chiefly allusive to your art. If any severe or unjust remarks are made upon you or your works, paint them down. You can. But if you retort in words, action will produce reaction, and your whole remaining life will be one scene of pernicious contention." And again, later on: "Abjure your pen, seize your pencil, exert the powers with which Nature has so amply supplied you, and *paint them into the earth*. You know this was always my advice, and I really think had there been no such thing as a pen in the world, all your wishes would have been accomplished long ago."

But this was precisely advice which he either could not or would not take. His pen always came as readily to his hand as his brush. As an Irishman is popularly supposed to yearn for an opportunity of using his shillelagh, so he yearned for the fray at all times. He was ever ready to walk into the lists and throw down his glove to all comers. Nor was he particular that art should form the subject of contention. He was almost equally ready to joust on some question of anthropology or politics. He evidently loved publicity, loved the notoriety that belongs to it. Indeed, looking to his decidedly literary bent of mind, his readiness and enthusiastic temperament, Mr. Simecox has suggested, in one of his ingenious articles in the *Portfolio*, that Haydon, very much to his own misfortune, had missed his vocation in being a painter, and that he ought, for his own happi-

\* Haydon's comment on this is characteristic: "In moments of depression I often wished I had followed Wilkie's advice, but then I should never have acquired that grand and isolated reputation, solitary and unsupported, which, while it encumbers the individual with a heavy burthen, inspires him with vigour proportioned to the load." There are amusing touches in his correspondence with Sir George Beaumont. Sir George, in the kindness of his heart, sends him an "essay written by John Mason, M.A., *On the Nature and Importance of Self-Knowledge*. He rejoins by sending Sir George a copy of Foster's *Essay on Decision of Character*."

† He says, in a letter to Leigh Hunt: "I have never yet acted by the advice of others, in opposition to my own judgment, without having cause to repent it."

ness, to have been born half a century later, when he might have done very well as an art critic, a profession for which there was but very little opening in his own day. Whether Haydon himself would have appreciated this view of the case may fairly be doubted. He rather regarded his brush and his pen as the right and left wings of a great army that was marching forward to magnificent conquests in the realms of art—an army of which he, the general, was entitled to present honour and reward, and to an immortality of fame; so different are people's opinions.

What were those conquests to which Haydon looked forward? Let us take the wings of his army separately, the theoretical wing first, as explaining the objects of its fellow, the practical wing last, as being that on which his success or failure with posterity must mainly depend.

The great object, then, to which he devoted his life was the promotion of "High Art." This term, which has now fallen out of common use, except as a term of reproach, is constantly on his pen, and it is interesting to note that he speaks with a contempt analogous to that now entertained for his favourite expression, of the favourite expression of the generation anterior to his own—the expression so funnily revived for a different purpose by Mr. Matthew Arnold, "the grand style." By "High Art" he meant—but what he did mean is rather difficult to compress into a formula. First, to begin by negations, he excluded from this charmed circle all pictures dealing with facts that came within the observation of the painter: all portraiture, all studies of contemporary life and manners, all landscapes, except, perhaps, of the severely classical ideal kind. Portraiture especially, whatever his son may say to the contrary, was an abomination to him. It was to its baneful influence, its cramping effects on the mind and hand, that he attributed the miserable condition into which art had fallen, the corruption of the major part of the academicians. But "High Art" dealt exclusively with "ideal" subjects: scenes from sacred and profane history, or from mythology. And these subjects were to be treated on a large scale. Even life-size was a concession to the ineptitude of an untoward generation. The painter who respected himself would not willingly rest content with any but heroic proportions.

When it was represented—and the "logic of facts" must often have demonstrated this to him in a peculiarly pain-

ful manner—that there was absolutely no demand for the enormous pictures he advocated, and that they were much too large for any private dwelling-houses, however sumptuous—he replied that the demand must be created, and that where, in a matter of this public utility, private patronage failed, the State ought to intervene. For, true to his theory that it was the function of art to “instruct by pleasing,” he held that the painter of “High Art” had a great mission of instruction which it was the duty of the Government to recognise. Not even Mr. Ruskin could be more bitter against the art in which he did not discover some noble aim and purpose—as most of the productions of Dutch art for instance. Not one of the myriad bees that buzz round the national exchequer was more pertinacious than he. Public employment, grants from the public purse, walls in the great apartments of our public buildings where his gigantesque creations might have fair scope, for these he ceased not to clamour. Successive ministries were importuned by him. He petitioned Parliament at repeated intervals. In season and out of season he urged his views on every statesman to whom he could gain access. State aid—the Will-o’-the-wisp—danced before him through life, and when at last, in his later years, it was settled that painting should be used for the decoration of the new Houses of Parliament, and he, who had suffered as it were martyrdom in the cause, was not selected for the duty, it broke his heart. Truly there were obvious faults in this man—faults of taste, temper, of an overweening vanity—but he suffered much.

And now of his art-theories and contentions, what shall we say? Of the Academy of his time, to revert for a moment to a subject which occupied so much of his thoughts—that it was probably very similar to the Academy of our own day. That is to say, it was a body consisting of a few men of genius—there are seldom very many existing at any particular period—and of other men who represented pretty fairly the average art power and cultivation of the time. To expect impossibilities is foolish; and that forty academicians should form precisely the same opinion of the merits of the works sent up to them for exhibition as is entertained by the painters of those works, is an impossibility. Nay it is impossible that in the exercise of their difficult and delicate functions errors, and grievous errors, should not take place. No mode of election would obviate this. And as to Haydon’s theories of “High Art”—

one hesitates to say of the foundation of a whole life that it was in a great measure unsound, and yet such appears to us to have been the fact. Doubtless there is a distinction between high and low art. But that distinction is neither of size nor of subject. In this matter we are quite aware that we are taking part in a very old battle, not yet entirely fought out. Even Reynolds, in praising one of Gainsborough's exquisite pictures of humble life—those pictures that form a kind of noble ancestry to the works of the Masons, the Walkers, the Millets, the Bretons, the Frères, the Hooks of our own day—even he felt it so far necessary to recognise the opposing force as to say apologetically: "I am well aware how much I lay myself open to the censure and ridicule of the academical professors of other nations in preferring the humble attempts of Gainsborough to the works of those regular graduates in the great historical style. But we have the sanction of all mankind in preferring genius in a lower rank of art to feebleness and insipidity in the highest." The lower rank—why the lower rank? We recognise no such distinction. The terms high and low should apply merely to the power and originality of the painter, to his obedience to the spirit within, irrespective of the attractions of lucre and temporary popularity. Every man who has a distinct spontaneous art-message to deliver, and power of hand to give form to his thought, is practising "High Art"—even though, like M. Jourdain when talking prose, he may not be aware of it. The old Italians, who in obedience to a princely and ecclesiastical demand, and to the promptings of their own genius, executed the immortal great works of the fifteenth century, practised "High Art" unquestionably. The men who in the last two centuries covered so many ceilings with their great frigid allegories, equally unquestionably did not. Why? Because what they undertook to do they had not power to do well. It is all, we repeat, a question of power and not of scale or subject. The Dutch artists who painted small pictures for the houses of merchants—pictures that seldom had history for their theme—were often men of very high art indeed.

Was there, then, nothing in Haydon's theories, nothing in his passionate protests against the English art of his day? Is there nothing in the art of our own that might call for similar animadversion? Far be it from us to say so. Though scale is nought, and subject not very much,

yet high and noble aims and pure disinterestedness of purpose are a great deal. And the common-place floods us in on every side. That State patronage would have produced all the beneficial results he expected from it may very reasonably be doubted, to judge from the one instance in which it has been exerted to any great extent. Making the necessary reserves for two or three fine works, it certainly would not. And even in France, where the intervention of the State has not been spasmodic, as in our one case of the decoration of the Houses of Parliament, but habitual, and where that intervention is not hampered, as on this side of the Channel it inevitably would be, by our habits of popular government—even there the Governmental influence has not always been happy. But from Haydon's advocacy of the study of the human figure, of the antique, of anatomy, nothing but good could come. The teaching of his lectures occupies an intermediate position between the abstract unreality of the later eighteenth century, of Fuseli and Blake, whom "Nature put out," and the realism of our own day. The constant reference to the standard of essential fact was, in our view, a permanent gain to criticism; and in his labours for the establishment of art schools throughout the country, and for the diffusion of more general art knowledge, he was performing a distinctly great public service. In this movement, which has now acquired such large proportions, he was a pioneer under circumstances of terrible personal disadvantage, and at a time when popularity did not always attend such efforts. He recognised, long before the Exhibition of 1851 made it patent to all eyes, how essential a better knowledge of design was in English manufacture; and by his labours he helped to prepare the way for that future and more highly cultured generation which shall, we may hope, blossom more naturally and freely into really "High Art" than its predecessors. This is his best and noblest title to fame. For this his name deserves to be honourably remembered.

But for his pictures, the works on which his reputation as an artist must rest, we confess that they leave us very cold. Is it that the time has not yet arrived when the world shall be qualified to do justice to their merits? This may be so, of course. Indeed it is matter for some wonder, considering the industrious gleaning there has lately been among the fields of neglected and forgotten



reputations, that Haydon's fame should not have found its prophet. Unfortunately, however, the office is one which we cannot conscientiously undertake. We have examined or re-examined such of his works as are accessible,\* certainly without any bias, unless it be the bias of desiring to find that so much life and energy had not been spent in vain; and, alas! the result has been far from satisfactory. We say this with genuine sorrow. It would be sweet to us to think that, however tardily, there was a hope that posterity would lay the expected laurel crown upon his grave. We cannot think it.

Let us take these works *seriatim*. There is the "Raising of Lazarus," so long at the Pantheon in Oxford Street, and now in a sort of temporary limbo waiting for public exhibition in the National Gallery; "Xenophon's First View of the Sea," at the Russell Institution in Great Coram Street; "Christ's Agony in the Garden of Gethsemane," over one of the doorways just outside the National Portrait Gallery; a portrait of Leigh Hunt in the same collection; "Curtius Leaping into the Gulf," at Mr. Gatti's Restaurant near the Charing Cross Railway Station; "May Day," at the South Kensington Museum; and in the Print Room at the British Museum there is one drawing—of a portrait head—and one drawing only, and a few engravings or woodcuts from his works, the most important being a series of hands and feet engraved by Thomas Landseer. And besides these we know two or three engravings, notably a portrait of Wordsworth. Such is a catalogue of the works on which our judgment must perforce be based; and we could have wished that it had included "Christ's Entry into Jerusalem," but that is now at Philadelphia; and the "Judgment of Solomon," of which Leslie, in his *Advice to Young Painters*, and Mr. Watts,† in his Memorandum in Mr. Tom Taylor's *Life*, and again in his evidence before the Commission on the Academy in 1863, speaks so highly—but that is in a private collection. So we must e'en rest content with what is accessible.

\* Mr. Haydon does not help us very much here. A list of his father's works showing, as far as possible, their present situation, would be a valuable addition to his book, and material help to that study of them which can alone, in any case, re-establish his reputation. An index also, to two large and very miscellaneous volumes, would be a desirable adjunct.

† "Mr. Watts, the portrait painter," as Mr. Haydon describes one who has painted a larger "ideal" picture (in the hall of Lincoln's Inn) than Mr. Haydon's father ever painted.



"The Raising of Lazarus" is unquestionably one of the most difficult subjects in the whole range of art. It is difficult not merely because the incident to be represented lies altogether outside our common human experience—because the aspect of one returning from the undiscovered country is to us a thing almost unrealisable—but also because the interest of the action is so essentially twofold. Lazarus, on whom the miracle is wrought, and Christ, the miraculous agent, compete, as it were, for our attention. Only by the most skilful composition and grouping can this artistic problem be solved, and the interest concentrated on both simultaneously. Of the difficulties here indicated Haydon met and vanquished one nobly. The other vanquished him. It is but bare justice to say that the head of Lazarus is a masterpiece. Let us enjoy the pure pleasure of praising without stint what is so admirable. "He that was dead" stands before us, shrouded still with the darkness of the grave, and swathed from head to foot in his winding sheet. The face alone is visible—a face still stern and rigid in death, and earthy-hued, but with a strange wonder of awakening life in the eyes—the wonder of a soul that has looked on things unutterable. This is "High Art" indeed, the adequate rendering of a grand conception—no inevitably feeble echo from the past of painting, but the true utterance of a voice from within. As Mr. Watts well remarks, "too much praise cannot, I think, be bestowed on the head of Lazarus." But, when we proceed to the rest of the picture, disappointment on disappointment meets us. Lazarus occupies one side of the canvas; our Lord the centre. There is nothing in the composition to connect the two. Our attention and interest are immediately divided. And in the head and figure of Christ what an anticlimax! The face is conventional and poor; the attitude poor and meaningless. With what object is the right hand raised to heaven? It can scarcely be for the purpose of calling the dead man upwards, for he is standing on a level with the Saviour. If it be, as one of Haydon's earlier notes might lead us to suppose, to lift the thoughts of all to heaven, in token that thence came the power that had effected the miracle—the opportuneness of the act is more than questionable. The left hand hangs flaccid; the folds of the drapery are ungraceful; the whole figure is inert. By our Lord's side kneel the two sisters of the man that was dead and is

alive. She whom we take to be Mary from her gentler face and greater refinement of form, looks neither at her brother, nor at Christ, but may, we suppose, be held to be awaiting the event in meek trust that all will be well.\* Martha looks up with a frank stare of amazement. This figure, which occupies a very prominent position, is to our eyes singularly awkward and ungainly. Close by stands St. John, whose sentimentality of gesture and aspect almost incline to mirth; while in most of the faces of the other actors or spectators, as the father and mother of Lazarus, and the Pharisees, there is an obtrusive vulgarity which is very disagreeable. We admit quite readily that there is some vigour of drawing in the two grave-diggers who have started back in horror, and that there are passages of good colour here and there, as notably in the head and figure of the man in the white tunic at the back, who is turning to speak to some unseen person yet further back. But for the rest—always excepting the head of Lazarus—the most that can, in our opinion, be said is, that this is an ambitious picture.

Shall we seek for a term of comparison? There is another Lazarus in the same National Gallery, and to institute a comparison between the two is not unfair, damaging as that comparison is, for the juxta-position is one that Haydon courted. Go into the upper room, after you have looked at his picture, and look at that of Sebastian del Piombo. Mark the skilful composition; see how the lines all focus on the point where our Lord and Lazarus stand, and what a natural pleasure there is in the lines themselves. No doubt our Lord is not here a superhuman being. But he is at any rate a man. He might be a physician of commanding skill. And see the vigour of life there is in His form. You feel that beneath the drapery there is healthy power and vitality. In the head of Lazarus, Haydon has the advantage, and carries to a further point the idea of awakening hinted at by Sebastian. Let us concede this freely. But his Lazarus is swathed in shadow and grave-clothes, so that the resur-

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\* We speak hesitatingly, because Mr. Haydon, who certainly should know, calls the second figure Mary. No doubt the large handkerchief in her hand suggests the idea of her having gone to the grave to weep; but, on the other hand, the robustness of her form and comparative energy of her attitude, and the absence of all spirituality in the look, seem to us to point unmistakably to the more active and less devout sister.

gence of life, the almost automatic struggle of reawakening muscular power in the body and limbs of Sebastian's Lazarus, is lost. Leslie has suggested that in the Italian's work there is too much of the portrait painter; and it is true that the heads are scarcely idealised at all. But if portraits, they are good portraits, portraits of men and women of no ignoble type, and whose heads were worth painting. It would, as Haydon in his humbler moods admitted, have been better for him if he had not been too proud to learn in the same school.

"The Agony in the Garden" is a picture of the same character as the "Lazarus," and fails in the same way from the weak and conventional treatment of our Lord. We confess to preferring the "Xenophon," and the "Curtius." The first suffers from a serious misnomer, inasmuch as the figure of Xenophon is so far off, that the intention of his gestures—he is supposed to be pointing to the sea—becomes doubtful, and his importance quite secondary. The real interest centres in the foreground—a mass of human beings struggling up through a gorge in the mountains—a stalwart warrior on a grey horse, who bears a woman on his knee—a trumpeter full of sound and fury shrilling encouragement to the hosts below—an old veteran borne on a young man's back—a helmeted soldier pointing upwards—a wounded man lying by the way-side. There is abundance of energy in the composition, if not much of beauty or refinement, and the swirl upwards of the living stream, the rush and hurry of it, are extremely fine. It would be quite possible to dwell upon awkward lines—the woman's arm, the old man's back—but this would be thankless. The vigour of the horse's head and of the figure of the trumpeter fairly outweigh such shortcomings. The "Curtius," again, is a work of great energy, and of a scenic power that reminds one of M. Doré, though it is but just to Haydon to say that the quality of his painting, and often of his colour, is superior to that exhibited in the Frenchman's huge canvases. Horse and man are in mid air, part way down the gulf. The horse's head is stretched forward between his legs—

"And his nostrils curdle in,—

And his face grows fierce and thin,—

In a foretold agony of the headlong death below."

The rider, a fine sturdy fellow, somewhat large for the

animal he bestrides, holds in one hand a spear, and with the other his shield, and turns upwards a face that has on it almost a smile of serenity and confidence—the face, perhaps, rather of one looking to the spectators for applause than doing the deed for the deed's sake alone. It is an obvious criticism that two great bodies like this falling through the air would only be visible to the eye as a blurred flash of colour. But the conventionalism of seeing them thus suspended, as falling and yet not falling, is a legitimate one—all art implies convention at some point—and the fierce energy of the composition quite removes any impression of unveri-similitude. The colour, too, is, for the most part, unmistakably rich and good. Of the “May Day,” and portrait of “Leigh Hunt,” we cannot speak so highly. The former has indeed one or two good passages of colour—to the left, especially in the apple-woman and Punch's show,—but for the rest it is deficient in refinement, beauty, and arrangement. There is a caricature of a crossing-sweeper, a caricature of a baby, of a thief or detective—he might be either—a jumble of marriage and burial, and high life and low life—and a very disagreeable result. The portrait of “Leigh Hunt” is coarse and woolly in texture, poor in modelling, and visibly an effort to make a picture like one of the old masters, rather than to render the character of the poet. There is, not far off, a portrait of Keats, by Haydon's contemporary and rival Hilton—a man of far different and gentler mould. Here Keats will live before us so long as paint and canvas hold together. The centrally parted, long, half-ringleted brown hair, the broad low forehead, the dreamy blue eyes, the strongly defined nose, the sensuous mouth, the lurking threat of early death in the slightly hollow cheek—it is an authentic passage in the history of literature. Thus it is that a man works when he forgets himself in his work.

Now, in all these productions of Haydon's what most strikes us is the absence of all beauty, of all grace, of all refinement, of all charm. There is in such subjects as the “Xenophon” and the “Curtius” a certain amount of fire and rude energy. There are in all his works passages of colour which, without being exquisite, are powerful and fairly rich. But in precision, in elegance of the brush or pencil, in tenderness, he is quite wanting. Of his drawings, as we have said, the British Museum possesses but one—a portrait of Dr. Tatham—and we could much have wished

that more had come under our observation. But the photographs in Mr. Haydon's book, to a certain extent, supply this want; and if we compare them in thought with the drawings of the great masters of old, or even of the later great masters of yesterday and to-day, the difference in delicacy—and in this matter delicacy is strength—is most striking. And now let us return for a moment to Haydon's life.

We left him in 1812 fulminating against the Academy. He was already in debt; and as he would not paint saleable pictures, debts increased upon him rapidly. Borrowing became a habit. He insensibly came to be convinced that in his devotion to the great cause of "High Art" he had a claim upon the purses of mankind. Lamb, in the inimitable essay on the "Two Races of Men"—the borrowers and the lenders—has described some traits in his character so perfectly that many who knew Haydon, Leslie among the number, have wondered how far he had sat for the sketch of Ralph Bigod.\* They recognised the man who "had an undeniable way with him," who "anticipated no excuse and found none." They quite appreciated the kindly Elia's quaint enthusiasm, his superb touch of humour, that had in it so much of truth, when he exclaimed: "When I think of this man, his fiery glow of heart, his swell of feeling, how magnificent, how *ideal* he was, how great in the midnight hour; and when I compare him with the friends with whom I have associated since, I grudge the saving of a few idle ducats, and think that I am fallen into the society of *lenders* and *little men*."

The "fiery glow of heart," the "swell of feeling," the "ideality"—these are indeed Haydon to the life. In the mental vision of such a man, the facts of his financial position would disappear in a haze of hope, in the golden splendours of a dawn that was ever coming. Like Cæsar, he had the most certain trust that the bark of his fortunes would not be cast away. Incongruous as it may sometimes seem, he was most devout and religious through it all, and never doubted for a moment that God would prosper his cause. His son claims for him, on the authority of Talfourd, that he never contracted a debt he did not mean to pay. And this is probably true; but it is also true that he was half-wilfully incapable of judging whether he should ever be able to pay or not. Barry, in a former generation,

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\* John Fenwick was the real original.

Wiertz, in Belgium, devoted their lives to the same ends ; but they were men of sturdy independence, and lived on almost nothing that they might be beholden to no one.

And what a Nemesis this vague, unreal habit of mind carried with it ! We do not mean merely in the vengeance that the unpaid debt takes on the debtor—the duns, the daily insult and annoyance, the loss of time and life, the days spent in rushing hither and thither for but a few hours' ease, the blow warded here to-day which must inevitably fall there to-morrow, the repeated imprisonments, the dispersion of household gods, of books that had become old and dear friends, of prints and objects of art that it had taken a lifetime to collect, and the harass, annoyance, and want entailed upon wife and children. We do not mean merely in this, or in the terrible fall to a man who has disdained to paint portraits, in having to repeat the same idea over and over again till at last he exclaims, "I have painted nineteen 'Napoleons,' thirteen 'Musings at St. Helena,' and six other 'Musings,' and three 'Dukes' and 'Copenhagens.' By Heavens ! how many more ?" There was another vengeance that his debts took upon him, and this was their effect on his own character. It is sad to mark the deterioration. We may read it in his questionable use of means to raise money ; his borrowings ; his acceptance of bounty ; his pride in doing badly the portrait work for which he was to be paid ; his ridicule of his creditors, his insults to one of the kindest and best of them ; the bad taste of his advertisements. And there are signs, too, that all this agitation of money troubles created in him—a not unusual phenomenon—a morbid craving for the excitement itself, as when he says, "My ambition ever dwindles, unless kept alive by risk of ruin."

We have no space to dwell very fully on all the incidents of his career, his hopes and aspirations, his quarrels and disappointments, his many acts of generous kindness, and the many acts of generous kindness extended to himself. Let those of our readers who do not know the book, take his *Autobiography and Journals*. They will find it a work of singular interest, full of enthusiasm, shrewdness, graphic delineations of men and things, a mine of anecdote, and withal containing, for those who have skill in such matters, all the materials necessary for forming a mental estimate of the author. In fine—and we are speaking quite soberly—it holds a place among the



best autobiographies in any language. Mr. Haydon, of course, has the disadvantage of "coming after the king;" and of the temper in which his task has been performed we have already spoken. His volumes contain, besides the memoir, a mass of interesting correspondence with Keats, Wordsworth, Sir George Beaumont, Eastlake, and the many other notabilities of the time whom Haydon—almost as much a *littérateur* as an artist—numbered among his friends. They contain also some two hundred pages of what his son calls "Table Talk," similar in character to the entries in the journal, and full of interest of all kinds.

Space fails us, we repeat; and we cannot enlarge on what might otherwise remain to be told of, the success of his "Solomon;" his visit to France in 1814, during the "Hundred Days;" his intercourse with Wordsworth, Keats, Scott, Lamb, and others of the great dead; the painting and exhibition of his successive pictures; his marriage; his imprisonments in 1823, 1827, 1830, and 1836; his intercourse, characteristic always, with the heads of the Reform Party in 1832 and 1833;\* his efforts to induce them to take up the cause of "High Art;" his various journeys to the great provincial towns for the purpose of helping to found Art Schools, and of lecturing—with his powers of graphic utterance and enthusiasm, he must have been a most effective lecturer;—his character as an art critic; his many acts of generosity to young aspirants; his amusing correspondences with the Duke of Wellington; his hopes of public employment when it was determined, in 1841, that the new Houses of Parliament should be decorated with pictures; his failure in the competition for the cartoons, and terrible disappointment; his manfully setting to work to paint his designs for the new Houses; his exhibition (opened on the 4th of April, 1846) of the "Burning of Rome by Nero, and Punishment of Aristides;" its total failure before the superior attractions of "Tom Thumb," who held his audiences in the same building; the utter unhinging of the poor artist's mind; the hours spent in vacant, listless contemplation of his unfinished pictures; and then this last terrible entry in his diary—"June, 1846; 22nd. God forgive me. Amen. Finis of B. R. Haydon. 'Stretch me no longer on this rough world.'—*Lear*."

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\* Macaulay says, writing at the time, "Haydon pronounces my profile a gem of art perfectly antique."



About two hours after this entry was written, his daughter chanced to go into his painting-room, and found him stretched on the ground—dead—with his throat cut, and a bullet-wound in his skull.

It seems heartless before such a spectacle as this to do aught but bow one's head in sorrow and awe. We have already spoken of the man's character—his enthusiasm, his zeal for his art, his generous open-heartedness, and on the other and darker side, his vanity, his self-assertion, his combativeness, and his recklessness in the pursuit of his aims—the character, in so many of its aspects, of a politician rather than an artist; and we need not revert to the subject. But of his art, even with his terrible end in full view, it is necessary to say somewhat more; for here, as we take it, is the great question connected with Haydon—a question which, neither in tenderness for his sorrows, nor in deference to his son's filial feelings, we have any right to ignore. He himself claimed for that art a position so exalted, that it entitled him, as a matter of right, to the patronage of the wealthy, and employment by the State. His own generation rejected that claim. They were prepared to treat him with generosity and benevolence—the many acts of kindness recorded in his memoirs, and somewhat grudgingly acknowledged by his son, are touching and beautiful—but they would do no more. Mr. William Rossetti\* states that he “cannot agree with those who say that Haydon had no right to complain of want of employment on work which would have suited his powers, and would have elicited their utmost scope; those who opine that all is said in averring that noblemen and plutocrats who did not commission him for great historical works did not want them.” Assuredly all is not said when this statement has been made, for it might well be that the patrons did not want the works because their taste was vitiated and bad. But are we prepared to concede this? A generation has passed since Haydon died. Are his works held in higher estimation now than when he was alive? It is curious to see how entirely the art-current has passed him by. The mighty “Graduate of Oxford,” writing the first volumes of *Modern Painters* just about the time of his death, mentions him, that we can remember, not at all. Mr. Watts, animated by a kindred love to his own for the great and

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\* In the *Academy*.

decorative in art, discusses his works with authority and power. Mr. Redgrave and Mr. Tom Taylor have also discussed them with some fulness. But for the rest, how small the place he holds in contemporary criticism—how neglected his pictures—how devoid of influence upon the productions of living painters. No doubt it is possible, as Mr. Haydon would tell us, that we are as cruelly in the wrong as our fathers. At any rate, the time has not arrived when we can cast a stone at them. We hold, as they practically held, that the painter's high ambition was beyond his power; that his works are at best but the third-rate works of the style he affected—inferior by an immeasurable distance to the large works of the great Italians of the great period—inferior to those of their immediate successors, and of the modern painters of foreign schools, David, Ingres, Delacroix, Delaroche, Gallait, and, except in colour, even of the Germans. It may be, we repeat, that another generation will reverse this verdict. For the sake of the life so passionately spent in painting for fame, one could almost hope it will; but, in the mean while, we cannot conscientiously say that, in our opinion, Haydon was entitled to that position among painters which he claimed.

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- ART. VII.—1. *Histoire de France, jusqu'à 1794.* Par JULES MICHELET, Professeur Suppléant à la Faculté des Lettres. Paris : Hachette. 1860.
2. *Michelet's History of France.* Translated by G. H. SMITH, Esq. London : Whitaker and Co.
3. *L'Oiseau*, Septième Edition. 1861.  
*L'Insecte*, Cinquième Edition. 1862.  
*La Mer*, Cinquième Edition. 1870.  
*La Montagne*. 1863.
4. *La Sorcière*. 1859.
5. *La France devant l'Europe*. 1871.
6. *Histoire du XIX<sup>e</sup> Siècle*. "Directoire, Origine des Bonapartes." Paris : Germer Baillière. 1872.  
 "Jusqu'au 18 Brumaire." Paris : Lévy. 1875.  
 "Jusqu'à Waterloo." Paris : Lévy. 1875.

FRANCE is proud of her historians, and with good reason. The country that has produced men like Voltaire and Guizot, and Thierry and Martin, and a host of lesser names, may well claim to have taught Europe the art of writing history. "England," she says, "has her poets, Germany her critics and her metaphysicians, but we have historians unrivalled in every walk." And the boast is to a great extent well founded. There are first-class French historians of every school, from grave, dignified, historical philosophers like Montesquieu to wild romancers like Victor Hugo. Moreover, our own writers owe more than is generally supposed to French influence. Lord Clarendon's is not a very readable style, but it is unalloyed English. The difference between it and the style of Hume or Gibbon is mainly due to that study of French literature which began with the Restoration, and which told so disastrously on our poetry, but (as most of us will admit) made our prose less "insular," destroying the mannerism which, beautiful as it is in Milton or Jeremy Taylor, wearies at last, no matter what the subject, and is perhaps specially unsuited to lengthy narratives of fact. Hume and Gibbon, it should be noted, were both good French scholars. Gibbon's first work was written in admirable French, and Hume was as much at home in Paris as in Edinburgh.

Of our more recent writers, Lord Macaulay is greatly indebted to the modern French school for that sparkling antithesis which he so often pushes to extremes; while the "jerkiness" of Carlyle finds precedents in several French historians, notably in the author before us, who began his great work while the Chelsea Philosopher was only a translator of Goethe. Latterly, indeed, it might have been said that the French, given over to modernism, had neglected ancient history. Barthélemy and Montesquieu seemed to have few successors. While Germany could point to Niebuhr and Ihne and Mommsen and Curtius, while England had her Thirlwall, her Arnold, and her Grote, in France almost every French historian, great and little, dealt exclusively with modern or mediæval times. Except our author's *History of Rome*, and the late Emperor's monograph on Julius Cæsar, classical history was as much ignored by recent French writers as Greek has for some time been by French students. But even this reproach has been wiped away by M. Fustel de Coulanges, who has traced with admirable lucidity and much freshness of thought the transition from the Roman Empire to feudal Europe, and who in *La Cité* emulates the ripe scholarship and keen insight which mark Sir H. S. Maine's *Origin of Institutions*.

Two things the French may fairly claim to have done—they popularised history, in the sense of bringing it down from its too exclusive occupation with the great, their wars (for most wars were of their making), their foibles, their enmities and alliances; and they set the fashion (which Mr. Froude perhaps carries to excess) of going to original records, instead of taking (as the older school, both in France and England were content to do) the word of the chroniclers. History now tries to tell us about the people, their condition, their progress, their habits of life and thought; and this not in a few sentences at the end of each great period, but throughout; as if that, and not royal marriages and princely squabbles, was the most important subject. And this change, due of course to the vast change which since the Revolution has passed over European society, was first made by French writers. They aimed at being picturesque in matters which before had been deemed beneath the dignity of the historic muse.

The study of original documents may have been promoted by the way in which almost all such things were flung to

the winds at the beginning of '93. Men were obliged to save and collect, and arrange and register all they could, or France would have been almost as bare of early archives as Rome was after its capture by the Gauls. And while thus arranging they could scarcely fail to realise the value of what passed through their hands. Hence arose a multitude of historical monographs in which the French have far outdone the Germans, because to a nowise inferior industry they add lucidity of arrangement and grace of diction. They do not always get full credit for their depth of research, for a French writer often eschews the apparatus of foot-notes, and condenses the result of his reading into a smooth continuous essay, confirming it, if at all, by *pièces justificatives* at the end of the work. Of their painstaking we have a good instance in M. Lanfrey's book, which may be called "the truth about Bonaparte," a book which has convinced all except the most bigoted Bonapartists of the hollowness of the "Napoleonic myth." Contrary to his countrymen's usage, our author's *History of France* is literally bristling with notes. Michelet's immense industry left no author unread from whom he could possibly gain any light on the subject in hand. Yet he is not, like Mr. Froude, the slave of State-papers. He would not, if he were treating of Anne Boleyn, commit the absurdity of laying on the peers who voted her guilty the responsibility of an act, the motive of which was sufficiently proved by the marriage which took place the day after. Michelet goes to archives, but he does not give up common sense.

His grand work, based upon his lectures, he left unfinished. Born in 1789, "the child (as he says) of this strange 19th century, he passed through two 'terrors,' that of Babeuf and that of the Commune, and lived to see his arch-enemy Louis Napoleon inflict on France perhaps the greatest injury which she ever suffered at the hands of a ruler. He was the son of a printer who was employed in making assignats, and was allowed to set up his establishment in a desecrated church. His father was ruined by the decree of the First Consul suppressing the small printing-houses, and had to go out as a working compositor, while at home the mother stitched books, and the grandfather and little ones folded the sheets. These facts may have had something to do with his intense bitterness against Pitt—mainly because he flooded France with false assignats, and his deep and lasting hatred of the Napoleon

dynasty. Those were terrible times for the Parisian poor. The cold was intense, and Jules, a delicate boy, suffered so much from it that he carried to his grave the scars of broken chilblains. His father refused to let him go to work at the Imperial Printing-house, and sent him (by dint of great self-denial) to the Collège Charlemagne, where Villemain and Le Clerc were lecturing. Here his B. A. essay on Vico, the father of Niebuhrism, and therefore of historical criticism, made him famous.

In 1821 he was elected to the chair of history in the Collège Rollin. On his election he published his *Tableaux synchroniques de l'Histoire moderne*, and at once took rank as a most effective teacher. Charles X. had, in spite of his well-known republican opinions, chosen him as tutor to the Duke of Bordeaux when 1830 came, and Michelet, who certainly had no intention of following the exiled king to Ghent, was made by his friend Guizot curator of the historical section of the national archives. This was just the place for him; and the abundance of material at his disposal accounts for the wonderful fulness of small detail in many parts of his history; he read everything, and assimilated all that he read. The first volume of his History of France appeared in 1837, and the publication of it went on to the end of his life. Indeed the last two volumes, which bring it down to the battle of Waterloo, are posthumous. He had, some time before, changed the form of all the later part of his great work, giving a separate volume to the Religious Wars, another to Henry IV. and Richelieu, two others to Louis XIV. and so on. This arrangement increases the resemblance to sets of lectures which (we shall see) is such a marked feature of his history. In 1838 he was made professor of history in the College of France. Crowds came to hear him, for a Paris professor generally lectures to the public as well as to his immediate pupils; and his democratic lectures were applauded to the echo. Along with Quinet, he then began a crusade against the Jesuits, and published his well-known and deservedly valued book *Priests, Women, and Families*. It is as if he and his friends had foreseen that outbreak of Ultramontane fanaticism which, in America quite as much as in Europe, is so full of danger for the future. *Le Peuple*, a work published in 1846, is that in which French Republicans specially delight. When 1848 came he was publishing the first volume of his French Revolution—or rather, his history had got as far as the

prelude to 1789. He was offered a seat in the Constituent Assembly, but refused it; his mission was to teach; *l'histoire* (as he says) *ne lâche pas son homme*, a man cannot be a thorough historian and a statesman to boot, in uttering which sentiment he may have intended to reflect on MM. Guizot and Thiers, and to hint that their histories would have been more exhaustive had they been only historians, and their statesmanship freer from blunders had they kept to statecraft. Then came the *coup d'état*. Michelet refused to take the oaths of allegiance to the faithless usurper who had waded to power through blood. His lectures were stopped, and he was turned out from his paradise among the State records. He went to Nantes, began that study of natural history of which we shall by-and-by speak more at length, and while publishing another volume of the French Revolution, was gathering materials for his history of the "18th Brumaire," of which the *coup d'état* was a second edition. The delay in publishing the Napoleon correspondence hindered the progress of his history; he felt that that correspondence would set the character of him of whom Thiers and the rest had made a more than demi-god in its true light. The late Emperor resisted the publication as long as he could, and the event justified his resistance. For that correspondence, far more than the disasters of the late war, ruined the dynasty. The demi-god proved himself to have been meanly selfish, unscrupulous, and heartless, a blunderer in policy, and even at times in the field, full of petty spite, childish jealousy of the generals by whom many of his greatest triumphs were won. Not even in Lanfrey's elaborate work are these characteristics brought out more clearly than in Michelet's posthumous volumes. The recognition of Louis Napoleon by the English Government, and the exchange of visits which Lord Palmerston forced on our Queen, must have been bitterly felt by Michelet. He loved the English character and English nation, though he never scruples to point out what he considers our faults. No foreign historian and very few of our own writers have better understood the remarkable change which came over our people in the latter half of the last century. While fully recognising the value of the religious movement to which this change was mainly due, and of which the preaching of Wesley and Whitfield was a sign as well as a cause, he naturally declines to regard the change as merely theological; he insists on



its practical side, on the energy, the sense of duty, the love of work for work's sake, which was developed (he says) to a degree of which no nation had heretofore given an example.

The following, from the preface of his "18th Brumaire," will give some idea of his views about England. Indeed all the later prefaces will be read with special interest by students of Michelet. They bring him before us as he was, the stricken man (he lost his son in the war of 1870, and never recovered the blow) whom no disappointments, personal or material, can force to despair of the final realisation of his cherished dreams of good.

"Though in this volume I have described the bitter struggle between France and England, have I yielded to a feeling or hostility to the latter? I think not. What I have said about the English in India is less severe than the speeches of the great English orators. In all else I have kept in mind the maxim that the historian who speaks of a foreign nation ought to look well into it before condemning what he is perhaps insufficiently acquainted with. He ought to try to grasp its ideas, to take account of its traditions, and of the natural violence of its moments of passion.

"Thank God, the era of these cruel and fratricidal struggles is over. I wrote the other day to Darwin, the great naturalist, to this effect: 'Common ideas, joint interests, seem to have already filled up the Straits. I rejoice to hear of the proposed bridge, or rather tunnel, which, reaching from Calais to Dover, would restore the two countries to their real neighbourhood, their kinship, their geological identity. . . Yes, I am with England against Philip II., against Louis XIV., against Napoleon. At the revocation of the edict of Nantes I am for our Protestants, and I go with them to crown William III. at Westminster. What a blessing the Straits have been against all the tyrants of the Continent. How thankful I felt, when I saw England in 1830, that the savage Bonaparte failed—could not make his descent, and destroy that wonderful hive of human industry. England was, all through the Middle Ages, the asylum open to all nations. People talk too much about the Anglo-Saxon origin of England. Those petty tribes were a small matter in comparison with the great Celtic basis, and with the vast tide of immigrants that kept streaming over from the opposite shores, especially from Flanders, whence weavers were naturally attracted to the great wool-producing country. In England the Flemish mysticism gave way to that positive coherent spirit which marks the English nation; but the long hands, so needful for dexterous workmen, remained as an inheritance. Frederick II., in his

poems, notes this as a characteristic of the English. . . . Towards the end of the eighteenth century a moral revolution, a fanaticism which had not imagination but virtue for its mainspring, spread over England. It began at the very time when machinery was being invented, and therefore when a race of punctual, conscientious men was needed—men whose love of right and duty would prompt them to bear up day by day against the weary monotony of long hours of work, with a patience very rare among the fickle races of the Continent. . . . History must not forget the virtues of that first generation of workers, when machines were imperfect, and needed constant watching—virtues so opposite to the habits of the artisans of the present day. Men fancy that the rural population suffered in a moral point of view by turning to manufactures. It is just the reverse. The life of the artisan in those days was a model of regularity, and was far more chastened than that of the rural population. Many novels (true pictures of the manners of the times) show us how oppression not seldom was the lot of the rural poor in 'merry England.' When a labourer's family took to manufacturing work, they were no longer subject to anyone's caprice; regular work lifted them up in the scale of morality and of intelligence. . . . The two cradles of English industry, then, are: first, that unbounded hospitality which welcomed all persecuted refugees, and was in turn dowered with their arts and inventions; and next the grand, quiet revolution in manners and ideas. I love England, in spite of her struggles with France, because of these two, and because she has preserved better than any other nation the purity of family life."—Preface, p. xi.

No doubt we might cavil at a good deal of this. Michelet always sees things as he wishes to see them. We might remind him that for a long time our "mills" were supplied with workhouse children from all parts of the country; that the times when he says the national character was passing through this great change, thanks to regular slavery to a machine, instead of serfdom to a man, were those times of long hours for which we are even now paying the penalty in the unreasonable demands of trades' unions; that workmen were, then as now, too often vicious and thriftless. Michelet looks at it all through his rose-coloured glasses; but still there is a good deal of truth in what he says, and he certainly may claim the credit of having called attention to a matter which had hitherto been unnoticed.

Loving the English as he does, he is nevertheless now and then very hard upon their Government. Sometimes he has a fair case, and it is well that we should learn to recognise this, to read history as others read it.

Such a case is the right of searching neutral vessels, which, he truly says, made England the tyrant of the seas, and armed against her the Confederation of the North. It was as bad in its way as Napoleon's Berlin decrees. Most Englishmen think quite differently about the matter from what their grandfathers did in the beginning of the century. Sometimes, on the other hand, he is clearly unfair. He says, for instance, that the English Government connived at Bonaparte's escape from Egypt, in order to ruin the Republic, and to set up in its stead a man of pronounced Royalist tendencies. It is hard to prove a negative; we can only say that no evidence on this matter has been forthcoming. Certainly all the memoirs of the time are not published; but we cannot imagine that our Government was Bonapartist in 1791, though unhappily it was so some fifty years later. During the interval between the publication of the volume on '93, and the appearance of that on the Directory, Michelet turned to account his study of natural history. His health compelled him to take refuge in the south, and he never again permanently settled in Northern France. *L'Oiseau*, and the other books of which we shall speak more at length by-and-by, appeared in quick succession. His energy never failed, though heart-disease (of which he died) had been gaining ground. He died on the isle of Hyères, in that Provence which, in *La Mer*, he stigmatises as possessing a *climat âpre*, but which he latterly found suit him better than the mild air of Western France. There was very nearly an unseemly quarrel over his remains. He had left it in his will that he was to be buried in the nearest graveyard, and his widow carried out his wishes, when M. Poullain Dumesnil, and his other sons-in-law, along with the daughters of the first wife, insisted on his remains being brought to Paris, where, if the authorities had permitted it, "an oration" would have been made over them. Happily M. Dumesnil was at last persuaded to let things be, and the great historian (for he is great, in spite of his eccentricities) sleeps in the little cemetery of Hyères.\*

In estimating Michelet we must remember he makes no pretence at impartiality, and therefore is honest than the great mass of historians, who are impartial only in word. Probably no one, above the rank of a chronicler, comes nearer to impartiality than our own Hallam. His efforts

\* Since this was written his remains have been transferred to Paris; but his second burial passed off without any political demonstration.

after it are most conscientious; yet (not to speak of others) the glorifiers of the Tudors find him unfairly biassed against their favourite dynasty. Michelet is pronouncedly against priestcraft, against absolution, against oppression in every form. He never hides a fact; but he certainly brings out into perhaps undue prominence all that tells for his own view. As with Carlyle, so with him. You should always be, to a fair extent, master of the chief details of the subject before coming to either of them. Then you will be able to make due allowance while profiting by the freshness of the thoughts which they strike out. This comes of his being, as we said, above all things, a history professor; and, whether it is true or not that no Frenchman ever does anything *sans poser*, certainly Michelet never forgets that he is lecturing to an audience. Not that this gives him the slightest tendency to superficialness; his industry and research are fully as remarkable as his originality. It leads him to fix on some central fact, and to work everything round to it. Thus, having settled that Bonaparte was meanly self-seeking, and vastly inferior in genius to men like Hoche and Massena, he every now and then strengthens this foregone conclusion from the most unexpected sources. A trifle cropping up in one of the outlying corners of history is made (fairly enough the reader thinks) to add depth to the shadows of that grim portrait which he has substituted for Thiers's brilliant demi-god.

This peculiarity is also a great help in enabling him to grasp the central link of a whole chain of events, and to show that all depend on it. He thus brings out, as no other writer has done, the immense importance of "the affair of Fructidor" (18 *Brumaire*, p. 207), i.e., the combined Royalist and Chouan attempt to overthrow the Directory towards the end of '97. The excuse for this attempt, which was very near succeeding, was the pretence of an impending renewal of the Reign of Terror—that it was only a pretence is one of the points which our author undoubtedly establishes. It failed; but the fact of its almost succeeding proved the inherent weakness of the Directory, and doubtless, by giving courage to the Bonapartes, led the way to that 18 *Brumaire* which destroyed the Directory, and practically threw the whole power into Napoleon's hands. Perhaps this power is most clearly shown in the work on the break-up of the Roman Republic, a translation of which is included in Bohn's series. Here the cha-

acters of the chief actors, Sylla, Marius and the rest, are outlined with great accuracy; the extremely intricate politics of the time are skilfully unravelled; and the effect in picturesque readableness far surpasses the average of Roman histories.

Of his style Jules Andrieu says, "Prose becomes a whole orchestra in his hands"—i.e., he is not content with one tone or even one style. He can, on occasion, be as unlike himself as the flute is unlike the bass-viol. Michelet's great charm is, that, whether he is in the clouds, or humbly creeping along the ground, he always takes the reader into his confidence. With him the historic muse is not always standing on her dignity. He talks to you as man to man, as a professor to his pupils, over whom he claims superiority, not as belonging to a higher order of intelligences, but simply because he has deeply studied the matter under discussion. Of course he has grand passages—passages that remind one of Victor Hugo at his best, tempered with the quaint irony of a French Carlyle; but to read a chapter of his history is generally like having an historical conversation with a well-informed Frenchman. You are sure to learn some facts: you are still more certain to have what you already know set forth in a new light; and if you do not wholly agree with your interlocutor, at any rate you are certain never to go away uninstructed.

But if this charm makes his historical works eminently unlike the dreary volumes of too many French as well as English historians, it is of course felt much more strongly in his other books, especially in the group of which *La Mer*, *La Montagne*, *L'Oiseau*, *L'Insecte*, are the most prominent members—books in which, without professing to be a scientist, he shows himself an accurate observer as well as a deeply-read natural historian, and in which he inculcates the love of Nature by pointing out the spirit that pervades all her works. The introductory chapter of *L'Oiseau*, for instance, is thoroughly typical. "I owe it," he says, "to my faithful friend the public, who has listened to me so long and has never deserted me, to explain the circumstances which, without drawing me away from my historical studies, have led me to the study of natural history." And then he goes on to tell us all about himself and his second wife, and how she could not bear to live shut up in Paris, so they took a house outside

the barriers. Then came the *Coup d'Etat*; and our history professor, refusing to take the oath of allegiance to the new dynasty, was turned out. He settled near Nantes, and soon had the need of birds brought home to him by the hordes of snails and other creatures which devoured every living thing. "Why don't the Nantes folks naturalise the stork?" he asks. "I don't want them to go so far as the Dutchman, who, if he accidentally breaks a stork's foot, provides the bird with a wooden one instead, but I do feel that the stork is man's natural ally in all damp countries full of rank vegetation." The borders of La Vendée were too damp for Michelet. The climate, and the excitement of writing the horrible story of '93 close to the scene of the *noyades* and of so many other horrors, quite broke him down; and the family hurried off to the South, pitching their tent on the Corniche, where (as he phrases it) "amid a strange dearth of animal life, no birds, no beasts, very few fishes—in the depths of those transparent waters, we could see fathom after fathom wholly tenantless—nothing but lizards, whom I soon succeeded in taming, I lived the life of a lizard, almost unable to take food, but thriving on sun and air."

The interest that he took in Italy, in her future, in the possibility of a new life for her "decrepit-looking mountains," kept him from brooding over his sickness and so hastened his recovery. "The Apennines," thought he, "are in much worse case than I am; I must think out some plan for reclothing their bare sides with wood." And thus, Italy, who (through Vico) had, thirty years before, lighted in his soul the first spark of historical truth, now led him to the study of nature. He would have ceased to be himself if natural history had not always been to him a branch of politics. As he expresses it: "there is room for the humblest creature in the bosom of the universal democracy. And why should the brethren of high degree thrust aside like outlaws those for whom the Father of all has a fitting place in the world's order?"

In all this work his second wife (who wrote the whole of his book *l'Enfant*) was a help-meet indeed. Their evenings were spent in reading Wilson and Audubon, and above all Toussenel's *Monde des Oiseaux*. They observed, too, more than they read. "My birds," he says, "I may fairly say dictated a great deal of this book. My wife and I soon got to translate their language." Coming back from Italy they



settled at the headland of Hève, close to Havre, and here, in 1855, the book was written. Michelet's idea was to fix the Bird's place in the economy of nature, and he is never tired of enlarging on the folly as well as the cruelty of shooting small birds. He may have seen in Normandy, as the present writer once did, acres of orchard as bare as if a flight of locusts had settled on the land. "Ah! Monsieur, ce sont les chenilles," was the explanation of this worse than wintry leaflessness. Caterpillars had multiplied because every small bird had been ruthlessly killed off. In Michelet's estimation the birds stand very differently from what they do in either the scientific or the popular order; with him the nightingale is king, and the *raptores* rank very low. "The idea of setting a creature whose nest is only a heap of sticks above one who makes a marvel of art out of the simplest materials." Perhaps he is most delighted with the birds who are not only gregarious but also build joint habitations, the "sociable grosbeak," for instance, and that African bird which, sheltering the nests of a whole colony under a sort of umbrella of thick baked mud, realises Aristophanes' idea of the city *νεφελοκοκκυγία*. But his best descriptions, those in which he quite comes up to Bernardin de St. Pierre, are the sketch of bird-life at the poles, and the picture of a tropical swamp teeming with humming-birds.

"You may well hesitate (he says) before setting foot in these forests. Death is everywhere; the faint, musky smell shows you that the ground under your feet is the remains of living creatures. And yet everything speaks to you of life; Nature's crucible is perpetually seething around you. There are the gigantic trees, the huge creepers which hang from every bough, the tall plants with large glossy leaves that form the underwood, and, rooted in the mud below, force their way up to the sunlight that breaks in here and there. And where there is a gleam of sun, what a buzzing, what a flashing to and fro as of living jewels: beetles, butterflies, humming-birds vying with one another in brilliancy, and replaced at night by tens of thousands of fireflies, which trace through the forest an arabesque of light, as if nature were writing her spells in characters of fire (*grimoires de feu*). Below are caymans, water-snakes, bull-frogs, unclean creatures whose noises form the bass in the concert. And here, too, are the butterfly-flowers, the fantastic orchids, born of foul air, and giving out fever. Amid these deadly solitudes they delight to bathe in putrid miasmas, they drink in the death which is their life, and, by the strange wildness of their colours, give expression to Nature's intoxication. Charming, but fatal, these flowers



breathe out yellow fever. Don't pause. If you laid yourself down to rest you would soon be made an anatomy of by millions of little creatures, which, happily for man, are preyed upon by millions of other little creatures—birds that, lovely as animated flowers, bright as winged sapphires and topazes, make war on man's insect enemies.

"These birds live on poisons; for just as the leaves absorb, so the flowers exhale the poison of the air. It is this food which gives the humming birds their shrill note, and which makes them always in such a state of feverish activity. This, too, is the secret of their brilliant colours; wherever the climate is most unfavourable to the human race there the plumage of the birds is brightest. . . . Through these vast forests the presence of the bird makes man's presence possible. Thanks to them he swims fearlessly over this great sea of death, over the terrible miasmas; he breathes them and sets them at nought."—*L'Oiseau*, p. 85, seq.

This description of the American forests is repeated with variations in *L'Insecte* (p. 158), and is doubtless due to the second wife, whose father had emigrated to Louisiana, where he married a rich creole. In *L'Oiseau*, Madame Michelet gives a sketch of her life, which is one of the most interesting parts of the volume.

Enough, perhaps, about our author's books of this class; they are a little too dithyrambic for the general reader; but, style apart, they contain a vast number of facts, and we cannot agree with those critics who wish that Michelet had confined himself to his historical studies. We want to introduce these books to the English reader. Our extracts will give him some little idea of them; but they are untranslatable, for in them prose becomes poetry, and the poetry of one language can never be satisfactorily rendered into another. Often they remind us of Mr. Ruskin at his best, more often, perhaps, of Canon Kingsley, not in the loose rhodomontades (such as the *Roman and Teuton*) with which he afflicted men's souls while he held the History Professorship at Cambridge, but when he describes, in his inimitably musical prose, "My Winter Garden," or gives hints to "Nausicaa in London," or in "At Last" revels in the glories of tropical scenery. Long before Darwin, Michelet insisted on the fact (which Goethe and others had recorded) that the gorgeous dresses of birds and insects are bridal robes, intended to attract and delight their mates. We have not come upon any passage in which he hints that the wearers themselves developed these colours in accordance with their own persistent wish. Here, however, is some-

thing not unlike the "atomism" in which Mr. Darwin delights:—

"As life has gone on I have noticed that every day I have died and been born; I have gone through painful transformations, moultings, or skin-castings, not easy to make. One more of these, what is called death, does not astonish me. Many and many a time have I passed from the grub to the chrysalis, and thence to a state of further being, which, still incomplete in some respects, put me, after a time, in the way of accomplishing a new cycle of changes.

"All these were changes in myself, from one me to another me. But not less have they reached from me to those who were really part and parcel of me, who loved me, shaped me into what I am, or whom I loved and made what they are. They, too, have had, or will have their share in my transformations. Often a tone or gesture which I find myself employing, makes me cry out: 'Ah, that is my father's!' It came unconsciously; had I been on the look-out, it would never have been used; reflection would have altered the whole case. But it came because I was not thinking, and it brought with it a rush of tender feeling as I reflected that my father was thoroughly alive in me. Are we two? Were we one? He was my chrysalis, and I fill the same place to-day for those who will be here to-morrow, for my sons or for the sons of my thought. I know, I feel that beyond what I got from my father, from my fathers and masters, beyond the legacy of artist-historian which others will receive from me, germs existed in me which were never developed. Another, perhaps a better man, was in me who never saw the light of day. Why should not these higher germs which might have made me great, these mighty wings which I have often felt within me, have been developed in life and action? These latent germs are still mine. They are too late perhaps for this life; but for another—who knows?" (*L'Insecte*, p. 74.)

This is fanciful; but there is a basis of truth in it. It is something far better than the hard materialism against which our author was never tired of protesting.

The whole of his book on *L'Insecte* is charming. He finished it in 1857, close to that great forest of Fontainebleau, which is such a fine hunting-ground for the French entomologist. In it he tells us how he watched the ants and the bees; how he and his wife counted twenty-six pieces of leaf in the nest of one of those so-called tailor-bees, and how they wondered at the methodical precision with which the circular pieces that closed the entrance were cut. They were so delighted that they took the whole

nest to Paris: "We carried out fully the intentions of the mother; and some fine morning the young bees, better off with us than in the mud of the forest, will take flight from our windows to gather honey from the Luxembourg gardens instead of from the heaths of Fontainebleau."

The description of the coral insects is very grand:—

"There is a world beneath, above, around, within this world of ours, the very existence of which we do not suspect. Sometimes, for a few seconds, we hear a murmur, and we say: 'tis nothing, 'tis but a trifle. But that nothing is infinity. The infinity of unseen silent life, the world of night, of the depths of the earth and sea, the unseen life that is in the air we breathe, or which, mixed in what we drink, circulates unsuspected in our very frames."—P. 30.

Here is a piece which matches well with Tennyson's "jewelled eyes and ermine capes," and which we leave in the original:—

"Le tyrannique climat de la Russie n'empêche pas les carabes de se décorer de maroquin vert, noir, violet ou bleu foncé, à reflets de noirs saphirs. Quelques uns mêmes, usurpant les vieilles chapes consacrées des czars et des porphyrogénètes, se pavant sous la pourpre lisérée d'or byzantin."—P. 84.

The chapter on Swammerdam, who did for the *infiniment petit* what Galileo a quarter of a century before had done for the *infiniment grand*, is most touching. Few of us know the indefatigable way in which this patient Dutchman worked on in spite of sickness and poverty. "Daily from six till noon he used his microscope; the rest of the day he wrote about what he had observed." He was a poor unknown man, son of an Amsterdam apothecary, who turned him out of doors because he would devote himself to the microscope instead of practising medicine. The Leyden professors rather frowned him down, and few of his books were published till long after his death. (He had been dead nearly a century when Boerhaave edited his *Book of Nature*.) But he went on amid penury and discouragement, solving by dissection the mystery of the queen-bee (till then a king, as in Virgil's *Georgics*) and of the queen-aunt, proving anatomically that caterpillar, cocoon and butterfly are quite natural evolutions, the first containing the rudiments of the last. He made, too, several important discoveries in the anatomy of the

human frame, and, above all, introduced the system of injections, whereby decay is arrested, and transitory forms, as it were, stereotyped for the use of the student. He improved the microscope, too, adding the object-glass, which enables the observer to dispense with an assistant, and using lenses of different powers. In theology Swammerdam was a mystic, and the contrast between him and the hard-headed matter-of-fact Malpighi (a little junior to him in microscopic research) comes out well in Michelet's pages. He takes care, too, to tell us that the very year (1664) in which Swammerdam was at Paris, helping to found the Academy of Science with his staunch friend Thevenot, Morin, a mystic also, was burnt. In Holland opinion was at least free, though poverty was looked on almost as a vice.

Swammerdam commends himself to our author by real love of the objects of his study; indeed, tenderness to every living thing is the key-note of all Michelet's books on nature. They are all loveable if we did but understand them. The beetle that we crush has been saving us from fever. It would not be there if there was not decaying substance to be got rid of; that is why the Egyptians worshipped it. The spider deserves compassion instead of dislike. Often in regard to these things we may learn a lesson from "inferior races." It is an Indian proverb: "Carry off the fire-fly to light you through the forest, but put it gently down when you've done with it." This same tenderness comes out in *La Mer*. Michelet was one of the first to notice the fact which has lately been so strongly borne in on us—that the larger cetacea and the seals are fast disappearing. We must have game laws for the Arctic seas, and a "close time" for seals as well as for gulls, or else all these animals will go the way of the dodo. The Americans have at last seen this, and, at any rate, in what was till lately Russian America, the seals are not allowed to be indiscriminately slaughtered all the year round.

It is the same in *L'Oiseau*. The song of a bird affects our author strangely. "Perhaps there is nothing in this world," he says, "more fitted to give us a notion of the Great God, who is behind all this work of nature, and to whom science seems to bring us no nearer, for, as we make a step in advance, the veil behind which He hides Himself seems to recede further from us."

His picture of the migration of the nightingale—its determined advance through the Alpine valleys—the numbers that get caught in nets spread across the line of flight, is most graphic. Here, too (*L'Oiseau*, p. 290), is a most characteristic piece:—

"The bird's relations with heat, with electricity, and magnetism, and the other so-called imponderables, are almost wholly unknown to us; we get a glimpse of them through its singular power of foretelling the weather. If we had seriously studied the bird we should have had the balloon thousands of years ago; but with the balloon, even if we could steer it, we should still be far enough from being birds. To imitate every detail of its apparatus and reproduce them one by one is a very different thing from having the harmony, the *tout ensemble*, the unity of action, which sets everything in motion in a bird's being. Let us give up, at least for this life, these higher gifts, and let us examine the two machines—the bird's and man's. Man's is superior because it is less special, capable of bending to the most diverse employments, superior above all in that it has that all-powerful organ, the hand. At the same time, it is less compacted and centralised. Our lower limbs, thighs, and legs, which are very long, drag on far away from the focus of action. Circulation is slower in them. . . . The bird, almost spherical in form, is certainly the highest realisation of centralised life. We cannot find, we can scarcely imagine, a higher degree of unity. This excess of concentration accounts for the immense force of personality in the bird: but it implies also its extreme individuality, its isolation, its social weakness. The complete and marvellous joint-fellowship (*solidarité*) which exists among the higher kinds of insects, is not found among birds. Bands are common enough among them, but true republics are rare. With the bird the family is everything; even brotherhood takes a very secondary rank."

But we hope readers will go for themselves to the four books which we have grouped together in the third of our selections from Michelet's voluminous works. It is but a selection; only to name them all would be a lengthy process. Some, such as *Pologne Martyre*, are little more than pamphlets; but whatever book of his we take up is sure to contain some striking thought—something that we shall not forget. When he says, for instance, "Pitt thought he could buy up the world, as Walpole had bought up the House of Commons," he brings before us in the most vivid way England subsidising the whole Continent, pouring gold into France, recklessly increasing her National

Debt, and all because the Minister of the day was determined, if possible, to stamp out Republicanism. These epigrammatic sayings no doubt account for our author having been called the French Macaulay. The name, we take it, is not wholly appropriate. With less appearance of strength, Michelet is much the more powerful mind of the two. Even under the rhetorical outbursts in which he indulges now and then there is a depth which we seek in vain beneath the glitter of Macaulay.

His weakest book is *La Bible de l'Humanité*; his wildest is *La Sorcière*, an account of witchcraft in the Middle Ages.

Of his historical books we have only named a few. Of those which we have omitted, the most striking, perhaps, is *Richelieu et la Fronde*, in which, with the same skill with which he unravels the tangled web of civil contest in the last years of the Roman Republic, he sets before us the causes and the course of those struggles of the Fronde, which, to a casual reader of history, seem so purposeless.

In his *History of France*, as we said, the amount of research shown in the notes is marvellous. Welsh triplets, Gaelic missionaries, he has abundant information on all of them. How (as we said) he presses in little facts to support a foregone conclusion is strikingly shown in his account of the discovery at Antibes (*Antipporta*) of an inscription to a boy dancer, who only appeared twice in public (succumbing, probably, to severe training), *et placuit*, gave satisfaction. "That is all," says our author; "not a word of commiseration; and this dry record of the ruin of a young life 'to please the public' is most characteristic of the crushing tyranny of Rome." We think of Byron's "butchered to make a Roman holiday." One of his most carefully-wrought chapters is that on the Maid of Orleans, afterwards enlarged into a monograph. He is very bitter against the English, but not undeservedly: "Their conduct to her finds a parallel in that of the Jews to our Saviour." He points out the malicious cruelty which punished her for wearing male attire when in prison, while in no other dress was she safe from the outrages of the guards who watched in her cell (nay, of English lords, according to her own evidence). But as we rather wish to recommend Michelet to the study of those who want a good French author than to analyse his different works, we pass lightly over the long series of his historical books, and confine ourselves to the three volumes which give his



history of the 19th century so far as he carried it. These are, practically, a history of the First Napoleon; and the labour which the author bestowed on this latest published of his works was fully as great as that given to the earlier centuries. He says:—

"I have spared nothing to give completeness to this portrait (Napoleon's), to make my work thorough, solidly based on fact, conscientious. In the first place, I have given time to it. All my life this, my last book, has been my dream, it has ripened under the various atmospheres in which I have lived. I can say, too, that the whole of Europe has helped me in writing it, for friends of all nations have come to my assistance. Thanks to their zeal, no door has ever been closed to me. Everywhere I might have fancied I was at home, so kind were the librarians of a host of towns. . . . At Lausanne, where M. Vuillemin, the historian, received me like a brother, I found a treasure—documents about Corsica which it took me a whole summer to analyse."—*Directoire*, Préf., p. xix.

Such a work, by such a man, deserves careful study; it is very different from the brilliant college essay or the *ad captandum* book got up for the lending libraries. We call special attention, therefore, to the last group of volumes on our list. Some things in them will startle the English reader. We shall hardly believe, for instance, in spite of the unedited document of M. Iwan Tourgueneff, that the Emperor Paul was on the whole a beneficent prince, who, in the midst of his projects for restoring the Poles, for dismembering Turkey, and for freeing the seas from the tyranny of England, was cut off by a joint conspiracy of the grantees of Polish lands, of the powerful German party in Russia, and of the English merchants, in whose hands was nearly all the trade, and who therefore exercised vast influence (18 *Brumaire*, Préf. xxi; *Waterloo*, p. 43, *seq.*). Nor shall we quite be persuaded that root culture and the artificial feeding of cattle (Bakewell's invention) had so much to do with the outburst of energy which showed itself in England in the latter half of the 18th century. Side by side with the moral and spiritual reform, of which (as we said) he does not fail to recognise the importance, our author characteristically sets the change in food—meat, heretofore, having, for the greater part of the year, been mostly eaten salted.

"It seems a very earthly change compared with the spiritual tendency that I have noted; yet the adoption of it shows the



thorough good sense of England. . . . A people, then numbering only ten or twelve millions, on whom God laid at once the burden of the whole world—America, and India, and all the seas to boot—felt keenly the need of being strong, that it might not sink under the task. . . . Meat-fed children matured rapidly, and at fourteen were thrown on the world, as sailors, as merchants' clerks, as Indian cadets."

He is not, however, altogether in favour of animal food :

"France (he says, *Waterloo*, Préf. xvii.) feeds on flint—that is the basis of the wheat which has always been our chief fare ; and this gives us in the main a wonderful resisting power, and enables us at times to flash out into strange life, though in general it does not give the same strength for the time that flesh meat does."—18 *Brumaire*, p. 18.

It is these digressions which make Michelet such delightful reading ; we fancy we are talking to the man himself. But he never forgets his main object ; and this he explains is not to write a history of Napoleon, but to trace the beginnings of that system of *militarism* whereby he made war a trade ; and to show how, in that sad time, when "the Terror" had made most men despair of the Republic, he managed to fascinate the men of different parties. We cannot think that Michelet frees his nation from the reproach of so often falling a prey to adventurers, owing to the inertness or moral cowardice of the great mass of Frenchmen. This was clearly the case during the Terror ; the Jacobins were but a small party, the Ultra-Jacobins a very few. Yet these last long held France as completely in their grip as if they had been the representatives of an overwhelming majority. So it was afterwards with Napoleon. The excuse in both cases is that France was paralysed by her divisions ; the parties were afraid of one another, neutralised one another, and therefore there was free scope for an unscrupulous man, who cared for none of them. This partially explains the matter ; therefore it is that revolution often, and anarchy always, is followed by tyranny. It is their devotion to party, the impossibility for most of them of sacrificing it to that "*patrie*" of which they talk so much, that has made the French anarchical, and therefore tyrant-ridden. And yet there is a great deal of truth in our author's hint that such a man as Napoleon would never have come to the front but for the state of exhaustion and of moral paralysis into which the nation had

fallen after the Terror. "In ordinary times, such a Jupiter-Scapin, such a *tragi-comédien*, would have been hooted off the public stage. But in the Terror the French had forgotten how to laugh, and so had lost their national weapon against tyranny. Had it not been so, in almost every act of Bonaparte they would have found matter for inextinguishable laughter."

In one thing these final volumes differ from Michelet's earlier works; to the great loss of the reader the authorities are seldom quoted in more than general terms. If it could ever be hoped that the history of those times might be taken in hand by some French Hallam, he could not do better than simply re-edit Michelet with omissions and a few additions, giving in full the references to those memoirs of la Reveillère-Lepeaux (the soul of the Directory from Fructidor till its close), of Barras, and others, on which our author bases so much, but of which, unhappily, he gives us so little. This, and the usual want in French books, that of a good compendious index, hinders the completeness of this spirited sketch of the early years of our century. Nevertheless it is a masterpiece. It is written, it should be remembered, for Frenchmen; and in France, till within the last few years, the Napoleonic myth was accepted implicitly even by those who hated the dynasty. The other side had put forth all the so-called "facts;" and it is only by degrees, as private memoirs get published, that the truth, unheard amid the roar of so many "Voices from St. Helena," is coming out; it is only very slowly that the stern justice of history, "who (says our author) holds a Court of Final Appeal — *Cassation* — against the caprice of temporary opinion, gets itself fulfilled."

Very strikingly does Michelet contrast (*Directoire*, p. 150) the moral greatness of Desaix, Kléber, Hoche, Moreau ("about whom and their glorious comrades I meant to have written the *Golden Legend of the Saints of the Revolution*, had not general history devoured every hour of my time") with the littleness of the *brigand* Marshals who came to the front under Bonaparte.

But, perhaps, the finest (as it undoubtedly is the saddest) episode in these volumes, that in which our author soars most completely above the easy "lecture" style which he usually affects, is the affair of Quiberon (*Directoire*, &c., p. 259).

In October '94, M. de Puisaye, a man who had the

confidence of the *chouans*, had an interview with Pitt, and at once won him over. His plan was to have nothing to do with the *émigrés*, of whom Pitt was heartily sick, but to throw English troops only on the Breton coast. "They love the English, and want them over there," said he. Moreover, he let Pitt into the mystery of forged *assignats*. The *chouans* had been forging these, but so clumsily, that to pass them was to risk the guillotine. Pitt, inspired by what Michelet calls the one passion of his life—"hatred of France, which he looked on as the embodiment of evil,"—got skilful Dutch engravers to strike off thousands of such clever forgeries that Cambon himself would have been taken in. These *assignats*, and the English gold for which they were readily exchanged, were to be paid for out of the lands which the Republic had confiscated; and thus the seeds of endless discord were sown (to Pitt's special satisfaction, says our author) between the *chouans* and the *émigrés*, whose property would thus be finally alienated.

Things had been tolerably quiet for sometime in La Vendée and Brittany. Hoche was in command. He had been sent there (still somewhat under a cloud, for it was an unenviable post, where every victory brought fresh sorrow to the thoughtful Frenchman) when, on St. Just's death, he had been set free from the dungeon to which that tyrant had condemned him for "disobedience to the Convention" in forcing the passage of the Rhine, winning the battle of Werth, and relieving Landau. The country had reason to be thankful that a man like Hoche was put in command; but the *chouans* presumed on his kindness, and murdered so many "patriots" that these began to take refuge in the towns. The movement was, in its way, at least as democratic as that which had made France a Republic; the *chouans* were no friends to the *émigrés*; they were well content that these should stay away, while their tenants and servants occupied their estates. Superstition and greed were combined in these Bretons; and that is why Puisaye was so anxious to keep away the *émigrés*. "Let us have some priests with money in their pockets, and a basis of English troops, and in a week I undertake to raise 100,000 men, to take Nantes, and march to Paris." Pitt, says Michelet, did not want so much as that; he only wished to get hold of a strong place, Belle-isle or Lorient or St. Malo, to be held as Calais was of old; and therefore he insisted that the *émigrés* should form part of the expedition. Three regiments

of them were conveyed over by Admiral Warren; but, when they saw the ragged crowd (30,000 men, women, and children) streaming down from the stone avenues of Carnac, they were as much disgusted as Humbert's men were with the allies who met them at Killala Bay. "Do they think we are going to cry, "*choua*," like that rabble?" they asked. Had not the Admiral insisted on it, they would not even have landed. Meanwhile, the excitement in the crowd was immense. The whole multitude kneels down on the beach thanking God for this day of deliverance. Women, and even children harness themselves to "the king's cannon," and drag them through the sand. The men swim out to help to unload the boats. And then, when a bishop in full canonicals is seen climbing down the ship's side, everyone goes wild with delight; the women rush off to open the neighbouring chapels, and crowd them to suffocation, weeping for joy. But nothing comes of it all. D'Hervilly, the commander of the *émigrés*, is afraid of Puisaye and his *chouan* demonstration. He hangs back, wastes precious days in slowly landing instead of sending 400 men to make sure of the friendly town of Vannes. It is the old story, as old as Cæsar's day; Frenchmen so often have sacrificed everything to pique or private interest, unless they have been held together by the iron will of a Napoleon. The quarrels of Puisaye and d'Hervilly, the wretched mismanagement, the blind folly which entrusted the most important fort in the Peninsula to prisoners of war (republican soldiers) whom the English had released on condition that they should serve with the *émigrés*—all this is known to those who have studied the history of the time. The fort was betrayed; Hoche swooped down on the Peninsula, and drove the *émigrés* step by step (he with 700 men against some 3,000) to its furthest point. There was a frightful scene; 600 or 700 were drowned, or flung themselves off the rocks. Several officers fell upon their swords; the three regiments were almost to a man "noble,"—officers of the sea and land service who had escaped before the Terror began. A few were taken off in the English boats, but the weather was so rough that it was difficult to get to land. Then some one offered, or was understood to offer, terms—their lives should be spared; and they surrendered, and were marched off to Avray, many of them old men, chevaliers of St. Louis, whose grey heads the compassionate soldiers who escorted them covered with their own shakos. "Run

away," said the officers who commanded the escort; "we'll shut our eyes," said the soldiers; but the poor creatures would not go; they expected the whole country would rise and rescue them. Instead of that, Tallien insisted that the law against the *émigrés* should be carried out to the letter. Hoche was only able to save 5,000 *chouans* who had been captured, 800 of d'Hervilly's men were shot at Avray; 200 more, among them the gallant young Sombreuil and the Bishop of Dol, at Vannes; how many elsewhere it is hard to tell.

Michelet accounts for this ferocity by detailing the Royalist massacres in the South of France. They certainly were frightful enough. At Lyons "the Companions of Jesus" besieged the prisons; and when the prisoners defended themselves, they brought fire and burnt them alive. At Marseilles, where a speaker had maddened his hearers by crying: "If you want weapons take the bones of your murdered fathers," they made a raid on the working men, and first imprisoned and then killed some hundred of them. All this was atrocious enough; and our author gives it all to us in its unmitigated horror, while we must say that to some extent he cloaks the horrors and extenuates or "explains" the cruelties of his Republicans.

The fearful state of France, torn between these two parties, as desperately set against each other as ever were Greek aristocracy and democracy in classic times, sufficiently accounts for the rise of Bonaparte. If he had not come to the front as "the saviour of society," some one else must. Hoche, thinks our author, was too good to succeed. He was hated by the contractors—a most powerful body, whose jobbery he had tried to stop, and whom a fellow-feeling linked closely to Bonaparte. Massena, despite his glorious war in Switzerland, was thrown into the background. The campaign in Italy (where he did his best to crush the nascent freedom) had given Bonaparte unlimited command of money; and the Directory shared in the guilt of his extortions by accepting for themselves and for their country the pictures, statues, &c., of which, like a Verres, he plundered the Italians, whom he was sent to set free. This is, we think, the weakest point in these three volumes. Michelet, intent on showing how much Augereau, and Massena, and others had to do with the successes of the campaign of 1795, and what mistakes Napoleon made, and how the affair of the bridge of Lodi

is a pure invention (its hero never was there at all), fails to bring into sufficient prominence the complicity of the Directory in Napoleon's misconduct. They saw that he was disobeying them ; they felt that while wasting six months (April to October, 1797) in the preliminaries of the treaty of Leoben, he was acting as a traitor to the Republic—doing the best he could for Austria, in order that the Royalist party in France might rally round him. They felt that by pouring in *stolen* works of art he was dishonouring France, whose Republican armies had occupied the wealthy cities of Rhineland and Holland without carrying off a dollar's worth. But the power that had made victorious generals tremble, that had even imprisoned Hoche, the staunchest of Republicans, was gone. There were Commissioners with the army, but Napoleon sent them away when he pleased, and called for others ; and the Directory did as he bade it do. This weakness our author brings out clearly enough ; but he says too little about the way in which the Directory was content to profit by the extortions of their disobedient general.

But it is time to draw to an end. We should like to have had space to follow Michelet in his parallel between Napoleon in '95—7,—when many Frenchmen fancied he was going to be a second Washington and Clive and Hastings—to say something about his strictures on our rule in India, in which we go along with him to a great extent ; to trace with him the records of the "hundred days," and the oft-told tale of Waterloo. But we have said enough to show what manner of man he is—one to whom we come, not to take all his views and accept all his inferences, but that he may help us in forming our own views. In this way he is especially valuable for English readers. It is well for our insular self-conceit to be sometimes forced to look at things as an intelligent and by no means anti-English foreigner looks at them. Besides putting some things in a new light, he brings out others of which we have failed to see the importance. The mutiny at the Nore, for instance, had it not been crushed in the bud, who can say what "the floating Republic" might not have brought about ? Again, the Irish rebellion in '98. Let us suppose that Hoche, with a large well-appointed force, had landed, instead of Humbert with a few dispirited men. The place of these islands in European polity might have been wholly changed.



We should like, also, to have had space to give some account of the *Sorcière*, that strange work which attributes the witchcraft of the Middle Ages to the despair of the poor at finding that even the Church, long their friend and protector, had become feudal and tyrannical, more tyrannical even than their lay oppressors. Amidst some exaggeration, Michelet clearly shows that "the good old times," "the ages of faith," to which the Ultramontanes would fain lead France back by the shortest road, were perhaps the times of greatest wretchedness and degradation that Europe has ever seen.

*La France devant l'Europe*, too, is a book of painful interest, published in January, 1871, just after the writer had lost his only son, in a war of which he heartily disapproved. No one who reads it will wonder at the Commune. That defence of Paris, mismanaged as it was by Trochu, made hopeless beforehand by the Empress, who filled the city with a swarm of the rural population of the neighbouring departments, was enough to turn men's brains. One thing comes plainly out in this book—the war and the subsequent disasters are chargeable not on the French people, but on the man who rushed into war as the last chance of saving his dynasty.

We do not expect all to agree with us in our high estimate of Michelet. To some his style will be offensive. They will not make allowance for the "wild dithyramb of sorrow" which he sometimes substitutes for steady prose, forgetting that he has in these three latest volumes a terrible time to tell of—a time in which he calculates three millions of the human race perished. Carlyle (in *Past and Present*) says, "now is the night of the world." We, who see the light of the Gospel shining brighter and brighter, cannot say this; and yet there are signs that we are getting into what Victor Hugo calls "one of the dark turns of the winding staircase." Miss Cobbe, in *Backward Ho!* has lately brought this out in a striking way. What with Spiritualism and Ultramontanism (in its many forms, open and secret) and coarse Materialism, there is much to make us anxious for the immediate future. No wonder that, with such a prospect, men like Michelet, to whom the full revelation of Jesus Christ has not been made, should find it difficult not to despair of humanity. But even those who will not give Michelet so high a place as we assign to him among historians, must feel the beauty of his style,



its flexibility, its tender pathos, alternating with scorn or with enthusiasm. He is an "artist-historian." It is as if in him (as he says of Swammerdam) there were two men, two natures. This sympathy with his subject, and power of drawing his reader into sympathy with himself, so different from the arid dogmatism of Von Sybel, for instance, is partly due, no doubt, to his early associations. That home-life in the years of misery and privation cultivated an exquisite sensitiveness which makes him "put his heart into what he writes."

It also accounts for the love of sunlight and warmth which comes out again and again in his natural history books. The sun was doubly dear to him who had so long lived "sunless between two street walls in Paris." His early privations, too, account for the frequent recurrence of passages on the value of food, on the terrible famines of the Middle Ages, &c. (for instance, *Directoire*, p. 4).

But, though early circumstances gave his mind a tincture of sadness, they strengthened rather than weakened his spirit of independence.

"My life (he says—*Directoire*, Introduction) has not been what men call fortunate.

"I was suspended in 1847 by Guizot; I was turned out without pension or compensation at the *coup d'état*; my house was burned during the Commune; and the Versailles Government again turned me out of my professorship. But I don't complain. I have all I want; the world has seen that I am thoroughly independent. I have never changed; and I can lay my work before that tribunal of eternal justice to which all things human must come."

They are the words of an old man, and of a thoroughly honest man—a man who, instead of seeking office by his pen, as did so many of his contemporaries, refused office when it was offered him. And this may, at any rate, serve to assure us that whenever Michelet makes a statement, no matter how startling, he is certain to have what he deemed sufficient ground for making it.

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- ART. VIII.—1. *The New Abolitionists*. London. 1876.  
 2. *The Methodist Protest*. London. January to May, 1876.  
 3. *Une Voix dans le Désert*. Paris. 1875.  
 4. *Le Bulletin Continental*. Neuchâtel. Dec. 1875 to May, 1876.

In the spring of last year there appeared almost simultaneously in Paris, Neuchâtel, and Rome, a French, German, and Italian edition of a little *brochure* which introduced itself to public notice in abrupt, peremptory, and startling terms. We extract and translate some of the opening sentences:—

“A voice in the wilderness!

“This voice is that of a woman, and the wilderness is the multitude in Paris, Neuchâtel, and Rome, a French, German, and Italian edition of a little *brochure* which introduced itself to public notice in abrupt, peremptory, and startling terms. We extract and translate some of the opening sentences:—

“In the midst of the general apathy, it is good to lead minds to consider prostitution from another point of view than that of materialism. . . .

“To place the question of prostitution in this new aspect, two words suffice—two words from the mouth of a woman, speaking in the name of all women—and these two words are—

“We revolt!

“That is not, it is true, the language of science, the formula of a statistical problem, or of a hygienic deduction; it is simply the explosion of a sentiment of reprobation repressed for ages under the yoke of legalised vice; it is the feminine protest, the cry of horror, the appeal to justice for the return to the Divine law, in opposition to the impure laws and to the brutal ordinances of men. . . .

“These few words are only an appeal, but when the slave grows impatient and tries to break his chains, the hour of emancipation is near. That which was hitherto wanting was a voice to give the signal. It was necessary that oppressed women should find an organ in one of their own sex. It is she who comes to announce deliverance and restoration.

“She accepts her heavy mission; she measures its scope by the numberless sorrows of which she has been the witness, and by the unutterable agonies through which she has personally passed in the long period of preparation.

“Now, the moment to act has come. That which she has heard in the contemplation of her mission, she proclaims publicly.

That which she has received she distributes. The appeal to which she has responded, she addresses to those around her, and from place to place, in order that it may spread far and wide, in all directions, to the domestic hearth, into the workshop, into national assemblies, and into the bosom of the million."

This extraordinary and unparalleled document may prove to be the most revolutionary signal since that memorable October morning in 1517, when an obscure German monk nailed upon the door of Wittenberg church his ninety-five propositions against the doctrine of indulgences. "The Voice," whose theme and tone are alike remarkable, is that of Mrs. Josephine E. Butler, of Liverpool; and the manifesto before us was published after her return from a visit to the Continent as the herald of the great social war which is on the point of agitating the whole civilised world. Our immediate object is to describe the causes and results of Mrs. Butler's visit. We cannot introduce the subject better than by making a few more extracts from the commencement of *A Voice in the Wilderness* :—

"In nearly all the nations of Europe there exist establishments which, within the knowledge of everybody, and with the sanction of the Government, make a trade of prostitution.

"There, solicitation to debauchery is officially protected, and the ordinary intervention of the police has no other object in view than the question of health. The most absolute confinement, systematic corruption, degradation pushed to the extremest limit—such is the *régime* of the *maison de tolérance*.

"In exchange for their keep the boarders, as they are called, sell to the mistress of the place not only their body, but their soul, for passive obedience is the rule of their profession; neither disgust, nor weariness, nor repugnances the most justifiable ever permit them to say no! These are childish weaknesses which it is necessary to drown in wine. The money which the customers bring to the establishment remains in the hands of the tenant; the little which returns to the boarders serves generally to cover the cost of the finery and the cosmetics with which the mistress provides them in advance, by a treacherous calculation which rivets in an indissoluble manner the chains of their captivity.

"Most frequently also the recruiting of the *personnel* necessary to the industrial prosperity of the enterprise is effected by means of seduction. There are recruiting agents who travel for the house, and registry offices. These supply it with fresh victims.

"It is in the framework of this diabolical organisation that the police exercise their *rôle* of surveillance, which consists essentially in ascertaining the sanitary state of the women of the house, and

this is accomplished by means of regular medical examinations which are ignominious to the last degree. The diseased, immediately secluded, cannot resume the exercise of their trade until their cure is officially attested."

Such is the system which has existed for many years on the Continent, but has seldom been described in language so entirely devoid of the customary euphemisms. Until quite recently the English traders in debauchery did not enjoy the lucrative patronage of the Government; but a few medical men in London and some of the military and naval authorities had long watched with admiration and envy the Continental system of licensed and regulated prostitution. At last, after paying several visits to Paris, where they were initiated into all the mysteries of the model Parisian system, they determined to introduce the foreign organisation into England.

It was felt necessary, however, to proceed very stealthily. Mr. Acton warned a Government Commission that "the outcry against the mode of carrying out the Acts would be inconceivable" if it became known. Mr. Prescott Hewett was equally politic when he said, "I would, as much as possible, put a veil over the thing." The first Act, hastily carried in 1864, was superseded by a much more extended and stringent Act in 1866. All this time the "veil" was "put over the thing" so successfully, that as late as 1868 Mr. Mallalieu, the Superintendent of the Metropolitan Police charged with the execution of the Acts, was able to exclaim before a Committee of the Lords, "It is most remarkable how comparatively few seem to be aware of what is going on!" Mr. Mallalieu's astonishment will scarcely be shared by those who are aware that the enactments of 1864 and 1866 bore the misleading title of "Contagious Diseases Act," had no preamble to indicate their true character, and were hurried through both Houses, without discussion, in a most unusual manner. The admirers of the Continental system, not satisfied with the progress they had made, were now intensely anxious, as Mr. Prescott Hewett said, to "extend the Acts all over the country, if it can be done quietly." But, as Mr. Berkeley Hill observed on the same occasion, "It was very important that public attention should not be too much attracted to the Acts." Hence it was not advisable to extend them "all over the country at once," but only to "a few towns, one after the other." In pursuance of this policy a further

extension of the Act was carried in 1869 with the same adroitness as before. It was introduced at the fag end of the session, was hurried, without one word of debate, through both Houses, and received the Royal Assent on the very day on which Parliament was prorogued.

Before the Amended Act of 1869 could be amended again, the long-dreaded catastrophe occurred. The "veil" of secrecy was torn aside, and the facts we have just enumerated became known to the country. Mr. Acton's prophecy was immediately fulfilled. "An inconceivable outcry" arose, all further extension of the Acts became impossible, and from that day to this the advocates of the system have been engaged in a desperate struggle to retain the ground they had stealthily won before public attention was directed to their proceedings.

An attempt to appease the national conscience by the appointment of a Royal Commission utterly failed. The constitution of the Committee prevented an absolutely hostile verdict, but the nature even of the imperfect evidence which the Commission consented to receive, rendered it impossible to report in favour of the Acts. The Report was consequently an illogical and sterile compromise, which was speedily and wisely rejected by both sides.

When the conspiracy of silence, attempted by a majority of the House of Commons and by the metropolitan press, had inevitably failed, efforts were made to arrest the rising tide of popular indignation by disseminating, through the columns of favoured journals, statistics exhibiting a great diminution of fallen women and of immoral houses in the subjected districts, as well as a great improvement in the health of the Army and Navy.

We will not enter into any medical details here, but refer those interested in this branch of the inquiry to the "Statement"\* of Dr. Nevins, which shows that, prior to the introduction of the Acts, the various sanitary and moral reforms of recent years were producing a rapid improvement in the health of both Services, but that since these laws have come into force the rate of improvement has been reduced in every form of disease; and in the most dangerous form of all, improvement has given place to positive declension. In the same return Dr. Nevins shows

\* Statement of the Grounds upon which the Contagious Diseases Acts are Opposed, addressed to the Right Hon. R. A. Cross, M.P., by J. Birkbeck Nevins, M.D.

that the health of the fallen women has deteriorated twelve per cent., and that the number of deaths among them has more than doubled since the Act of 1866. As these facts are taken from the official medical reports of the Army and Navy, the advocates of the Acts have experienced the sensation of being shot with arrows feathered from their own wing.

As the statistics which exhibited a great reduction of fallen women and of immoral houses were almost exclusively prepared by men who had a direct pecuniary interest in the maintenance of the Acts, it was necessary that those statistics should be tested by some independent authority. This task was appropriately undertaken in 1873 by the managers of the Metropolitan Female Reformatories, and the result was published in the Twentieth Annual Report of the Rescue Society. The managers stated that the Parliamentary Paper examined by them contained "exaggerated," "misleading," "false," and "fabulous" statistics. After giving detailed proof of these extraordinary charges, they proceeded to show that the alleged general benefits of the Acts were either no benefit at all or were mere coincidences due to other causes. This last statement has just received a striking and conclusive confirmation. Opponents of the Acts have asserted from the first, that these enactments give the special police no authority whatever over the conduct either of immoral houses or of fallen women, and that, therefore, any reduction either in houses or in public women, and also any greater decency in the streets of the subjected towns, must be due to the action of the local police and to the ordinary borough police laws. But hitherto this argument has lacked illustration and proof in the form of authentic data from towns *not* subject to the Acts. To supply this deficiency Dr. Nevins addressed a circular to the chief constables of twenty-one (all the large) seaports, and of eighteen important inland towns in Great Britain and Ireland, requesting information as to the state of the social evil in 1866 (the date of the Acts) and 1874 (the date of Captain Harris's latest Report to the Government upon the subjected towns). Dr. Nevins added that he would communicate the results to the Government. This he has recently done in a Report presented to the Secretary of State for the Home Department. From this remarkable document it appears that in the districts under the Acts, with a population of about 740,000 in 1874, the

number of immoral houses had been reduced by the local police, with whatever assistance the special police may have rendered, from 953 to 439, or in the proportion of 100 to 47·0. In the towns *not under* the Acts, with a population of nearly 4,000,000, the number of such houses has been reduced by the local police alone from 3,758 to 2,135, or in the proportion of 100 to 56·1. In the towns under the Acts, fallen women have been reduced from 2,569 to 1,394, *i.e.* from 100 to 54·2, and in those *not under the Acts* from 8,504 to 4,833, *i.e.* 100 to 56·8, a difference so small as to be insignificant, and proving conclusively that the essential reduction has been due to the local police administration, and not to the operation of the Acts. Even if it should be granted that the special police may have rendered some assistance in the towns under their influence, the result only amounts to 9·1 in a hundred immoral houses and 2·6 in a hundred fallen women. The claim that the great reduction in these two particulars is the "operation" of the Acts, or of the special police who carry them out, is therefore entirely disproved by these returns from towns in all parts of the kingdom, about twice as numerous as the subjected towns, and having a population five times as great.

It would be difficult to imagine how the advocates of the Acts could be more completely refuted on their own chosen ground. We have always felt the absurdity, however, of narrowing the controversy to our own brief ten years' experience of the system. Why is it that so little has been said of the results of similar legislation in Paris, where it has had a full and fair trial for 80 years? In 1868, Dr. Jeannel, one of the most distinguished physicians in France, the author of many medical works, and an officer of the Legion of Honour, published an erudite and exhaustive work,\* the great object of which was to prove that clandestine immorality—*i.e.*, immorality which evades the vigilance of the police and the control of the Government surgeons, was constantly and most dangerously increasing. An equally remarkable book† from the pen of C. J. Lecour—the chief of the first division at the Prefecture of Police, in other words, the head of the French system—entirely confirms the statements of Dr. Jeannel. He declares that, in spite of all

\* *De la Prostitution dans les grandes villes au Dix-neuvième Siècle.*

† *La Prostitution à Paris et à Londres, 1789—1871.*



his vigilance and energy, clandestine immorality yearly assumes vaster and more menacing proportions. He admits that women whom his lynx-eyed agents utterly fail to catch, are to be found "everywhere, in the liquor-shops, the concert-rooms, the theatres, and the balls. One meets them in the public buildings, in the railway stations, and even in the trains. They are on all the promenades, in front of most of the *cafés*. Until a late hour at night they circulate in great numbers in the most beautiful boulevards." Lecour states that there are at least 30,000 fallen women in Paris, but that he cannot succeed in bringing more than 5,000 of them into his sanitary net. Dr. Jeannel lays the blame of this hopeless failure upon Lecour and his agents. Lecour, in a recently-issued pamphlet,\* admits and reaffirms the fact of failure:—"I said in 1869, I repeated in 1870: 'Prostitution is increasing and becomes daily more dangerous to the public health.' Since the Siege and the Commune the evil has assumed such proportions that it has upset all careless indifference." But Lecour indignantly repels the accusation that he and his subordinates are responsible for the breakdown. We will not interfere in this pretty quarrel between the police and the surgeons engaged in the administration of the French system. It is sufficient for us to know that both sides admit the fact that, after a long and full trial, the system in Paris is a gigantic and miserable failure. A similar result has followed similar legislation in every country where the system has existed long enough to produce its natural results.

This result already begins to appear in England. In the Annual Report of the Rescue Society for 1874 the managers of Metropolitan Female Reformatories "bring a grave charge against the Acts and their administration. It is that this system of police espionage and interference with the delicate subject of the morality of the people, and of the whole question of the sexual relations, is becoming productive here, as it has everywhere else, of a large amount of clandestine prostitution, which eludes supervision and registration, and spreads disease widely among the population. . . . As a positive proof of the extensive existence of clandestine prostitution in the subjected districts, the managers of the Rescue Society of London are responsible

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\* *De l'état actuel de la Prostitution Parisienne*, p. 9.

for and will support the following statements. "They have, since the year 1870, received under their care 346 women from the subjected districts, none of whom have been brought to or directed to them by the intervention of the police. Of this gross number of 346, not less than 134 have been clandestine prostitutes, wholly unknown to and unregistered by the police." The dangerous sanitary character of this widespread, undetected, and unregistered prostitution is shown by the profoundly significant fact that no less than twenty-six per cent. of these clandestine cases were diseased when received.

The facts we have just related prove that a reduction in the number of licensed women and "tolerated" houses may indicate no improvement whatever in the public morals, and no additional security whatever for the public health. It may mean the opposite. The number of "tolerated houses" and licensed women is continually decreasing in Paris. But this fact gives no satisfaction to the authorities there. They know that this apparent decrease is accompanied by a real increase. It simply means that the unlicensed women and the unauthorised houses are continually more and more successful in escaping the vigilance of the police and the sanitary control of the doctors.

We turn now from the imaginary to the real results of the English Acts. It was proved before the Royal Commission that the system has had a most degrading effect upon the unhappy creatures whose rights it destroys, and whose womanhood it ignores. This result is explained and illustrated in the following extract from an affecting address which Mrs. Butler delivered at Devonport, in 1872:—

"This law, in fact, said to women, 'If you will get rid of all feelings of delicacy and womanhood within you; if you will smother in your soul everything there except the shameless harlot; if you will give yourself up to us, then you shall be protected, then you shall be cared for, you shall be cured when ill free of expense, and out of the taxes of the people; you shall be taken care of—your health shall be looked after as the health of no other section of the community; you shall have better wages for your iniquity, better dress, better houses, better food—you shall, in short, have the sanction of the Government for your trade!' This was actually what the law said to evil women if they would only be base enough to submit to all the regulations required of them. \* \* \* All this was dreadfully illustrated by the recent petitions which had been presented to Parliament from prostitutes under

these Acts. This fact was the most startling thing which had ever come before the English public. In their petition these women did not ask the British Parliament to assist in their reclamation; they were not women seeking reclamation; *but actually practising and intending to practise the trade of prostitution.* They signed a petition to Parliament, which was sent off, and, by order of the Speaker, was actually read openly in the English House of Commons. What was its object? Why, that the Government regulations, under which the petitioners practised their horrible calling, might be continued for their good, and *for the good of the country!* For their good! Mark—what good? Why that in their vice they might be better paid, better dressed, better fed, and better protected; in fact that they might have a recognised legal status in society. No doubt some of the women had, under the education of this law, become so completely unwomanised, so completely brutalised, she might say, that they did appreciate the advantages which the law gave them. She had laboured for many years in different towns among poor women who had fallen into this course of life; but in all her experience she had never before met one who was entirely hardened. But when she came into the garrison towns of Plymouth, Portsmouth, Southampton, and others, where the Acts were in force, she found other elements at work, and that the women were changed by the very educational influence of the Acts. These women did not meet her in the frank and kindly way in which the poor miserable women of other towns had always done. They looked cold and hard. They told her calmly that they were registered—that they were committing no sin, no harm, because they went up regularly for examination, and did all the doctors told them to do. Thus they might see how the effect of this law blotted out that small light of the conscience which still glimmered in the fallen women of other towns. Women were led by the Acts to believe that their sin was lawful and respectable. The petition which had gone up to the House of Commons from the prostitutes had opened the eyes of a great many people who could not see clearly on the matter before. It was now seen that many of these poor women had been brought to such a state of degradation that they desired to be bound and riveted in slavery to the lust of men."

Mrs. Butler's solemn words have been entirely confirmed by the experience of the four years which have since elapsed. The registered women are "so completely unwomanised, so completely brutalised" by the Government police and surgeons, that the Rescue Society is obliged to repel from its doors even those few of them who are willing to enter. Their influence would utterly demoralise the other inmates of the Homes.

A second result of the Acts is a fearful development of male licentiousness, especially in its worst form, that of married men, betrayed by the delusive promise of "protection."

There is, moreover, much painful evidence that the Acts have fostered juvenile immorality to an unprecedented degree. A venerable Wesleyan minister recently overheard two boys in a subjected town talking about the Acts, and warmly assuring one another that they were "the finest thing out." Indeed, the rapidity with which such legislation has lowered the general standard of morality—low enough before—and deadened the public conscience—already callous—is truly appalling. In the January number of the *Methodist Protest*, the Rev. W. Arthur gives a startling illustration of this. The Royal Commissioners, in their report presented to the Queen—a woman—deliberately assert that the man who solicits is less guilty than the woman who provides, because she sins for money, but he for lust. Such is the new morality. The poor creature who is goaded by want and hunger, deserves to lose the commonest rights of humanity; but the man, who is impelled by no necessity whatever, is to be visited with the mildest censure, because—mark the beauties of the new vocabulary—he is "only indulging a natural impulse irregularly." At the feet of such educators of the young, our sons naturally regard the Contagious Diseases Acts as "the finest thing out."

Under all the circumstances which we have now enumerated, it is not unnatural that the entire kingdom has become covered with a network of social and religious organisations, formed to secure the total repeal of the Acts. A brief history of the Wesleyan Methodist Association will be found at the close of this article, in the address to the Methodist Episcopal Church of America. It seems desirable to supplement that account by stating that the work of the Association was temporarily suspended last year through the dangerous illness of one of the honorary secretaries, the Rev. J. Richard Hargreaves, an illness brought on by his excessive labour in organising the opposition of Methodism. To prevent the recurrence of such a catastrophe, the constitution of the committee was re-organised in the autumn, and the labours of the secretariat were divided, by requesting the Rev. H. P. Hughes, B.A., to undertake the literary and editorial department of the work.

In consequence of these changes, the organ of the Society reappeared on the 15th of January, under the new title of the *Methodist Protest*, and will continue to be published monthly, except during August and September. If we may judge from the articles which the Revs. W. Arthur, M.A., Dr. Osborn, Dr. Rule, Dr. Rigg, Dr. James, and other distinguished and competent writers, have already contributed, the *Methodist Protest* will prove a valuable source of information, and we earnestly recommend our readers to ponder the facts and arguments with which its pages are crowded.

There is one other organisation which we have yet to name, an organisation destined to eclipse all the rest—the British, Continental, and General Federation for the abolition of Government regulation of prostitution. This world-wide association was the fruit of Mrs. Butler's visit to the Continent. The preceding account of the movement in England was the necessary introduction to the history of that extraordinary visit, and of the events which are following it.

In the summer of 1874, the leaders of the English movement become suddenly aware that their familiar opponents at home were only the advanced guard of a powerful International Medical Congress, which was vehemently demanding an international organisation of immorality. The first International Medical Congress was held in Paris in 1867. The grave subject before us occupied a chief place in its deliberations, but a standing order of the Congress expressly excluded all moral considerations, and rigidly confined readers and speakers to the purely physical aspects of the question. This arbitrary and violent attempt to separate the inseparable, deprived the deliberations of the Congress of nearly all practical value, but it afforded a striking illustration of the narrow and defective basis on which specialists are ever prone to build conclusions as dangerous as they are far-reaching. The Paris Congress did not commit itself finally to any definite proposals, neither did the second International Congress, which took place at Florence in 1870. It was then resolved, however, that the third International Congress, to be held at Vienna in 1873, should prepare a suggested international law for the sanitary regulation of immorality. This was accordingly done in a paper drawn up by Professor Sigmund, with the assistance of Pro-

fessors Zeissl and Reder. This document, which was officially signed by the President and General Secretary in the name of the Vienna Congress, is one of the most singular and significant ever issued. It is, in fact, the syllabus of the Infallible Council of the medical priesthood, and, like the syllabus of the infallible Pope, it vitally affects freedom and morality. *Inter alia* it demands (1) That the administration of the suggested law shall be in the hands of the Central Government, municipal and provincial authorities being unfit to carry it out. The friends of local government will notice that this centralised despotism is a striking feature of the existing English Acts. (2) That the strictest medical surveillance shall be exercised over all organised bodies, such as soldiers, the national and mercantile marine, gendarmes, policemen; and the Civil Service, over the different classes for whom marriage is difficult or impossible, such as domestic servants, and the men employed in factories and workshops, and over all gatherings in which the sexes are mingled, such as pilgrimages, fairs, markets, &c. The male supporters of the English laws may begin to see this question in a new light, when they learn that the doctors of Europe are anxious to inflict upon them those peculiar sanitary attentions which they have so kindly and so chivalrously imposed upon the helpless poor women of England. "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again." (3) That the fullest printed instructions in reference to the treatment of disease shall be disseminated in every possible way among adults. This proposal to force the foul medical details upon all adults, throws a remarkable light upon the virtuous indignation with which "the obscene literature" of the anti-regulationists has been received. Those who swallow camels generally choke over gnats. (4) That in any measures taken to heal the sick there shall be nothing of a humiliating character, no penalty, and no trace of condemnation. (*Toutes les mesures prises au début de la maladie, ne doivent avoir aucun caractère d'humiliation, de menace, ou de censure.*) The sufferers, in fact, are to be educated into feeling no more shame or condemnation than the innocent victims of small-pox or scarlet-fever. Such is the new morality of which it is hoped every State in Europe will make itself the ardent apostle. (5) That this is a question which belongs essentially to the medical profession, that there-



fore there should be in existence a permanent international medical committee, as well as a national committee in every country, and that this elaborately organised medical hierarchy should periodically revise and improve the international law. The exclusive claims of the Ultramontane and every other priesthood are naturally exhibited in this proposition. (6) That the expenses of the proposed system should be paid out of the State budget, local rates being inadequate to bear the cost. This statement is explained by the last—but not least—proposition, which we propose to quote: (7) That a “sufficient number” of medical men should be employed, and that they should be “handsomely paid” (*à en avoir suffisamment, a les payer largement*). The striking resemblance between the Romish and the medical priesthood is completed by this touching and beautiful provision for the collection of a medical Peter's Pence.

We would say of this medical syllabus, as Professor Huxley once said of the Papal one, that it should be the daily and nightly study of every Englishman who is interested in the welfare of his country and of mankind.

When the facts we have now enumerated became known to the leaders of the English movement, it was immediately felt no lasting victory could be won until the advocacy of morality became as international as the medical agitation for the legalisation of vice. As a preliminary step Mrs. Butler addressed a brief appeal to various well-known philanthropists on the Continent. Responses of an encouraging nature, and other Providential indications, combined to create a conviction in the minds of Mrs. Butler and of her friends, that she was called to undertake a personal mission to the Continent. The spirit in which she went forth upon her strange and sublime errand appears in the following extract from a letter which she wrote to a friend, describing a meeting convened at Birmingham to wish her God-speed:—

“As we sat, during these calm silences which I so much love in Friends' Meetings, when God seems even more present than when any voice of prayer is breaking the hushed stillness, I did not think any more of the cold winter, long journeys, cynical opposition, and many difficulties I knew I was going to meet. I knew that God is true, and that certainly I should be able to trample on the lion and adder. My thoughts were carried far beyond this near future, and a vista seemed to rise before me



of the years to come, of some great and marvellous and beautiful manifestation of the power of God, of gathering hosts—'an exceeding great army'—before whom will melt away the monstrous wickedness which men of the world believe to be indestructible, and of the redemption of the slave."—*Ibid.*, p. 12.

During those eventful days, in every moment of anxiety or depression, there rang through her soul, "as if an angel had spoken them," the reassuring words, "Behold, I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it."

Mrs. Butler opened the campaign in Paris, the headquarters from which the medical and official wire-pullers of the House of Commons drew their inspiration. The cause was promptly espoused by M. de Coppet, M. Accolas, the celebrated jurist, M. Bellaire, Secretary to the Société des Amis de la Paix, who pointed out that the immorality they were combating was a part of the system of standing armies, Pastor Lepoids, Pastor and Madame Appia, M. Jules Favre, M. and Madame Jules Simon, M. Théodore Monod, the well-known evangelist, Madame André Walther, M. Schelcher, and M. de Pressensé, the distinguished author and pastor. M. Jules Favre, in the course of an interesting conversation, expressed himself thus:—

"Governments have never looked the question of prostitution fairly in the face; but when interfering at all, have almost invariably done so in order to elevate it into 'an institution,' by which means they have increased and given permanence to the evil. Regard for the public health is their sole excuse. But even the worst that could befall the public health is nothing to the corruption of morals and national life engendered, propagated, and prolonged by the system of official surveillance. It is utterly inexcusable, and an act of supreme folly, to give a legal sanction to the licentiousness of one sex, and the enslavement of the other."—*Ibid.*, p. 15.

Mrs. Butler paid a visit to Lecour, the Prefect of the French brothel-police, euphemistically called "Police des Mœurs," of which visit the following extract from a letter to the Right Hon. James Stansfeld gives a graphic account:—

"I think I told you that I spent a part of my last afternoon in Paris at the Prefecture of Police. The memory of that interview is so exceedingly painful to me that I feared I should be unfitted for my work if I dwelt upon it. I was struck by the grandeur of the externals of the office, and by the evidence of the irresponsi-

bility and despotic sway over a large class of the people possessed by the man Lecour. I ascended a large stone staircase, with guards placed at intervals, and many people coming and going, apparently desiring audiences. The Prefect's outer door is at the top of the staircase, and over it, in conspicuous letters, are engraved the words, "Arrests. Service of Morals" (the arrests being of women only). In looking at these words, the fact (though I knew it before) came before me with painful vividness, that man, in this nineteenth century, has made woman his degraded slave, by a decree which is heralded in letters of gold, and retains her in slavery by a violent despotism which, if it were applied to men, would soon set all Paris, and not merely a few of its buildings, in flames. The phrase, "*Service des Mœurs*," is the most impudent proclamation of an accepted falsehood. Too clearly and palpably is the true meaning of it, "*Service de Débauche*;" and M. Lecour's conversation throughout showed and confirmed most powerfully the fact (though he himself may be blind to it) that it is immorality, not morality, for which his office makes provision. I was kept waiting some time in the handsomely-furnished room of the Prefect, while he finished his interviews with people who had preceded me. While seated by the fire, with the newspaper in my hand, which had been given to me by a liveried servant, I heard the whole of the conversation (it was impossible not to hear it) which passed. It left a very sorrowful and terrible impression on my mind. An elderly man was there, who appeared to be pleading the cause of a woman, perhaps a near relation, or in some way dear to him. M. Lecour spoke of the woman as one whom he had full power to acquit or condemn, and there was a lightness in his tone which contrasted strikingly with the troubled gravity of the other, who more than once interrupted the volubility of the Prefect with the words, spoken in a voice of sullen repressed emotion, "But you have accused her." I thought of the words, "Whosoever sins ye remit they are remitted, and whosoever sins ye retain they are retained." Such a power in a merely human, but most awful sense, is possessed by that irresponsible ruler of the women of Paris, but *his credentials are not Divine.* Mrs. Butler then gives an account of her own conversation with M. Lecour, in the course of which it was evident that he considered that there is only one guilty party in the sin which is the curse of great cities, and that is the woman; and that the only force with which the criminality on that side can be dealt with is the force which he himself represents. 'Always arrests,' he said; 'more and more arrests. That is the only hope.' When Mrs. Butler reminded him of the profligacy of men, and spoke of the male seducers and destroyers of female virtue, he replied with a smile, 'Ah! but that belongs to the region of romance. We cannot touch *that*.' Mrs. Butler con-

cludes her letter by saying, "As I left his place, I felt oppressed with a great sadness, mingled with horror; and, in thinking of M. Lecour, I recalled the words about 'man, drest in a little brief authority,' who 'plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven as make the angels weep;' and not only that, but as make women die, cursing God, in horror and despair."—*Ibid.*, p. 22.

From France the herald of the great social war carried her fiery summons to Italy, where she visited Genoa, Rome, Naples, Florence, Milan, and Turin. Her noble doctrine found a congenial element in the new life which is throbbing through every part of that lovely classic land. The tender and lofty soul of Mazzini had been one of the first to hail with ecstasy the birth of a great movement against the most despicable and polluting vice, and his disciples welcomed Mrs. Butler with open arms. The splendid humanitarian instincts of Garibaldi also responded at once to the appeals of justice and mercy; and the adhesion of the illustrious Emancipator carried with it the popular voice of Italy. The Italian press proved itself strikingly superior to our own by immediately opening its columns to the grave and upright discussion of this momentous question, and a great number of the leading journals pronounced themselves at once on the side of morality. Among the distinguished Italians who hastened to range themselves under the flag of social purity, were Signor Virgilio, President of the Philological Association of Genoa, Signor Asproni, a celebrated member of the Italian Parliament, Dr. Palasciano, of Naples, a physician of European reputation and also a member of the Italian Parliament, the venerable Maurizio Quadrio, and the Count Joseph Musio, a Senator, and President of the Commission of the Senate for the revision of the Penal Code. At Rome Mrs. Butler met M. Nathan, a gentleman of English birth but Italian extraction, to whose singleness of purpose, ability, eloquence, and untiring energy, the wonderful progress which the work has since made in Italy, is, under God, mainly due.

From Italy Mrs. Butler passed to Switzerland. That classic land of freedom and of sympathy with great movements presented a ready soil for the precious seeds of Divine truth with which she was entrusted. Important and most encouraging meetings were held at Geneva, Neuchâtel, Chaux-de-Fonds (the largest industrial centre in Switzerland), Berne, and Lausanne. Mrs. Butler found

powerful allies in the eloquence of Père Hyacinthe, the learning of M. J. Hornung, Professor of Jurisprudence at the University of Geneva, and the saintly influence of the venerable Pastor Borel, who had been engaged for many years in the reclamation of fallen women. Père Hyacinthe gave in his adhesion in the following terms :—

“DEAR MADAM,—I return to my house deeply moved by the words which we have heard from you. One feels that God is with you in this heroic crusade against what you have so well-named ‘the typical crime,’ the gigantic iniquity of our race. God is with you, madam ; it is necessary that men should be with you also. I beg that you will count entirely upon my weak but sincere services.”—*Ibid.*, p. 59.

In Switzerland as in Italy Mrs. Butler met a devout spirit—Professor Aimé Humbert—whom God had secretly prepared for the work which He had now so marvellously commenced. M. Humbert was not only a learned and accomplished man of the highest character, but had taken an active and eminent part in the public life of his country. He had been for ten years Minister of Public Instruction in his own canton, and for one year President of the “Chambres des États Suisses.” In 1858 the Federal Council charged him to act with M. Kearn in concluding the treaty of Paris concerning Neuchâtel, and in 1862 he was appointed Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Japan to bring about a treaty of commerce with Switzerland. His excellent work on Japan, which gave him a European status as a geographer, has been translated into English. In his character as a scientific man M. Humbert was President or member of many literary and scientific societies. He was equally active and prominent in religious work, and had been for several years President of the “Commission of Alliance of the Free Evangelical Churches of the Continent.” Thus remarkably were combined in him all the qualifications requisite for the influential and unique position which in the providence of God he was about to occupy.

On her return from the South, Mrs. Butler, accompanied now by M. Humbert, paid a second visit to Paris. Their desire to call a meeting of workmen was abandoned for a profoundly significant reason.

“Nothing has interested me so much as the glimpses I have had of the lives and character of the French workmen. There is

surely much excellent material there, if it were rightly used. I asked some workmen if they could get together a meeting of their class, to confer on our subject; they told me, and a working man also informed M. Humbert, who made inquiries for me, that it would be easy enough to get a hundred together (I believe more cannot be called together without the leave of the Minister of Public Instruction), but that it would be dangerous to do so. And *why* do you suppose? Because, said these men, out of that hundred there would probably be twenty-five, or thirty, or more, who had a daughter, or a sister, or some one connected with them, in the St. Lazare, or in one of the licensed houses, and that any words spoken on the subject, however cautious, might act like a spark upon a train of gunpowder. When asked, 'But how so?' the reply was, 'There is too much *hatred*,—hatred of the police authorities, and of the whole *régime* which drills the daughters of France, like soldiers, in the service of debauchery.' It is evident that many of the blue blouses of the Faubourg St. Antoine, and Belleville Quarter, are honest, sober, home-loving men. How little understood by us in England was the meaning of that noble proclamation of the Commune which, being 'hostile to slavery,' proclaimed the abolition of every house of prostitution in Paris, and the freedom of the miserable slaves inhabiting them, and which called on the citizens to recognise the necessity for women of freedom to labour with their hands for an honest livelihood. Such an act might 'cover a multitude of sins,' I think."—*Ibid.*, p. 87.

We may add that as it was one of the first acts of the grossly misunderstood Communist workmen to abolish licensed prostitution, so it was one of the first acts of the "respectable" Government which superseded them, to restore the infamous system.

Mrs. Butler draws a graphic picture of the Paris of "respectable" governments, and of the "Police of Manners."

"I have seen something of the vice and misery of these streets in coming home late sometimes, but I dare not write too much of this. How do they dare to say London is worse? I know London also. Here, the road to hell is gilded, lighted, smoothly paved, beautiful, artistic, just a gentle slope down which youth may slide easily without being suddenly checked by any disgust or too much offence to good taste. His initiation is so cleverly conducted, and he is let down so lightly, gaily, and gracefully into the Inferno, that his senses are confused, and he has hardly time to draw his breath before he perceives himself in the midst of all the crowning abominations ever devised by human wickedness, and surrounded by beings trained in the utmost refinements of impurity."—*Ibid.*, p. 88.

The most important event during Mrs. Butler's second stay in Paris was her visit to the great prison of St. Lazare, the Bastille of the system of vice. St. Lazare is under the immediate administration of the Prefecture of Police. The eleven hundred female prisoners with which it is always crowded, are a striking proof of the impotence of the despotic system to furnish licentious men with victims as submissive and abject as they desire. The unhappy inmates of St. Lazare are divided into three classes:—1. Those who have been arrested on suspicion of practising prostitution without a license, and are either awaiting their trial or have already been condemned for that offence. 2. Licensed prostitutes who have not conformed to the minute regulations contained in their licenses, or who have been found diseased at the periodical medical examination. 3. Young girls imprisoned either conformably to Articles 66 and 67 of the Penal Code, or by request of their parents.\* Mrs. Butler is the first person who has been permitted to reveal some of the secrets of this modern Bastille. Her graphic and heart-rending description is so important, and furnishes such a picture of the impotence, the cruelty, and the wickedness of the system of which St. Lazare is the keystone, that we must reproduce at length an account which she wrote to a friend.

"I must tell you when we meet of that world contained within the walls of St. Lazare. I went to the great prison. Just as I arrived at the stone archway leading out of the street to the big gates of the prison, a huge prison-van rolled in under the arch drawn by stout horses with clattering hoofs, and followed by gendarmes, also on stout clattering horses, and grandly dressed and armed. The van was on high wheels, and had apparently no window at all; strongly secured, and dismal to look at—like a big hearse, only yellow. People fell back as if rather awed, and the great iron gates rolled open. The cortège rattled in, and in a moment the gates rolled back again. I tried to make my way through the gates in the wake of the prison-van, but there was no time—they closed so quickly, and looked inexorable when shut. What powerful ruffians, do you think—what dangerous strong-sinewed criminals were they conveying with all this show of armed force into the prison? The van contained only a few poor weak, helpless girls, guilty of not ministering to impurity in accordance with official rules. O manly, courageous Frenchmen,

\* *La Prostitution à Paris et à Londres.* Par C. J. Lecour. P. 64.



ever athirst for 'glory,' how well it looks to see you exercising your brave military spirit against the womanhood of your own country ! You cannot be expected to govern your own passions, but you can at least govern by physical force the poor women of your streets, and swagger to your heart's content in your hour of triumph as you proudly enter the prison gates with your trembling caged linnets. But no, miserable men, you cannot even do this ; you are beaten by your own women ! They cannot meet you on stout horses with helmets and military swagger and police tyranny, but they beat you with other and more deadly weapons. We speak much of women, under the vicious system we oppose, being the slaves of men, and we realise all the tyranny and oppression which has reduced women to so abject a state. But since I have been in Paris I begin to see the picture somewhat reversed, in a strange and awful way. You can understand how the men who have riveted the slavery of women for such degrading ends become, in a generation or two, themselves the greater slaves—not only the slaves of their own enfeebled and corrupted natures, but of the women whom they have maddened, hardened, and stamped under foot. Bowing down before the unrestrained dictates of their own lusts, they now bow down also before the tortured and fiendish womanhood which *they have created*. Till now I never fully realised Nemesis in this form. I was reading Whittier's description of an insurrection of negro slaves brutalised by servitude :

“ And, painted on the blood-red sky,  
Dark, naked arms were tossed on high ;  
And round the white man's lordly hall,  
Trode, fierce and free, *the brute he made* ;  
Those who, erst, crept along the wall,  
And answered to his lightest call  
With more than spaniel dread—  
The creatures of his lawless beck,  
Were trampling on his very neck ! ”

“ Just as truly, though it is less perceived, are the men of the modern Babylon the slaves of the ‘ brute they have made,’ who is trampling on their very neck, and in fear of whom they plot, and plan, and scheme in vain for their own physical safety. Possessed at times with a sort of stampede of terror, they rush to International Congresses, and forge together more chains for the dreaded wild beast they have so carefully trained, and in their pitiful panic build up fresh barricades between themselves and that womanhood which they proclaim to be a ‘ permanent source of sanitary danger.’ If it were not too awful, one could almost smile to see these brave men trembling at the very thought of any ‘ female ’ being at large who is not the property of some man. M. Lecour, in his last book, appears to regard every woman who



is not under the immediate rule of some man, as he would a volcano ready to burst forth under his feet. You will see how his terror has driven him to contrive a scheme by which all these terrible single women shall be netted by the police and held fast. His scheme is too terrible to speak of. Take the case of a man who abuses the good gifts of nature to brutalise himself by excess in wine: that passive agent, in itself unconscious, and incapable of motive for good or evil, becomes to him a fiery scourge, his tyrant, and he its slave; 'in the end it biteth like a serpent.' Much more, and in a far more awful sense, does abused womanhood become the fiery scourge, the torment, and the tyrant of the men who systematically outrage, in her, God's best gift. Just so far as the soul of a woman is above all inanimate things which are susceptible of abuse, so far is the punishment of the man who outrages it increased. It is true he does not become the slave of the woman, but merely of the *female*. Yet, inasmuch as she is not a mere inanimate thing, like intoxicating drink, nor a mere animal, but is endowed with intellect, affections, will, responsibility, an immortal spirit, and inasmuch as men have turned *all this to poison*, so is the vengeance suffered by them in exact proportion. The men of this day who are guilty of the deliberate and calculating crime of organising and regulating the ruin of women, are preparing for themselves an enslavement, an overmastering terror and tyranny, compared with which the miseries and enslavements brought about by other vices, terrible as these are, are but as the foreshadowing of a reality,—

“‘The curse which thro' long years of crime  
Is gathering, drop by drop, its flood.’

“Already they cringe, abject slaves of the tyrant they have created; they are ruled, cajoled, outwitted, mocked and scourged by her. They rave at and curse her, as a wretched dipsomaniac will curse his intoxicating drink, madly grasping it all the time; and they will continue to curse until their emasculate race becomes extinct. But to return to my story. A couple of surly-looking guards at the gateway of St. Lazare did not answer me when I asked how I was to get in; as I persisted, however, one said, ‘*Vous pouvez battre,*’ jerking his head over his shoulder towards a smaller and heavily iron-barred door. Yes! I could ‘beat,’ no doubt, but my thin hand against that thick iron door made no sound or impression at all. I thought it rather typical of our whole work on the Continent, beating away at the outside of this strong Bastille of misery and horror. Then the words came back to me—‘I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it.’ I went into the street and took up a stone, and tried beating with *that*. It succeeded; a solemn old man in livery opened. I gave him M. Lecour’s letter, desiring that they would

show me the whole place; and, after looking at it narrowly, he passed me on to the care of a nun, the second in charge. . . . . I visited every hole and corner of it: it took a long time. I could not help quickening my steps a little sometimes, as I went past places where the suggestions of horror were more than I could bear. . . . . In the central court of the prison, where a few square yards of blue sky are allowed to look down upon the scene, troops of young girls were taking their hour of prescribed 'recreation,' namely, walking, in twos and threes, round and round the sloppy and gloomy yard, where bits of half-melted snow were turning into mud. It was a sight to wring the heart of a woman—a mother! Most of them were so very young, and some of them (go and see for yourself, and then you will know I am not exaggerating) so very sweet, so comely, so frank, so erect and graceful, in spite of the ugly prison dress. Well might Alexandre Dumas exclaim, 'O! besotted nation, to turn all these lovely women, who should be our companions in life's work, wives, and mothers, into *prostitutes*!' But that was not my thought at that moment: my heart was pierced with thoughts still more bitter and sorrowful. These girls are not all Parisian; they come from all the provinces, and some from Switzerland, Germany, Italy, and England. There were uncovered heads of abundant golden and auburn hair of every shade, as well as black; blue eyes, that looked as if meant for mirth and innocence, and plenty of fine dark eyes, with soul and thought in them. I was not allowed to speak to them. Never in my life did I so much long to speak, and I fancy *they* wished it too. I said in my heart, 'O God, I may not speak, and they may not hear how much I love them; have mercy on them!' I *looked* at them with all the love I could possibly press into my face—the love and the pity which were rending my heart; and I think they must have read it, for their steps slackened as they came round, and they paused when they got near me, with looks of kindness, or gentle curiosity, or yearning sympathy. What dear friends I could have made among that crowd of young victims! How intensely they looked at me, and I at them, in that oppressive silence! I could not bear it. When you hear people talk of the heartless, artificial, or hardened harlot of Paris, think of *these*, who are the raw material, fresh from nature's hand, out of which Babylon manufactures her soulless wild beasts, who become a terror to their manufacturers. I saw also in St. Lazare women grown old in misery and vice, but I will not say that even they looked to me incapable of a return to good. . . . . And there are other places, dear, if you can bear to hear, where the harmless, *soulless*, are kept. There are women, quite young, whose reason has fled, whose mind has been crushed out of the frail body by the grinding tyranny and foul treatment of the dispensary, and licensed house, and Bureau, by

police, and doctors, and 'mistresses.' There is nothing left but the poor shell. Men may still dishonour that, but they can no more defile the mind, for it is gone. You may read in DuChâtelet how many become idiotic or lunatic. In Paris you can see them. . . . One sat with her hands loosely on her lap, the picture of an empty, unconscious ruin; sometimes there is a look of terror, a wild searching round the room with the sad, soulless eyes, as if expecting something to fall and crush her, or as if seeing the approach of some dreaded face; and sometimes a piercing cry, like that of a wounded hunted animal. One could not but be glad that the mind had taken flight beyond the tyranny and the shame; but what a sight! O God!"—*Ibid.*, p. 89.

Surely that appeal to God, that representative cry of all hearts and consciences to which the system is really known, has not gone up to heedless ears. The day cannot be far distant when the moral Fall of the new Bastille will mark the first stage of another and a happier French Revolution. In every town which Mrs. Butler visited she met with proofs that God had heard the cries of anguish and despair that are continually ascending from the habitations of cruelty with which the dark places of male licentiousness are filled. God had seen the affliction of the victims, and He was come down to deliver them. This sublime and glorious fact found fitting expression during a visit which Mrs. Butler paid to the "Maison des Diaconesses." The poor girls whom these Christian women had rescued from misery and vice, were all assembled, and one of the deaconesses

"Said to them, in a sweet gentle voice, 'I want you to look at this dear lady, my children. Yes, look at her well, for she is your friend, and perhaps you may never see her again. She is our friend; she has come to Paris to say that our bonds shall be broken.' And then she continued, speaking almost as a person speaks in a dream, and very solemnly, '*Our bonds shall be broken. A time shall come when vice shall no more be organised and upheld by the law, to crush us down to hell.* You understand what I mean, my children. Ah! you understand too well. She has come to Paris to oppose the great machinery which makes it so easy to sin, and so hard to escape. She brings you a message from Jesus to-day, my children, and asks you to love Him; and to look forward in hope; for our bonds shall be broken—*ours*; for we are sisters; we suffer with you.'"—*Ibid.*, p. 99.

Those touching words were truly prophetic, and we

salute with grateful joy the dawn of that happy day of purity and love, which already

"Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops."

The success of Mrs. Butler's mission proved that the time was fully come to organise a world-wide opposition to licensed immorality. Steps were immediately taken to form a "British, Continental, and General Federation." The first meeting of the Federation was held in Liverpool on the 19th of March, 1875. All the existing Repeal Associations gave in their adhesion, and appointed representatives to the General Council, which elected the following Executive Committee: the Right Hon. J. Stansfeld, M.P. (President), W. Crosfield, Esq., J.P. (Treasurer), Mrs. Butler and Professor J. Stuart, Trinity College, Cambridge (Hon. Secretaries), M. Aimé Humbert, of Neuchâtel (Continental Correspondent), Mrs. Tanner, Madame Venturi, Sir Harcourt Johnstone, Bart., M.P., and Dr. Carter.

The progress made since the formation of the Federation is so great that it would require a separate article to relate it. We must satisfy ourselves with the barest outline.

The movement in Italy has surprised the most sanguine. Members of the highest aristocracy, such as Prince Francesco Pallavicini, Duke Torlonia, and the Marquis of Casibile, the professors and students of the Universities, and especially the working classes of both sexes, from one end of Italy to the other, have espoused the "holy cause" with astonishing readiness and enthusiasm. Ladies' committees exist in all the principal towns. A majority of the leading journals have pronounced in favour of the movement, and the Left of the Italian Parliament, now in power, have incorporated it into their programme. So extraordinary has been the progress in Italy that Signor Nathan—to whom, as we have already said, it is, humanly speaking, chiefly due—was able to write at the close of last year, "I do not think I could name a single town in Italy in which we have not at present some one working for our cause." It is quite possible that this great country, now rising so gloriously from the dead, may even anticipate England, and be the first European nation to emancipate itself from the fatal servitude of legalised debauchery.

The movement in Switzerland, guided by the organising genius of M. Humbert, has been especially distinguished by the promptitude with which the *preventive* and *constructive* work of the Federation has been undertaken. Asylums in which destitute and friendless girls will be sheltered from the licentious until suitable employment is found for them, have already been opened at Chaux-de-Fonds, Berne, Lausanne, Geneva, Neuchâtel, Bienne, and Vevey.

A most providential opportunity of inaugurating the movement in Germany occurred last autumn in connection with the seventeenth Congress of the famous "Inner Mission" of the German Evangelical Church. At the special request of the Central Committee of the Inner Mission, the Federation sent a delegate, M. Rollier, to advocate its principles from their conspicuous and commanding platform. There can be little doubt that this vast organisation will ultimately marshal its enormous forces in support of the movement in Germany.

The first victories of the Federation have been already won. An effort to introduce the English system into South Australia has been signally defeated, largely through the zealous efforts of Mr. Rowland Rees, M.P. In Cape Colony, where the system had existed for some years, it has, after a violent and prolonged struggle, been totally abolished. The chief promoter of repeal was Mr. Saul Solomon, M.P., a member of the General Council of the Federation.

The chief interest is now centred in the United States, where bold efforts are being made to introduce the system of vice. The surviving leaders of the Anti-Slavery movement, William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, the Hon. Samuel Sewall, Mrs. Lucretia Mott, and other distinguished persons, have already joined the Federation, and are uttering loud protests against the "white slavery." Mr. H. J. Wilson, of Sheffield, and the Rev. J. P. Gledstone, of Chesterfield, have been sent across the Atlantic to encourage and advise the "New Abolitionists" in the States. The Wesleyan-Methodist Association also has taken advantage of the meeting of the General Conference in Baltimore to make the following appeal to the Methodists of America :—

*"Address of the Wesleyan Society for Securing the Repeal of the Contagious Diseases Acts to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States, 1876.*

"REVEREND AND DEAR FATHERS AND BRETHREN,—We have heard with anxiety and distress that efforts are being made to introduce into the United States the system of regulated and licensed prostitution, which has long existed on the Continent of Europe, but against which a great religious movement is now arising in every country which it has cursed. Every nation which has attempted to deal with this colossal evil, otherwise than the Bible directs and allows, has inevitably been driven at last to tolerate and license sin. Hence, however cautiously and tentatively the system may be introduced into the United States, however circumscribed its operations for a time, however plausible the distinctions which it advocates may attempt to draw between it and the fully developed system of France, we now know too well that such a beginning can have only one possible result—the distinct recognition and legislation of lust.

"In 1864 the system, under the misleading title of Contagious Diseases Acts, was stealthily introduced into England at the instance of the Admiralty and War Office, and of a small body of medical men. For several years the country at large, and many Members of Parliament, were entirely ignorant of the real nature of these enactments. Immediately the truth became widely known a great agitation commenced. Among the first voices raised against this immoral legislation was that of the British Conference, which has yearly renewed its emphatic protest. In 1874, on the initiative of the Rev. G. T. Perks, M.A., President of the Conference, a Wesleyan Society was formed to promote the repeal of the Acts. The Conference of the same year approved of this step in the following resolution:—'The Conference hears with much satisfaction that a Society has been formed with a view to diffuse information, and to call forth the combined efforts of our people in opposition to these Acts, in harmony with any measures which may be taken by the Committee of Exigency in relation to the subject; and it commends this Society to the support of our friends throughout the country. The Conference repeats the expression of its utter disapproval of these Acts, as iniquitous in principle, and demoralising in their tendency, and its determination to use all legitimate means to seek their repeal.' In 1875, the Society called a crowded and enthusiastic meeting of ministers and laymen in London, when addresses were delivered by the Revs. W. Morley Punshon, LL.D., President of the Conference, G. Osborn, D.D., F. J. Jobson, D.D., G. T. Perks, M.A., J. H. Rigg, D.D., and Messrs. T. P. Bunting and W. McArthur, M.P. Since then the organisation



of this Society—on behalf of which we address you—has been further advanced. The first page of our monthly organ—*The Methodist Protest*—(copies of which, with other literature, we send you)—contains a list of our General Committee, which comprises the President and the Secretary of the Conference, all the ex-Presidents, the Chairmen of Districts throughout England, Wales, Scotland and Ireland, all the heads of our educational and other connexional departments, together with the most influential and prominent members of our church in every part of the country. Indeed, there is no other extra-Methodist subject upon which the opinion of British Methodism is so unanimous.

“The existence of the Contagious Diseases Act has compelled us to familiarise ourselves with the effects of legalised prostitution at home and abroad. On the Continent of Europe the system has caused debauchery so widespread, and a debasement of morals so complete, that the facts of the case must appear incredible to those who are not profoundly familiar with the subject. In our own country it has already produced three palpable results. In the first place, it has so completely debased the unhappy creatures subjected to its operations, that the great Rescue and Reformatory Societies—all of which vehemently oppose it—find it almost impossible to reclaim any of them, while among the fallen women in districts where the Acts are not enforced, the beneficent work of these Societies goes on as successfully as ever. In the second place, the English system has given a great impetus to male licentiousness. Deceived by the governmental promise of protection against physical consequences—a promise already proved to be futile—the licentious of all ages have plunged into yet greater excesses. The most fearful feature of the fresh development of debauchery is the increased immorality of married men, who now vainly imagine that the Government doctors will prevent those consequences to their wives and children, the dread of which had hitherto deterred them from sin. The third and most fearful result of all, has been the general lowering of the standard of morality. These immoral laws are silently creating and fostering the belief that male incontinence is a physical necessity, or, at most, a venial offence. A startling and awful evidence of this is noticed by the Rev. W. Arthur, M.A., in the January number of *The Methodist Protest*. The Royal Commissioners appointed to consider the Acts, actually plead in their address to the Queen, that the men who buy are less guilty than the women who sell the indulgences which these Acts are devised to protect, because the starving women sin for bread, but the men are only ‘indulging’ a ‘natural impulse irregularly.’

“These are not, however, the primary grounds of our objection to such legislation. We do not judge the Acts by their effects.



Our appeal is to the Bible. We condemned them before their effects were known. Our invincible repugnance to them rests upon the broad and palpable fact stated in the resolution of the Conference, that they are 'iniquitous in principle.' They are based upon the assumption that prostitution is a necessity—an assumption which directly contradicts the Bible. Dr. Osborn clearly stated our position in the February number of *The Methodist Protest*—'If God be true, fornication will exclude us from His kingdom (Gal. v. 21; Eph. v. 5). And since we must not do it ourselves, we must not in any way assist or encourage others to do it.' He who rejects that argument has practically repudiated the Christian basis of morality. Indeed, some of the advocates of the Acts already recognise and adopt the only possible grounds upon which they can be maintained. Boldly denying the final authority of the Divine Law, they declare that expediency founded upon experiment is the sole rule of human conduct. This atheistic doctrine is the natural and legitimate outcome of those systems of materialistic utilitarianism which have for some time occupied the high places of the earth. Rightly has Dr. Punshon exclaimed, 'Behind all this there lies another and wider question, the issue of which is involved in the maintenance or repeal of these laws. It is the controversy as to the basis of morals. It is whether expediency or right is to govern a Christian people.' Little as it is at present realised by the busy and the thoughtless, the acceptance of the principle which underlies such legislation involves the ultimate rejection of Christianity itself.

"There are, however, not a few hopeful signs that the true nature and issues of the conflict are becoming widely known. This entire kingdom is covered with a network of religious and social organisations. The movement grows daily in volume and strength, and has already spread to the remotest limits of the British Empire. In Cape Colony, after a prolonged struggle, the system has been totally abolished, and in South Australia an effort to introduce the Acts has signally failed. No subject has so profoundly and so universally moved the English race since the abolition of African slavery.

"But the most extraordinary and unexpected sign is the awakening on the Continent of Europe. In 1874, the leaders of the English agitation became aware that an International Medical Congress, supported by governments and the military bureaux, was aiming at a universal organisation of prostitution, to be secured by the enactment of an international law, which would place the whole of Europe in their power. Aroused by this enormous danger, Mrs. Josephine Butler determined to visit the Continent, and seek the co-operation of all who still clung to the morality of the Gospel. This holy mission has already produced amazing results. In France, Switzerland, Italy, and Germany,

there has been already created an organised Federation, including in its rapidly growing membership world-famous names, and even now strong enough to support a regular monthly organ—*Le Bulletin Continental*. 'This is the Lord's doing; it is marvellous in our eyes.'

"We have incidentally mentioned that illustrious lady whom God has made His chief instrument in this great moral reformation, and we take the opportunity of adding that it is found impossible to carry on this agitation without the co-operation of Christian ladies, that their participation has not occasioned the slightest difficulty, and that success has been in proportion to the extent that noble and saintly women have engaged in the work.

"Our aims have grown in magnitude and completeness under the guidance of Heaven. To secure, by the repeal of every existing regulation, that there should not be a single licensed harlot in Europe, would at one time have seemed an ultimate and almost impossible goal. It is now only the first and lowest of our designs. Lamenting before God our long criminal silence and inactivity, we recognise our Divine obligation to denounce and combat every species of immorality; we utterly repudiate the godless unbelief which regards prostitution as a necessity; and realising that the great source and origin of social vice is the widespread acceptance of an unequal standard of morality for men and for women, we devote ourselves to the creation of a Christian public opinion which shall rigorously demand the same spotless chastity from both sexes, and shall make no compromise with those infamous men who sacrifice womanhood upon the altar of their degraded lusts.

"We have only to add that the Rev. William B. Pope and the Rev. James H. Rigg, D.D., are both members of our General Committee, and that Dr. Rigg, in particular, who has taken a prominent part in the agitation, is prepared to supplement this statement of our position and prospects with any further explanation which may be desired.

"And now, Reverend Fathers and Brethren, we beseech you in the name of God to exert your vast influence among the Christian population of the States, to avert the fatal scourge with which you are threatened. Our own sad experience teaches us that it is infinitely easier to prevent than to undo this evil. Under the influence of immoral legislation the public conscience deteriorates, and the leaven of materialism spreads with incredible and shocking rapidity. Happily you cannot be taken unawares and betrayed in the dark as we were. You are forewarned and forearmed. Confidently anticipating your hearty co-operation in this great religious movement, we earnestly pray that our Holy God may enable you to avert from your shores that great

and fatal curse from which—after a century of unutterable degradation and anguish—He is about to deliver repentant Europe.

“Signed on behalf of the General Committee of the Wesleyan Society for securing the Repeal of the Contagious Diseases Acts.

Gervase Smith,  
W. Morley Punshon,  
H. W. Williams,  
George Osborn, D.D.,  
Frederick J. Jobson, D.D.,  
William Arthur,  
John Farrar,  
William W. Stamp, D.D.,  
John H. James, D.D.,  
W. B. Boyce,  
William Fiddian Moulton,  
George W. Olver,  
Richard Roberts,  
George O. Bate,  
Samuel Coley,  
Charles H. Kelly,  
T. B. Stephenson, B.A.,  
William Gibson,  
George Follows,  
Henry J. Sykes,  
Sarah Maclardie Amos,  
Mary Harvard,  
Samuel Beard,  
Francis Lycett,  
W. H. Budgett,

A. McAulay,  
W. McArthur, M.P.,  
Alexander McArthur, M.P.,  
James Barlow, J.P.,  
George Liddett,  
Rowland Rees,  
Matthew Hargreaves,  
John Dyson,  
Robert Foscett,  
J. Wheeler,  
John Oliver Davis,  
W. Symington,  
Richard Haworth,  
Elk. Healey,  
James E. Hargreaves,  
T. Percival Bunting,  
Elias Crapper,  
Benjamin Gregory,  
W. Mewburn, *Hon. Treas.*  
J. Richard Hargreaves,  
*Hon. Gen. Sec.*  
Percy W. Bunting,  
*Hon. Gen. Sec.*  
Hugh P. Hughes, B.A.,  
*Hon. Editorial Sec.”*

For other historical details we must refer our readers to *The New Abolitionists*, an important and profoundly interesting volume compiled by Professor James Stuart, of Trinity College, Cambridge, the author of the University extension scheme. All the newspapers called into existence by the movement—*The Shield*, *The Medical Inquirer*, *The Working Men's League Journal*, *The Bulletin Continental*, and *The Methodist Protest*—carefully describe the current progress of the Federation.

We conclude our narrative of the Great Social War with the record of one other event. The first Annual Congress of the Federation was held in London on the 19th of last May. It was numerously attended by representatives from every part of the United Kingdom, and by some distinguished foreigners. M. Aimé Humbert was able to report

almost incredible progress on the Continent. M. de Pressensé delivered an address of remarkable eloquence and power. Père Hyacinthe had come to England expressly to take part in the Congress, but being prevented by temporary indisposition, he subsequently addressed a crowded audience in St. James's Hall. A valuable letter of adhesion was addressed to the Congress by M. de Laveleye, the distinguished Belgian publicist and political economist. A communication of characteristic spirituality was received from M. Theodore Monod, under whose influence the whole evangelical Protestant Church of France is rallying to the standard of the Federation. But the most significant circumstance of all was the decision of the Federation that it would hold its International Congress next year at Geneva, immediately after the fourth International Medical Congress had concluded its sessions, "so that if our cause gain a victory among the representatives of science, we may be there to gather together and formulate the results of our triumph; or that if a majority of the Medical Congress declare against the work of the Federation, we may be there to give a refutation to their errors on the very morrow of their proclamation, and to at once weaken their deleterious influence on public opinion." Thus already does this young Federation feel itself strong enough to discard mere skirmishes. It enters the international arena, and challenges its greatest foe to a pitched battle.

Seven short years ago Alexandre Dumas, *fil*s, exclaimed, "The hope of bridling or checking the ever-growing prostitution of the nineteenth century can only excite laughter, like the act of a fool." The author of the *Dame aux Camélias* was right. Respectable society had actually constituted itself the patron and protector of immorality, by imposing upon all men, in reference to the Social Evil, an absolute silence similar to that long enforced in America on the subject of slavery. The pulpit itself had been cowed, and no minister dared to denounce in direct speech the greatest sin of which man is capable, although Paul used the plainest terms in Epistles which were to be read in the hearing of women and of children. An immodest modesty, an obscene propriety, reigned everywhere. The licentious of all ages indulged in their infamous pleasures without rebuke. Ladies condescended to tolerate, and even to welcome, the society of immoral men. The triumph of debauchery was complete. In that same year, a few men

and women in England, realising the degradation of society, uttered a cry of pain and indignation. That cry re-echoed round the world, it reached the ear of God, and already all is changed! The "hope" ludicrous as "the act of a fool," has become the cherished aspiration of the noblest women and most illustrious men in Europe. No one "laughs" now. All the vested interests of debauchery are filled with rage and terror. The long truce with lust is over. War is proclaimed. What reverses or successes await those who have proclaimed it, no man can say. Houses, cities, and nations may be divided against themselves. Governments and even dynasties may fall in the profound agitations which it will occasion. One thing only is certain. The sword which has been unsheathed in the name of Him who is Holiness and Love will never return to its scabbard, until the women of every race and of every land have been emancipated from the brutal and loathsome tyranny of immoral men.

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## LITERARY NOTICES.

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ARTHUR'S LIFE OF GIDEON OUSELEY.

*The Life of Gideon Ouseley.* By William Arthur. London : Wesleyan Conference Office. 1876.

THE task of writing the memoir of this distinguished Irish evangelist could not have fallen into more suitable hands. The faithful but imperfect record prepared by Mr. Reilly needed a completion which could be supplied only from Mr. Ouseley's own voluminous papers. Writing with much physical difficulty, with a large mass of manuscript before him, "twenty-eight manuscript-books, besides numbers of lesser documents, copies of writings, and so on," fruits of the loving toil of the Rev. John Hay and Alderman Bonsall, Mr. Arthur has succeeded in presenting a biography sufficiently ample, and yet comparatively brief. All needless matter has been eliminated, and the pure grain of the history preserved, free from the husk of dates, and times, and all those many unimportant incidents which might be written as well of one life as of another.

The story opens with an easy grace, showing Ouseley's setting in Irish society, all those surrounding influences which in early life helped so largely to prepare him for the peculiar service he was afterwards to render. Here are traceable the germs of character subsequently developed by strange scenes and circumstances, and the first materials are here found for a solution of the future extraordinary career.

"It is hard to say what the effect of early entering on city life would have been upon him ; but his character, as finally formed, was such as only a remote province could nurse. The open-hearted ways of folk who seldom see a stranger, and never but as an object of interest, had full time to mould the habits even of his manhood, before he ever felt the air of a big place—that air which numbs your consciousness of the presence of the stranger, as well as your sense of the importance of the individual. So to his latest day he never lost a keen sense of the value of one.

"The same causes laid the basis of that quick sympathy between him and the common people which was among the greatest of the natural elements of his power. Living in uninterrupted familiarity with bog and cabin, with mountain-road and secluded lake; with frieze coats, red petticoats, shoeless feet, and beggars' wallets; with the Irish tongue, or English spoken with a glorious brogue; with two or three little fields for a farm, and for a table the potato-basket set on an iron pot; with the wake and the 'berrin,' the weddings and the 'stations,' the village market, the rollicking fair, the hurling matches, the 'Patrons,' and the rows, which made up the sum of peasant life, he was prepared to stand close home upon the hearts of people for whom he was to live. He had got into their bosoms before one differently trained could have seized the tips of their fingers."

But poor Gideon did not escape the ill effects of a very low condition of genteel society, organised apparently "so as to show youth how they could best throw away a birthright of fine qualities." With a powerful frame and fearless courage, an agility which defied all competition, above the average of his companions in mental gifts and attainments, with ready wit and a free utterance with "the drollery of his fancies and his eye," he was led on to a course of life of which, in after years, his only bitter, painful record was expressed in the words "the companion of fools." His conversion from these evil courses is well and plainly told, chiefly in his own words; it will help to keep alive the recollection of the conversion of great sinners, to cherish the belief in its possibility, and to point out its probable method. Instantly the endeavour to be useful bursts upon us, and to the end of his long life the line is never broken. In a pure and natural way his earliest efforts are confined within his own home-circle; then the field enlarges to town, to country, and to province. We first trace a mere line, a single endeavour, the narrow thread of a mountain stream, then another and a bolder effort, then the events multiply, the channel is wider, the interest more intense; anecdote follows anecdote in quick succession; it is the flow of a river's volume, or the dash of a rushing impetuous torrent. With a frame of iron, with an irrepressible activity, with a burning, quenchless zeal, he travels from town to town, and from village to village, proclaiming to others what he has found to be a Gospel to himself, a remedy for great and deep-seated evils. He preaches in shops, in houses and in chapels, in streets and market-places, "if possible in front of an apothecary's window;" in lanes and fields, among the mountains, or on the plains, being persuaded "that God is more honoured and mankind more profited by occasional out-preaching than by house-preaching." Now he pleads with one on the seat of a coach, now with hundreds at fairs, or wakes, or "berrins," anywhere, everywhere. In frost, and hail,



and rain, as well as in shine, his pulpit is the saddle of his horse; he is hindered or helped by jeers, and scoffs, and missiles, by threats of priests, by curses of the drunken, and by the tears and sobs of the multitude, whose attention he had only to gain for a moment or two in order to secure it as long as he would. He speaks the language of the people, their native Irish, and his speech is sharpened by wit and drollery and keen discernment, by apt repartee and gentle tenderness: he is well equipped with suitable words, and, by careful reading, with suitable and subtle arguments which are directed now against the deceitfulness of sin, now against the deceitfulness of error; for vice and popery were his two, his only enemies. But through the whole is breathed an unquenchable love for the souls of men in whose service he pours forth freely the strength of his life.

Thus he laboured, sometimes alone, but generally and more wisely with one or other of his beloved brethren Graham, Hamilton, Nelson, or Reilly: with the first of whom he "coursed all Ireland through, as perhaps no two men ever did before, travelling uncounted thousands of miles." Bruised and maimed by falls, and kicks, and missiles, he yet continued his wonderful career, until he reached an advanced age. He had passed his seventy-fifth year, when it is recorded that in sixteen days he preached six-and-thirty times, of which eight were in markets and streets, and his own account is that he was "nothing the worse, nor even fatigued." The following year "he preached nineteen times in eight days." Now a gig takes the place of the old pulpit—the saddle. Later still he is making tours "from Belfast as a centre, first in Down, through Donaghadee, Newtownards, and Downpatrick; and next in Antrim, through Carrickfergus, Larne, and Lisburne."

Again, we learn of him that he is safe and well, "except a wound on my right leg from the kick of a horse in the dark, as I was passing through Maryborough on foot, about three weeks ago. Though it was painful it did not hinder me in the work of the Lord. I preached in and out of doors fifteen times a week. This caused my wounded leg to swell by day; at night it got down again, and now I intend to rest awhile until it becomes healed, or nearly so." He further writes, "From Sunday morning, August the 27th, to Thursday morning, September the 21st, I was enabled by my Lord to preach fifty-four times in and out of doors—not far off my seventy-seventh year." On the first day of his seventy-eighth year he preached four times, met the Class, and went to church, "and heard a good sermon."

Nor were these labours without their fruit, as from among many testimonies, the following from the pen of Dr. Robinson Scott bears witness:—"Among all the eminent men raised up by God in Irish Methodism, I doubt if any other was ever so suc-

cessful in winning souls for Christ as Mr. Ouseley. Testimonies to this effect I often heard during the early years of my ministry in Ireland; and during my several visits to the United States and Canada, at one time including Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, these testimonies were greatly confirmed."

Little is said of the evil treatment Ouseley received in his missionary tours; yet sufficient to show the reader that our hero had no easy time of it. The biographer has here caught the spirit of his subject, who counted his heavy sufferings as the small dust of the balances. Mr. Hamilton writes: "Last Christmas we were waylaid and robbed of our books. Ouseley was hurt, and lost his hat in the fray. He had to ride seven miles before he got one. It happened near Eyrecourt, on the Shannon. We had preached there that day, and had to battle with the priest and his people. The priest beat my horse greatly, and the people dragged him down the street, and I on his back; but the soldiers got me into the barrack-yard. Ouseley was hurt there, too. The soldiers then got arms, loaded their pieces, fixed their bayonets, marched out before us, and formed square about us both in the street, until we preached to the market-people. They then put us safe out of the town, but never thought our persecutors had got before us, and lay concealed until we came up; and then they surrounded us with horrid shouting, as if Scullabogue Barn had been on fire. At another time, a big priest and I were in holds of each other. He had been going to pull my Ouseley down. I could easily have injured him, for he was very drunk."

Nor did Ouseley entirely omit literary pursuits, reading in intervals snatched from his many labours, or on horseback through his many journeys. His favourite books were the old divines, or Gallagher's Irish Sermons, the Decrees of the Council of Trent in Latin, or the Greek Testament. In the houses where he was entertained he soon retired to his books, which often occupied him far into the night. He wrote much, considering his manner of life, chiefly polemical tracts, one of which he expanded into a volume of more than four hundred pages. Of this book, entitled *Old Christianity*, Mr. Arthur writes: "It is one of those works which only a man of the people, living among and for them, can write. Questions of doctrine, which in other hands would be abstract and remote from common feeling, are handled as matters of fireside debate, acutely, homely, and eagerly. Every now and then he moves under restraint, as if he were bound to talk like a book; but soon falls into his natural tone of a popular-disputant, with home-thrusts, clever illustrations, and absurd dilemmas. The force of the attack lies in his perfect knowledge of Romanism, as a working system, combined with a thorough study of some of its most important doctrinal standards, in his reverent and passionate love for old Christianity as revealed in the New Testa-

ment, and in his fearless purpose of pressing home the truth, as taught in that blessed book, against any logical fence, and any amount of prescription or human authority. It owes not a little, also, to the fact that it is all attack; for he feels that the Reformed faith is not on its defence, standing as it does in the old ways, and that a defensive position is for those who add dogma to dogma, and cult to cult. Its perfect representation of the modes of attack and reply common in the controversies of the country, added more to its local effectiveness than it detracted from its adaptation to other spheres, while the freshness and individuality of treatment took it out of the range of commonplace provincial polemics." It is said of this book that it was more successful in winning converts to the Protestant faith than any book of controversy published within the memory of man.

There are some capital stories illustrative of the good man's skilful method of dealing with his volatile and excitable audiences; and there are vivid pictures of Irish life in the early part of the present century, for which we must refer our readers to the volume itself.

Ouseley's labours continued until within a month of his death, which took place on the 13th of May, 1839, when there passed from amongst men one of the most notable Evangelists and Home-Missionary ministers of modern times, whose career finds its nearest parallel in that of George Whitefield, of blessed memory.

We could not omit a reference to the more than half-hidden life of Mrs. Ouseley, who for fifty and six years lovingly and faithfully shared the lot of her devoted husband, and by her quiet ministry to him helped him so widely to minister to others. The book appears most opportunely; at a time when Home and District Mission work is claiming the thoughts and sympathies of the Churches, and engaging the toils of many earnest men, both lay and cleric. It ranks amongst the most interesting and instructive biographies, especially as illustrative of the spirit and work of the true Evangelist. It fitly takes its place by the side of another record of successful life in another sphere from the pen of the same gifted author, and though the appearance of the book is slightly marred by one or two unnecessary differences in the type, and the style of the writing is occasionally a little too loose, yet these minor blemishes will not detract from the inexpressible charm of the narrative, the reading of which will doubtless lead many a young minister to covet earnestly some of Ouseley's gifts, and so the prayer expressed by the author will be answered, in the book being made "a means of raising up other Gideon Ouseleys."

## RAMBERT'S LIFE OF VINET.

*Alexandre Vinet; Histoire de sa Vie et de ses Ouvrages.*  
Par E. Rambert. Lausanne: Georges Bridel. 1875.

VINET holds a distinguished place among the foreign Protestant theologians of this century. He also occupies an exceptional and very interesting position among French critics. Nor would the part he took in the politico-ecclesiastical affairs of Switzerland be unworthy of serious study. But at present we shall only dwell on these subjects so far as may be necessary to follow his life. That, too, is a subject not without its special charm,—the charm that belongs to the beauty of holiness.

It is a life of few incidents and of a singular unity. Born at Ouchy, near Lausanne, on the 17th of June, 1797, he died at Clarens on the 4th of May, 1846, and of the fifty years of his life full thirty were spent in the town of his birth, and the remainder at Bâle, in what, to our distant eyes, is still the same land, though, doubtless, to the nearer vision of the Swiss themselves a change of canton is a change of country. And the inner development of his character was as uneventful, as unmarked by spiritual revolutions, as his outward circumstances. With the exception of one distinct change that came over his mind, and to which we shall have occasion to refer again, its history is one of untroubled growth. If the simile be not held too fanciful, we would say, that in fixity of surroundings, in stability, to say nothing of manifold beauty, his life was as a lake,—that Lake of Geneva, by which he was born and died.

His father, who occupied some not very well remunerated Government post in the Canton de Vaud, was a father of the old school, a rigid disciplinarian, a father of the type of James Mill or Zachary Macaulay. But this sternness did not, of course, exclude strong affection, any more than the absence of wealth excluded a considerable amount of culture. As the lad passed successively through the "College" and "Academy" of his native town, and yet increasingly as he entered upon the active duties of life, he found in his father a friend in whom he could and did confide, and on whose judgment he was in the habit of placing a reliance which we might be tempted to call excessive, if events had not signally justified it; for it was to this influence that he yielded, rather than to any distinct vocation of his own, in selecting to finish his studies at the faculty of theology, and so preparing for the ministry. And it seems clear, too, that at any rate the first suggestions of an engagement between himself and his cousin, Mdlle. Sophie de la Rottaz, were due to a parental wish.

But if this be clear, it is also clear that the love which sprang

up between the youth and the maiden—they can scarcely have been more than eighteen—needed no extraneous support. In these later days when a poet in high renown has spoken of genius “mistaking its way into marriage,” and when a stormy ephemeral ideal of love finds so large a place in poetry, which is the *lingua franca* of all feeling, it seems not superfluous, now and again, to point to cases in which has been realised that older ideal of a first love taking possession of a young man’s heart, and sitting there enthroned through the years of manhood and old age. And here, in the case of Vinet, that “subtle master,” “the maiden passion for a maid,” was found strong, as in the Laureate’s verse,—

“ Not only to keep down the base in man,  
But teach high thought and amiable words,  
And courtliness, and the desire of fame,  
And love of truth, and all that makes a man.”

Nor did the fire flare, and then go out. Every reference to Madame Vinet, in her husband’s correspondence, or private memoranda, shows what an entire and lasting unity of heart subsisted between them, and how fully she shared his spiritual and intellectual life.

But we are anticipating. The marriage did not take place till the 8th of October, 1819, and two years before that date, in July 1817, Vinet had taken a very important step in his career. He had accepted the Professorship of French Language and Literature in the *Gymnase*, or public school of Bâle. This post, though offered to him in consideration of his college reputation and successes, was not a brilliant one, either as regards its functions or emoluments. The main duties consisted in teaching French to boys whose mother tongue was German. The salary was considerably under £100 a year. But in the economy of life it does not always happen that the largest rewards secure the best results. Vinet threw all his powers of mind into his teaching. The spirit in which his labours were performed imparted a dignity to his office which there was no mistaking. It was for his Bâle scholars that he compiled his admirable *Chrestomathie*, or selections of readings from French literature, accompanied by biographical and critical notes. For them he spared neither trouble nor time. He continued to occupy the post for twenty years, long after his writings had earned him fame, and notwithstanding the offers of what, to men of less than his humility, might have seemed more desirable spheres of labour at Paris, Montauban, and Frankfort.

It was in 1822 and 1823 that the crisis in Vinet’s inner life, to which we have already referred, took place. Two years before, in July 1820, he had met with an accident, from the effects of

which he never recovered, that shattered his health, and left him liable to constantly recurring fits of pain; and in the agonies of sickness,—to which were added the sorrows of family bereavement—his spiritual life had developed most notably. To him, too, by God's grace, the uses of adversity had proved sweet. It was the period of the Evangelical revival in the Protestant churches of France and Switzerland, a revival somewhat later in date, but almost identical in character with that which took place in England. Looked at more generally, it was one phase in that reaction of the nineteenth century against the eighteenth, of which the influence may be traced in so many other spheres of thought. And the progress in Vinet from the "high and dry" if perfectly genuine and highly moral religious faith in which he had been brought up, to the deeper, more spiritual faith of after years is strongly marked. We have no space for quotation, or two passages on missions would amply illustrate our meaning.

The revival did not by any means progress quite peaceably in Switzerland. Its adherents, the "Methodists" and "Mummers," as they were called, often incurred not only odium, but ill-treatment. Their assemblies met with much the same kind of annoyance from the mob, as John Wesley, in earlier days, had met with in England. And the law, so far from protecting them, seems to have regarded the movement as an indignity from which it was necessary to protect the State Church. Although in the controversy against any union of Church and State, which occupied so important a part in the writings and life of Vinet, he constantly endeavoured to deal with the question as one of principle almost exclusively, yet it was probably owing to some such practical evil of an "Erastian" form of polity that he owed his first incitement to deal with the question at all. Be that as it may, the opportunity for disburdening his heart of the truth that was in him soon presented itself. A sum of 2,000 francs had been offered as a prize for the best work on Religious Liberty. The adjudication rested with the "Society of Christian Morality" in Paris, and among the judges were such men as Guizot, De Barante, De Broglie, and De Rémusat. Vinet was one of the competitors (this was in 1826), and to his essay the prize was unanimously awarded. Nor did advancing years do aught but confirm him in the position he then took up. Pamphlets and newspaper articles on this subject never ceased to flow from his pen. In 1837, he had at last been induced to quit Bâle, and accept the Professorship of Practical Theology in the Academy at Lausanne; but this post he voluntarily resigned in 1844, entirely on account of his opinions on the relations between Church and State; and two years later he was dismissed even from so secular an office as the Professorship of French Literature in the Faculty of Arts in the same Academy, avowedly and officially because he frequented

other assemblies than those of the Established Church. Such being his opinions it "goes without saying" that the Free Church movement in the Canton de Vaud found in him one of its most ardent and able supporters. He took a leading part in the organisation of the body, and in drawing up its confession of faith; and, notwithstanding his rapidly failing health, undertook much the same duties in its School of Theology that he had performed in the National Academy.

Did this question of the separation between Church and State occupy an exaggerated place in his thoughts and life? This is a question to which varying opinion will suggest various replies. His friends, M. Merle D'Aubigné and M. Gaussen, on a solemn occasion, remonstrated against the importance attached to those matters of ecclesiastical discipline—the one complaining that they were usurping a place which belonged to the Cross alone—the other declaring that the best Church would be that in which the Church would be spoken of least and Christ most.\* And on another and purely literary side, we may venture to regret that one of the very few Protestant writers of this century who, by sheer mental power, have lifted themselves out of the smaller circles of Protestantism into the larger circles of French literature, should not have concentrated his attention more entirely on matters of an interest less sectarian. His articles in the *Semeur* from 1830 to 1846—one of the very finest periods of literary activity in France—were admirable, and recognised as such by the leading authorities of the time—Sainte-Beuve† in chief. Though proverbially, and, to our thinking, narrowly slow of spirit to acknowledge merit that is not Parisian, the Paris writers could not but see that this foreign critic, living far away from their own charmed circles, was yet gifted with a judgment most piercing if kindly. Personally unknown to the writers whose works he was reviewing, uninfluenced by that spirit of cliquism which prevails so much, even in great centres, he spoke, as it were, to his own conscience alone—spoke, indeed, habitually, and this is no figure of speech, as before God; and so the literature of those sixteen years passed by him, and he judged it by a high Christian standard, and with a large charity, and added thereto a power and delicacy of critical insight that are truly admirable.‡

\* It is but right to say that these criticisms do not apply to Vinet's own spiritual life, and it is right also to say that in his mind and in his writings the whole question assumed a high spiritual importance. His views were particularly individual, if one may so speak, and he regarded State interference as tending to separate the conscience and God.

† His relations with Sainte-Beuve form an interesting episode of literary history. See the latter's *Portraits Contemporains*, Vol. II., and *Portraits Littéraires*, Vol. III.

‡ These articles form the three volumes of the *Etudes sur la Littérature française au dix-neuvième Siècle*.



We must guard, however, against being supposed to imply that the Free Church controversy absorbed all his energies. His intellectual activity was enormous. Notwithstanding the ravages of sickness his labours as a lecturer and writer were unintermittent. Of works published, either during his lifetime, or collected and published since his death by the pious care of his friends, the list is long and varied. We have a most interesting series of essays on Pascal; several volumes of sermons; a treatise on the theory of preaching; on pastoral theology; studies on the Moralists of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; on the history of French literature in the eighteenth century; on the Poets of the age of Louis XIV.; on the history of preaching among the French Protestants in the seventeenth century; on Socialism, which he characteristically treated, from the same point of view as Erastianism, viz., as an encroachment on the rights of the individual. This is a varied list, and Vinet left his mark on all that he touched. No one coming after him can well afford to neglect what he said on any particular subject. Nevertheless one cannot but desiderate a little more concentration. M. Scherer,\* who, though he has now passed into another camp, yet at one time fought side by side with Vinet, and knew and admired him, doubts how far his fame has been served by the publication of the posthumous volumes. And there is no question that few would choose to base their title to human remembrance on lectures painfully collated from memoranda and the notes of pupils.

All this time, however, we are forgetting to own our obligations to M. Rambert for his book; and yet those obligations are great. M. Rambert appears to have had some personal knowledge of Vinet, and possesses a full acquaintance with his published works. But, in addition, he has had unreserved access to the manuscripts, notes, private diaries, and most intimate correspondence in Madame Vinet's possession, as well as to the correspondence with several friends to whom Vinet was in the habit of showing all that was in his heart. He has also been in communication with those friends, and drawn upon their recollection. And taking all these materials together, he has been able to give a portrait which is faithful and most attractive. All the traits are there: the perfect uprightness, and crystalline sincerity; the disinterestedness; the absence of all self-seeking; the scrupulousness in the discharge of duty; the zeal in God's service; the spirit of prayer in which all his work was performed; the dread of cant, and carefulness in avoiding the use of conventional religious language that might not accurately express the feelings of his own heart; the patience in personal suffering; the resignation

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\* *Etudes Critiques sur la Littérature Contemporaine.*

in bereavement; the true Christian humility, that yet did not exclude boldness where a principle was at stake: the amenity that won upon all who came into contact with him—a charm so strikingly exercised in the case of Sainte-Beuve, so pleasantly shown in the devotion of his pupils. It is not that M. Rambert in a spirit of blind biographer's partisanship merely ascribes these qualities to his hero,—his book is judicious and perfectly temperate in tone,—it is that the facts speak for themselves, that the man's inner life was itself eloquent. "Good men," said Lord Lytton, "do good by merely living." Vinet did other good than this. But his biography brings that good before us very strongly.

#### CHILDE'S LIFE OF GENERAL LEE.

*The Life and Campaigns of General Lee.* By His Nephew, Henry Lee Childe. Translated from the French by George Litting, M.A., LL.B. Portrait and Map. London: Chatto and Windus. 1875.

THIS book has a twofold purpose; and as it is viewed in one or the other aspect, our judgment of its merits must vary. It is at once an apology for the Southern side in the American Civil War and a history of Lee's campaigns. Even in the first respect we have no fault to find with the tone and spirit, which is everywhere moderate and restrained. We could not wish to see the Southern cause more ably and temperately stated. It is with the substance of the defence that our controversy lies. We must hold to "the belief that slavery was the real subject of the strife," in spite of the assertion that to do this is "marvellous ignorance or an unpardonable bias." It is true that the ostensible reason was the right of secession in the separate States. But why did the South wish to secede? No doubt the principle involved was the supremacy of the separate State or the Federal power; but the battle-field on which this principle was fought out was slavery. The North has given ample proof since that emancipation was neither a mere bid for popularity nor a military expedient. Our author acknowledges that the South was content as long as its policy was supreme in the government, and only revolted when it ceased to be supreme. He says,—  
 "The South has been severely blamed for having retired from the Union when its preponderating power escaped it, after having wielded it without interruption from the foundation of the United States. This is true: the South had exercised at Washington a great political preponderance, but it did not thereby menace any of the institutions established in the North." Our author also severely condemns the sudden suppression of slavery by force,

and prefers to such violent methods gradual extinction by moral measures. But he nowhere gives indication on the part of the South of any willingness or desire to adopt such measures. Nor does he prove that the North ever intended to use any other than legal and constitutional methods; the other course was forced on it by the action of the South. Secession simply meant,—"We will accept the legislation of the majority—i.e., of the nation, as long as the majority or nation is on our side and consents to be our mouthpiece." Much as we may admire individual characters, unwilling as we should be to depreciate heroic endurance and sacrifice, we must sharply separate this from the cause with which they are historically associated. We cannot affect to regret the result of the war. Any other result would have led to the establishment of an empire with slavery entrenched in its constitution, and this in connection with modern civilisation and Christianity. We can only read with amazement our author's summary of his subject:—"The heart becomes a prey to profound sadness while observing that so beautiful an existence but furnishes another example of that fatal law which, between two causes equally justifiable, gives the triumph to that which is able to dispose of the most money, and to sacrifice the greatest number of lives, without enfeebling itself." No. It may be "unpardonable bias," but in the eyes of Englishmen the great stain on the fame of an otherwise ideal Christian soldier like Lee is the cause for which he drew his sword. True, he did not fight explicitly for slavery, but for State rights; but the two were inextricably involved, and mere legal rights can weigh nothing against moral right. We will give a single confirmation of our views from the book before us. In the last days of the struggle a proposal was made in the Southern Congress to arm the negroes. Lee approved of the measure as "not only expedient but necessary," in view of similar action on the part of the North. He says,—“My notion is that those of them who serve in the army ought in consequence to be declared free. It would be neither just nor wise to expose them to the greatest of all dangers—risk of losing their lives, and refusing them the finest of rewards—liberty.” “The Bill,” adds his biographer, “which was passed in March, too late to be of any use, did not correspond to the lofty ideas enunciated by Lee. The Pro-Slavery party, in the narrow acceptance of the term, had dictated the terms of it.” So then, according even to Southern views, there is some advantage in freedom!

Further, if the enthusiasm for national independence were as intense as is represented, we cannot understand how the armies were so small and so wretchedly sustained. In the last struggle Lee had only 40,000 troops, and these starving. Making all allowance for the complete blockade, we cannot but think that

such immense territories might have yielded more defenders, and provided better for armies of this size. Throughout the four years of conflict we have the same piteous accounts of the shoeless, tattered, half-fed state of the veterans who covered themselves with the glory of so many victories over hosts twice and thrice as numerous as themselves. All honour indeed to the soldiers, but what of the honour of those who left them to these sufferings? This volume more than hints that the Civil Government did scant justice to its army. The South produced no statesman, no civil leader of genius and character equal to the crisis. The stress of the Confederate resistance lay on Lee. His army "carried the revolt on its bayonets." We cannot but think that this dearth of greatness and high spirit was due to the badness of the cause. It was not a cause to call forth the purest, broadest, and most unselfish elements of human nature. Our author makes a significant confession:—"Very few remarkable men showed themselves in the Civil Government, or in the Congress of the South. Neither of these bodies rose to the height of the circumstances. The want of initiative, the narrowness of political views of which the Congress gave proof, the obstinacy with which it opposed the enfranchisement of slaves till the last moment, contributed not a little to bring about the final catastrophe."

The work before us is less a personal life of General Lee than a history of his four years' campaigns (1861 to 1865) as the chief military leader of the South. Lee was indeed a model captain, at once cautious and daring, quick in foresight and resource, baffling the enemy's movements in anticipation, eking out scanty means with sheer skill and strategy. He triumphed over one Federal general after another, pushing back McClellan from Richmond, outmanœuvring Pope at Manassas, hurling back Burnside at Fredericksburg, all but crushing Hooker at Chancellorsville, fighting a drawn battle with Meade at Gettysburg, checkmating Grant in his advance on Richmond, and in the last despairing effort keeping at bay nearly a year an army thrice the size of his own and far superior in every element but fiery valour. Most of these battles were battles of giants, prolonged, fiercely contested, sanguinary in the extreme. We give a single extract in reference to the battles of the Wilderness fought to check Grant's march on Richmond:—"It is impossible to describe that battle otherwise than as a blind embrace, a clutching of the body between two vast agglomerations of men hardly able to see each other, and guided rather by sound than sight. Amid these shrubs, these thickets, this brushwood, these marshes, they stumbled on each other unawares. There could be no manœuvring. One threw himself on the enemy as on a wild beast, seizing him by the throat: the survivor moved on. Then the

curious spectacle was seen of officers leading a charge compass in hand. In a semi-darkness 200,000 combatants in blue or grey sought to poignard each other. Till then the war had not been so carried on. The genius of destruction, tired apparently of the old methods of slaying, had lighted on 'invisible death.' At five in the morning the adversaries presented body to body. Both sides had hastily raised some works in earth and wood, but trifling in all. Each tried to dislodge his foe from these lines situated a few paces apart, whence the fire of musketry never ceased to be heard. These lines were scarce visible under the wood; they were, however, continually lighted up by the crackling of rifles. From the depths of the forest arose clamorous cries of triumph. At each moment a column emerged, rushed on the opposing line with enthusiastic shouts, and after a short interval the bruised and crowded remains regained their point of starting. Scarce was one seen: men fell, gasped, died in the thicket, and their groans were drowned in the outrageous clamour of the strife."

Perhaps the finest specimens of Lee's generalship were his two raids into Maryland, where, though he failed to accomplish all his plans, the way in which he led his army through hostile territories shows the hand of the master. The most thrilling story of all is that of the last struggle round Petersburg and Richmond. With overwhelming armies gathering round him he refused to think of yielding. Taking into account numbers only, he should have been crushed long before. His name and skill made the feebly-manned works impregnable. Had his policy been adopted by those in power, the struggle would have lasted longer. His army, reduced to 8,000 men, would not have surrendered when it did but for a commissariat blunder on the part of others which was inexcusable.

Lee's was the character which Englishmen most admire—simple, manly, modest, Christian. He leaned on Providence, daily used his Bible, and loved and practised prayer. More interesting even than his victories won by genius are the incidents which reveal depths of kindness and sympathy. "One day during the latter months of the siege, in one of the trains going from Richmond to Petersburg, a young soldier with his arm in a sling was trying to arrange his cloak so as to keep him from the severe cold of the morning. He did the best he could with his teeth and strong arm, when an officer seated at a little distance rose, came to him, tenderly drew the cloak over the wounded arm, and then buttoned it with care. Then, after a few words of real sympathy, he returned to his place. His light grey uniform, the three stars on his collar, and the simplicity of his behaviour, would not have been sufficient to denote his rank, had not everybody present known it was General Lee, gentle as

he was modest and brave." Very beautiful, too, is the absence of all resentment. After the struggle was decided, by word and example he did everything to promote kindly feeling. "To a mother, who brought her two sons to the college of which he took charge, loudly expressing her hatred of the North, he said, 'Madam, don't bring up your sons to detest the United States Government. Recollect that we form but one country now. Abandon all these local animosities, and make your sons Americans.'" Like all great captains he was adored by his officers and soldiers, who followed him with boundless confidence. "Uncle Robert" was his title in camp. Stonewall Jackson, Longstreet, and Stuart were among his trusty lieutenants. One of his dying sayings is an instance of the unintentional double meaning, of which there are so many examples. "Strike my tent; send for Hill." We are reminded of Stonewall Jackson's last words in his delirium,—“Let us cross the river, and rest under the shade of trees.”

The biography is written with ability and, generally, with good taste, and is free from all extravagant laudation. There are a few exceptions. We do not like the sentence—"He gave up his magnanimous soul to his Creator." Nor was it necessary to describe the English Burial Service as "magnificent." In another place we have mention of a regiment "mounted on screws," we presume a new species of cavalry. Another sentence describes the general as "remounting his courser." But these are the only flaws we have noticed in this excellent account of a life of which America, North and South, ought to be equally proud.

#### LIVES OF THE LATE VICAR OF MORWENSTOW.

*The Life of Robert Stephen Hawker, Vicar of Morwenstow.*  
By S. Baring-Gould, Author of "Yorkshire Oddities,"  
&c. First Edition. 1876.

*The Life and Letters of R. S. Hawker.* By S. Lee, D.C.L.,  
Vicar of All Saints, Lambeth. 1876.

THAT it could pay to publish two lives of such a man as the late Vicar of Morwenstow is an unhealthy symptom of the times. We say, "could pay," because one of the two is, to our thinking, as arrant a piece of book-making as has appeared for many a day.

Poor Mr. Baring-Gould rushed into print partly, it may be, at the wish of some members of the Hawker family who disliked the second marriage, mainly, we can scarcely help supposing, to satisfy his instincts as a bookmaker. Mr. Hawker's eccentricities were common talk at Oxford and all over the West of England; and he who devoted a volume to "Yorkshire Oddities" was delighted

to come upon a Cornish oddity sufficient in himself to fill a volume, though by the publishing of that volume he has certainly not added to his own reputation.

Job wished that his enemy should write a book ; Mr. Baring-Gould's best friend must be heartily sorry that he wrote this particular book.

Of course, like all he writes, it is amusing ; indeed from the subject, it could scarcely be otherwise. When you have set yourself to collect anecdotes about one who in his boyish days painted the village doctor's horse zebra-fashion, at the same hogging its mane, and then sent an urgent message from an outlying hamlet, whither the poor man had to hurry off on a fool's errand without stopping to clean his beast ; and when it is understood that this love of hoaxing, this reckless eccentricity, grew stronger year by year, the task is not a hard one, especially for a writer like Mr. Baring-Gould.

Such as the boy was, such was the undergraduate. Young Hawker signalled his stay at Boscastle, when on a Long Vacation walking tour, by getting up at dawn and opening all the pigstye doors, so that, after he and his companion (Jeune, the future Bishop of Peterborough !) had crept back to bed, the landlady, wild with terror, came crying : " Law, sirs, the pegs up town has all a rebelled, and been and let one another out ; and now they do say as they're all a tearing down to the sea, hug-a-mug-buzz." When newly married (he married his godmother, one year older than his mother, simply and avowedly for the sake of her money) he took to playing mermaid among the Bude rocks, *in puris naturalibus* and a long wig of sea-weed. In his first curacy he kept a little pet pig instead of a dog, and insisted on bringing it into the houses which he visited. All his life through, his love of bamboozling made the limits between truth and falsehood wholly vague ; as when he would solemnly assert that a shred of isinglass was " a bit of the Pope's toe-nail, bitten off by a friend who had been admitted to the privilege of foot-kissing." Add to this his dress—a long claret-coloured surtout, a fisherman's guernsey shirt, long sea-boots, a " poncho," made by cutting a hole in a yellow-brown horse-cloth, a claret-coloured wide-awake, or sometimes a brimless pink beaver, the hat, he used to say, of an Armenian archimandrite, and bright red gloves, one of which (when he opened the door of the chancel-screen) was all his parishioners saw of him till sermon began. No wonder Mr. Baring-Gould swooped down on such a life ; the Talmud and the Apocryphal Gospels were nothing to it, for it belongs to to-day, and gratifies our scandal-loving instincts by dealing with living people.

Such a book was sure to be readable ; but when we come to facts, the case is different. These Mr. Baring-Gould seems to have accepted without the slightest investigation and to have put down



without regard for the feelings of others. Mr. Hawker, for instance, constantly claimed to be the author of some 100 lines of a Newdegate prize poem gained by a Morwenstow man, whose family seems to have earned his enmity by helping him in some money transactions. Those who can realise the strange way in which Mr. Hawker habitually gyrated between mystification and falsehood, will understand how much credit should be given to such a charge, made too by one who (it was noticed at the time) had pirated wholesale in his own Newdegate on *Pompeii* from Lord Macaulay's prize poem on the same subject. The story is simply untrue; the correspondence in the *Athenæum* admits this. Internal evidence disposes of it as far as the poem goes; and all who know the writer (easily recognisable under Mr. Baring-Gould's thin *alias*) know the difference between his word and the romancing of the late Vicar of Morwenstow.

Then there is the matter of the second wife. Mr. Baring-Gould asserts that this young Polish lady was a zealous Roman Catholic, and (in a Baring-Gouldish way, wherein lies the fun of the thing) devotes half a chapter to discussing the stubborn Romanism of the Polish *noblesse*. It turns out that she was a Protestant, and that Mr. Hawker *perverted her*; and so, all the talk about her having brought in a priest when her husband was in unconscious paralysis goes for nothing.

But Mr. Baring-Gould has already had to eat so much humble pie that it is needless for us to offer him more of that unsavoury dish. We wish, and we are sure that he wishes, that he had never written the book. Our advice to him is that, instead of putting out a new edition, as he threatens to do, he should leave things alone. Further meddling may perhaps make them even worse.

Of Dr. Lee's book we will only say that he has a theory to support. We tried to believe that Mr. Baring-Gould wrote his book with some notion of meeting the cry (so strong in the West of England) that Mr. Hawker had long been a secret Romanist by an ostentatious parade of his singularity; as if he meant "there was, you see, a touch of madness in the man. Judge for yourselves whether a convert to Rome could have acted as he was always acting." With Dr. Lee, on the contrary, Mr. Hawker's secret conversion is an accepted fact. No wonder (thinks he) the poor man was driven to Rome by the conduct of the bishops, capped with the crowning iniquity of the Public Worship Bill. We might question the good taste or honesty which permits one still holding preferment in the Establishment (albeit supposed to be the author of another *Eirenicon*) thus to fling scorn on that Church's ordering; but the facts are almost as much against the Salamanca Doctor as they are against Mr. Baring-Gould.

Mr. Hawker was not driven to Rome; he went, influenced

mainly no doubt by a friend and neighbour, a pervert of many years' standing, influenced too by one of those strange currents of feeling by which such ill-balanced minds are strangely swayed. Rome is welcome to him ; she has no reason to be proud of her convert. The man who could, year after year, act a lie in regard to the most solemn things, is not a credit to any communion. Of the system which can receive converts on such terms we prefer to say nothing. Infallibility is a grand claim ; but to honest men it would seem (to say the least of it) an error of judgment in one Church to allow her members to remain outwardly attached to another.

Dr. Lee's life is naturally much more unreserved than the other. It gives (among other matters which had better never have been printed) the letter witnessing to the horrible satisfaction with which Mr. Hawker regarded the deaths of Bishops Wilberforce and Patteson—the former “killed by a horse's stumble, which the guardian angel might in an instant have interfered to avert.”

Mr. Hawker's saneness we leave to be judged of from two of his own statements (for the truth of which we can vouch on the testimony of his own handwriting). Speaking of one of his “enemies” he says, “When I've been thoroughly wronged I never forgive ; God never does.” And, describing at great length a stormy vestry, he says : “I thank my God that I didn't say one kind or courteous or conciliatory word to them. I smote them with words, lashing at them till my tongue was sore.” That such a man did not succeed in doing what Canon Girdlestone did in the next county—raising the wages of the labourers—is not to be wondered at. Indeed, of all Bishop Philpott's deeds, the unluckiest perhaps was his giving Morwenstow to Mr. Hawker.

The man was mad. This is the one glimpse of insight in Mr. Baring-Gould's book ; that he adopts a motto to that effect from M. Taine. Those who have seen Mr. Hawker, who have heard him roll out quotations (fabricated for the purpose) from the obscure fathers, and who have found him answer unabashed the sign which showed that the hearer knew he was hoaxing, will make allowance for his greater delinquencies, and will feel, more even than outsiders, “the pity of it” that such an unprofitable (nay harmful) work as dragging him before the public should have been undertaken by two English Churchmen. Pseudomania (to coin a word after bad analogies) is as much a form of madness as the rage for stealing or drinking. Mr. Hawker had the shrewdness of mad people ; he married shrewdly enough ; he ingratiated himself with Bishop Philpott, then an unpopular stranger in his diocese, and he could tell a meddling neighbour who asked about his views and opinions : “My views you can see for yourself ; over cliff out as far as Labrador, and inland till the moor rises sky-high. As for my opinions, I keep them to myself.” But mad he

undoubtedly was. His grandfather, Dr. Hawker, popular preacher at Charles' Church, Plymouth, had been harmlessly eccentric ; his Calvinism took in his grandson the form of belief in guardian angels and special judgments.

Other men have done well in solitude, though a coast where the sharp rocks cut up wrecked bodies into "gobbets" must be trying. Elsewhere Mr. Hawker would not have been allowed so long a tether, and might have had the shrewdness to keep more within bounds ; but, wherever he might have been, he would have been mad ; and to make all this fuss about a madman is (we repeat it) pitiable.

#### VAN LENNEP'S BIBLE LANDS.

*Bible Lands: their Modern Customs and Manners Illustrative of Scripture.* By Henry J. Van Lennep, D.D. With Maps and Woodcuts. Two Vols. London : J. Murray. 1875.

WE are not sure that the great demand which obtains at present for books illustrating what may be called the externals and accidentals of the Bible Revelation is an unmixed good. If only by diversion and pre-occupation of thought, it may lead to a diminished interest in that essential and all-important truth of Scripture, for the sake of which alone such books can have any considerable value. At the same time an inquisitive and scientific age like our own will not close its eyes to questions of Biblical geography, ethnology, language, and antiquities. It ought not to do so, if it could ; and there is no reason why mischief should follow. On the contrary, a more precise knowledge of the form and detail of the Holy Volume, and a more vivid realisation of the circumstances under which it was composed, should have the effect—let us hope they will have the effect on a very large scale—of bringing into new prominence, and of investing with fresh charms, those most precious facts and doctrines of which the Bible is the custodian and expositor. It will not be the fault of our travellers, missionaries, and scholars, if we do not see these facts and doctrines under all the light which literature, history, and science can throw upon them. For some years past the East has been laid under ever-increasing contribution for this express purpose. It is at this moment being ransacked on the same account by an eager band of investigators ; and no one can tell what illumination yet awaits the Sacred Text and all that belongs to the human mould and vesture of its supernatural teaching, from the dead or living Babylonia, Assyria, Egypt, and other regions of the sun.

Among recent works on Bible lands—their characteristics,

inhabitants, customs, &c.—the volume before us is assuredly one of the most important. Less scholastic than Jahn, less elaborate and ponderous than Robinson, less purely scientific than Tristram, having neither the brilliance of Stanley nor the piquancy of Thomson—a writer whose delightful *Land and the Book* has laid the Christian Church under everlasting obligation, Dr. Van Lennep occupies a field of his own, and in some respects transcends all his predecessors. For comprehensiveness of range, for fulness of detail, for simple, clear, and absolutely trustworthy statement of facts, and for direct, striking, and often novel illustration of Scripture texts—in this last particular rivalling though not eclipsing Dr. Thomson himself—Dr. Van Lennep may claim to have accomplished at once what no previous writer, taking similar ground, had ever done before him. His qualifications for the work he undertook are such as rarely meet in a single individual. A man of genius, education, and learning, perfect master of the Turkish and Arabic languages, for many years an active and successful missionary in Asia Minor and other parts of the East, a keen observer of men and things, experienced, as few foreigners ever can be, in Oriental travel, indoor life, and modes of thought, he writes with an affluence of knowledge, a practical carefulness of style, and a dignified Christian conscientiousness, such as are not always found in books professedly designed to illustrate the Sacred Volume.

Dr. Van Lennep's object is to make the modern East on this side of Tartary, Beluchistan, and India, throw light backwards upon that same East as it gave shape and character to the history, biography, poetry, and other literary contents of the Bible. And in doing this he draws a rough but very convenient line of distinction between customs which have their origin in the physical features of the Bible lands, and such as are traceable to the history of the peoples and nations that occupied them. This distinction rules the form of our author's work, his first volume being devoted to the physical, the second to the historic section of his subject.

The overture of the volumes is a masterly and most interesting sketch of the physical geography of the nearer East. To this succeeds a series of admirable chapters on water and life upon it; on the productions of the soil, especially the cereals; on gardening and cultivation by irrigation; on vineyards and olive-yards; on fruit-trees, forest-trees, and flowers; on domestic and wild animals; and on birds, reptiles, and insects. So the first volume runs through its programme, to be worthily answered and supplemented by the second. Here also we find a very able introductory paper on the ethnology and languages of the Scripture countries—such a paper as only one long resident in Western Asia and well acquainted with its history and present condition

could possibly write—followed by another catena of chapters on such subjects as the tent and nomad life ; on fixed dwellings ; on the furniture and inmates of the house ; on home and society ; on government, war, and law ; on religious buildings, persons, and observances ; on commerce and the mechanical arts. It is obviously impossible, within the limits of such a notice as this, to track our author through so large and diversified a course of topics. To do this would require an “article,” and a long one. At present we must content ourselves with saying that under every head Dr. Van Lennep writes with surprising completeness, freshness, and quiet power, and that his book is a rich storehouse of detail on all the points comprehended in his plan. We are mistaken if his best-instructed readers do not rise from his pages in amazement at their previous ignorance. After all that had been done before in the domain of Scripture illustration, very many passages of both Testaments received a new or increased light at the hands of our author. Nothing has struck us more than this in following him through his volumes. And what adds greatly to the value and charm of them is the entire absence of anything like rhetorical affectation or religious sentimentality. Dr. Van Lennep is too wise, experienced, and good a man to fall into snares which have so often caught the feet of Biblical sciolists and bookmongers. Indeed his sobriety and judiciousness impress themselves upon every part of his work. He does not care to be original at the expense of reasonable probability. He has no startling theories respecting persons or localities. Idolators of the delirious whims and megrims of the fashionable criticism will certainly be disappointed in him ; but for ample and exact information as to matter of fact, for sagacious and temperate discussion of the leading questions falling within the circle of his inquiries, for pictures of Eastern scenery, life, and habits, which, while never coarse or glaring, are always forcible and animated, and for a tone and diction every way befitting the Christian scholar and minister, we commend Dr. Van Lennep’s richly-illustrated and most useful volumes to the warm admiration and careful study of our readers.

#### EWALD’S ANTIQUITIES.

*The Antiquities of Israel.* By Heinrich Ewald. Translated from the German by Henry Shaen Solly, M.A. London: Longmans. 1876.

As the translator explains, this work was intended by its author to be an appendix to the second volume of his *History of Israel*. In fact, it came to be an independent treatise, having as its main object so to combine and systematise the annals, laws, and other contents of the Pentateuch, as to exhibit them in their

organic unity, and in their historical development in the life of the Israelitish people. Of course the work proceeds upon the same lines as the History, and, indeed, is unintelligible without a general knowledge of Ewald's critical principles and terminology. "The Book of Origins," "The Book of Covenants," &c. are representatives of criticism, data with which the reader of *The Antiquities* will need to be familiar, even though he does not, as we trust he will not, accept them indiscriminately as historic realities. Whether the author's premises be granted or not, his work is a marvellous creation of intellect and learning; and for students of the Bible, who can hold fast reverence under harrows of iron, and whose intelligence is not easily flouted by the illusions or the *legerdemain* of genius, it may be used with eminent advantage. No production of Ewald's displays more signally the insight, the grasp, the fertility, the passion, the vast, various, and always available knowledge of the great enchanter. At the touch of his wand words burst into blossom, and bear fruit before our eyes. Where a moment ago there was nothing but numbers, statistics, or snatches of song, behold primeval faiths, extinct nationalities come to life again, deep rising, broad flowing streams of human sentiment, feeling, and aspiration. All this, and much more, will be found in *The Antiquities*. But the enchantment is often that of the truth. No devout and thoughtful reader will follow the author through his profoundly philosophical and erudite discussion of such questions as the Sacrifices, the Sacerdotal Economy, the Ethical Jurisprudence, and the State Constitution of Israel, as presented in the earliest books of the Old Testament, without adding immensely to his range of view, and without laying up stores of trustworthy and precious information, which he will never afterwards be willing to let go. The translator has accomplished his difficult task with an exactness and a mastery which leave nothing to be desired. Professor Dillmann, of Berlin, has examined the proof-sheets as the work has gone through the press; but this voucher of accuracy is superfluous. It is no disparagement to Mr. Martineau, or to anyone else who has taken in hand the translating of Ewald into English, to say that Mr. Solly's success is perfect. We congratulate all such Biblical students, as we have described above, on the opportunity now afforded them of reaching the mind and soul of Ewald in this remarkable volume, without having to wrestle with that palpable German darkness which has hitherto beset and clouded him. There remains the danger which connects itself with so much of the critical Bible study of the day—the danger of losing the spirit of the little child and of Christ in the handling of the Scriptures. May this never be sacrificed, whatever else is won! Else, indeed, in a sense not intended by the Master, yet hardly less serious, the first will be last and the last first.

## MR. GLADSTONE ON THE TIME AND PLACE OF HOMER.

*Homeric Synchronism; An Enquiry into the Time and Place of Homer.* By the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P.  
London: Macmillan & Co. 1876.

RECENT discoveries in the East have thrown very remarkable light upon ancient literature of all kinds. Egyptian, Assyrian, and latterly Chaldean sources of information have been laid freely under contribution for the elucidation of the earliest parts of Scripture; and new Homeric scholars are beginning to inquire into the bearing of these new and trustworthy historic data on their one favourite study, Homerology, however—to use the strange but convenient term Mr. Gladstone has invented—has had its own peculiar enrichment in the brilliant results of Dr. Schliemann's excavations in the Troad. The relics of former civilisations unearthed at Hissarlik Hill henceforward furnish firm ground on which to base theories as to the historic character or the date of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. The question of the site of Troy—that is, of the city supposed by the poet to have been the scene of the events he describes—is apparently settled decisively in favour of the hill where plainly there have been successive towns built and destroyed. The various articles dug up at the different depths below the surface enable us approximately to fix the date of the cities to which they respectively belonged. With Mycenae on one side of the *Ægean* and Hissarlik on the other, we may be said to have both Greek and Trojan evidence to the existence in pre-historic times of cities answering to those whose kings are celebrated in the *Iliad*. There can be little doubt that the remains found in the fourth layer of the hill cut open by Dr. Schliemann are those of the Homeric Ilium. Not only does the situation correspond with the indications of the poems, but the articles of ornament and use that lay buried there present striking resemblances to those described or alluded to in the course of the narrative. A stage of civilisation substantially the same is disclosed by the words of the bard and by the relics of the excavator.

At the same time the discovery and deciphering of ancient Oriental monuments has thrown back our knowledge of early chronology many centuries further than it used to be possible to go. We have three fixed points of time with which to compare the notices of Homer. It may almost be said that the *Iliad* ceases to be pre-historic: for though Greece is still ages off its rudest chronicles, other countries are not without some approach to regular annals. Mr. Gladstone relies mainly on Egyptian evidence. For that was certainly the land which, of all those that have recently



been brought within our extended knowledge, had the closest connection with Greece. The old legends of Cecrops, Danaus, and others show the Hellenic belief in the close relationship of Greek and Egyptian civilisation. The monuments show that at an epoch long before the earliest contemporary Greek history there existed a powerful Egyptian Empire, extending at least into Northern Syria, and, through the Phenician fleets, commanding the Mediterranean. This of itself renders credible the traditions of Egyptian influence, and the numerous indications that the shores of the *Ægean* were to some extent under the sway of the most famous Pharaohs. We know even the date at which, if ever, this must have taken place. If then the Homeric poems furnish evidence that fixes their chronological relation to this period of Egyptian domination, we have means of determining their own date. Mr. Gladstone devotes the greater part of his book to accumulating such proofs. Unavoidably his argument turns upon minute details, and these of a very uncertain kind—the national names employed in Homer compared with those found at known dates on the Egyptian monuments, the agreement of Homeric allusions with the political and social condition of the nearer East at the time indicated by the chief lines of reasoning, the amount of knowledge regarding Egypt possessed by the poet compared with the degree of intercourse probable at such a period. To some readers it will seem a little wearisome, and to others inconclusive, but the permanent interest attaching to the masterpieces of early literature makes the smallest minutiae important and the vaguest hints valuable, while the revelations of manners, beliefs, and occurrences so remote add a charm that all must acknowledge.

On the great problems of the historical character of the Trojan war and the existence of an individual Homer, the bearing of the new evidence is not so direct and weighty as Mr. Gladstone appears to think. Though he professes to ask no concessions from the most sceptical, it is plain that he regards their theories as having received a death-blow from Dr. Schliemann and the Egyptologists. But those who regard the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* as epics bearing the impress of a national rather than of a personal genius, and their subject-matter as one among many forms of the common Aryan mythology, would not have much difficulty in finding a place for all proved facts that have recently come to light. We do not accept the Arthurian legends of our land as history, though Camelot be identified with Winchester and Caerleon with Glastonbury, nor the *Nibelungen Lied* because we can fix the date of Attila. Mythology is a very vast subject; the localisation of myths, and the reduction of them to literary form, are branches of it that admit of much illustration and further study, and doubtless many will be glad of the additional light and not shrink from it. Dr. Curtius, for instance, could accommodate all Mr.

Gladstone's data with his one theory without accepting the conclusions of the *Homeric Synchronism* as to Homer and the Trojan war. It is to be regretted that the living historian should have been ignored as he is in this volume. To argue against Wood, whose essay appeared in 1775, as the only considerable advocate of the Asiatic origin of the *Iliad* is somewhat disingenuous. But one always feels in reading Mr. Gladstone's writings on Homer that, admirable as is his industry and minute acquaintance with the text, he does not and will not know the whole literature of his subject. His conception of the science he calls Homerology is altogether too limited. He regards Homer as the author of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, but of nothing else, and he isolates these poems not only from the Greek epic cycle, but, what is far more fatal, from the enormous traditional literature of kindred nations.

#### VENN'S LOGIC OF CHANCE.

*The Logic of Chance; an Essay on the Foundations and Province of the Theory of Probability.* By John Venn, M.A. Second Edition, greatly Enlarged. Macmillan. 1876.

THE title of this book will not give to all readers an idea of the general interest of the subjects it discusses. The character of a book on probability depends very much on the character of the writer; and it is Mr. Venn's avowed purpose to eschew the technical as far as possible, to rescue his subject from the treatment of specialists, and overcome the prejudice which students of philosophy in general have conceived against it. For the sake of his subject, as well as his readers, our author is anxious to show how erroneous and disadvantageous in several ways is "the opinion that probability instead of being a branch of the general science of evidence which happens to make much use of mathematics, is a portion of mathematics." Mr. Venn's volume is distinguished in another important respect from the one book with which it is most likely to be compared—De Morgan's *Formal Logic*—viz., that he follows Mill in the material view of logic rather than Hamilton and Mansel in their conceptualist views, regarding logic as "taking cognisance of laws of things and not of the laws of our own minds in thinking about things."

Such seems sufficient indication of the place which this book occupies amongst others of its class. As to the execution of the whole, we must commend the clearness of the style. It is a pleasure to read the simple and lucid exposition of topics which in some hands would be obscure and repellent. That this is in some degree due to the thorough hold Mr. Venn has of the principles of his master, must, we think, be conceded even by

those who do not accept Mill's views of logic; but Mr. Venn is not *addictus jurare in verba magistri*, and proves himself such a follower as a teacher loves, giving the assent of a judgment whose independence is from time to time asserted. The arrangement of the book seems to have given the author some trouble. He has materially altered the arrangement of the first edition, and we find that now adopted on the whole easy to follow, though the postponement of Chapters VIII. and X. in Part II. to the place they occupy seems hardly logical to the student of logic. No doubt this is done in the interest of the general reader, who begins much more naturally with the subject as here presented and can pass over, if he will, the relation of probability to induction. We must leave it to others to attack Mr. Venn's anti-conceptualist position, for with the general character of his views on the work of the logician (see especially p. 277, &c.), we are in entire accordance.

The fundamental conception he sets before his readers is that of a *series*. "But it is a series of a peculiar kind, of which no better compendious description can be given than that which is contained in the statement that it combines individual irregularity with aggregate regularity. What for instance is the meaning of the statement that two children in three fail to attain the age of sixty-three? It certainly does not declare that in any given batch of, say thirty, we shall find just twenty that fail; whatever might be the strict meaning of the words, this is not the import of the statement. It rather contemplates our examination of a large number, of a long succession of instances, and states that in such a succession we shall find a numerical proportion, not indeed fixed and accurate at first, but which tends in the long run to become so." And this succession is termed a *series*. As a specimen of the heterogeneous subjects included within the range of this branch of logic, we find "deaths in the west district of London, students registered at the College of Surgeons, the number of pounds of manufactured tobacco for home consumption, number of outdoor paupers," &c. (p. 6, note). We are, however, to distinguish between two kinds of series, that in which the fluctuation is regular, and that in which the very law of fluctuation is liable to vary, so that, "to borrow a term from astronomy, we find one uniformity subject to what might be called an irregular *secular variation*." This distinction is more fully worked out later on (see p. 89, seq.). Very important is the caution given with reference to the variations introduced, or liable to be introduced, by the will of man. A good illustration is given in the phenomena of disease and the recurrence of such plagues as the black death, sweating sickness, &c. "From what we know of the course of the world, these fearful pests of the past may be considered as solitary events in our history, or at

least events which will not be repeated. The reason is probably to be sought in the gradual alteration of those indefinitely numerous conditions which we term progress or civilisation." This has often been forgotten by the students of averages, and no one can fail to see how the observance of strictly scientific principles here would have prevented alike the extravagant eulogy and the unreasoning panic with which some of the facts and arguments in Buckle's *History of Civilisation* were at first received.

The part of Mr. Venn's book which will be read with most hesitation by many is his chapter on Gradations of Belief. He denies that when probabilities vary, we are "distinctly conscious of a variation of the amount of our belief, and that this state of our minds can be measured and determined with almost the same accuracy as the external events to which they refer." Many who are not familiar with De Morgan's arguments will find their instinctive judgment on this question contravened by Mr. Venn; but we are mistaken if on further consideration they do not see the force of his objections. He contends that it is difficult, if not impossible, for us to obtain a "belief-meter," and even if it were possible, he holds that our natural belief is not of the amount warranted by strict theory, there being a tendency to depreciate risk in proportion to the contingent advantage. His illustration of the latter in commerce, as well as in gambling, should be to our generation instructive. The following will briefly indicate Mr. Venn's views on a subject which our readers will remember was brought prominently forward on the publication of Newman's *Grammar of Assent*, a subject which is by no means of merely abstract and speculative importance.

"The different amounts of belief which we entertain upon different events, and which are recognised by various phrases in common use, have undoubtedly some meaning. But the greater part of their meaning, and certainly their only justification, are to be sought in the series of corresponding events to which they belong, in regard to which it may be shown that far more events are capable of being referred to a series than might be supposed at first sight. The test of justification of belief are to be found in *conduct*," &c. (p. 132).

We have referred to Buckle and Newman; one more name, greater than either, will occur to our readers as connected with controversy on this subject, whose gnomic saying, "Probability is the guide of life," will, perhaps, be the first thought in the mind when the subject of probability and evidence is mentioned. Our respect, however, for Butler's honoured name must not blind us to flaws in his argument, and we regard the criticism passed by Mr. Venn on his remarks about "probability before and after the event" as perfectly just. More than once the subject is referred to; we must content ourselves with one extract.

"An illustration may serve to make this plain. A man once pointed to a small target, chalked upon a door, the target having a bullet-hole through the centre of it, and surprised some spectators by declaring that he had fired that shot from an old fowling-piece at a distance of 100 yards. His statement was true enough, but he suppressed a rather important fact. The shot had really been aimed in a general way at the barn-door, and had hit it; the target was afterwards chalked round the spot where the bullet struck. A deception analogous to this is, I think, often practised unconsciously in other matters. Butler's remarks about the story of Cæsar, discussed already in the eleventh chapter, are of this character. He selects a series of events from history, and then imagines a person guessing them correctly, who at the time had not the history before him. As I have already pointed out, it is one thing to be unlikely to guess an event rightly without specific evidence: it is another and very different thing to appreciate the truth of a story, which is founded partly or entirely upon evidence. But it is a great mistake to transfer to one of these ways of treating the matter the mental impressions which properly belong to the other. It is like drawing the target afterwards, and then being surprised to find that the shot lies in the centre of it."

The subject of miracles and the credence given to improbable stories would need an article to itself. We regard this as the most defective and least satisfactory part of the volume before us. We do not speak out of undue regard to theological interests when we say that the class of subjects herein included deserved more space than Mr. Venn has assigned to it, considering that his book appeals to the general public. In the light of recent discussions and in the present state of religious belief we think that the principles of Mr. Venn's book will be found to have their most important practical bearing in this direction. We do not so much complain of what Mr. Venn says as of what he does not say. And though not prepared to endorse some of his statements in these later chapters, we prize so highly his remarks on the evidence of testimony, the veracity of witnesses and kindred topics, and we think the issues of his principles so vital, that we could wish he had seen his way to a somewhat fuller treatment of them. Perhaps, however, this can hardly be termed fair criticism; for the field is a wide one and calls rather for separate and distinctive treatment by one who accepts the general conclusions on the subject of probability here ably and clearly reasoned out. That our readers may see how important a topic is here glanced at on its outermost confines, we close with an extract to us most suggestive.

"Anyone who believes that the moral and physical world form one great scheme, need find no insuperable difficulty in

accepting a revelation which forms a portion of such a scheme, nor consequently in accepting the miracles collectively and individually which are connected with the revelation. But if, on the other hand, we start with the inductive principle of uniform causation, and then attempt (leaving the notion of providential superintendence out of sight) to establish, first, such and such a miracle and thence a revelation, it is hard to see how, on such principles, in the present state of feeling about scientific evidence, any accumulation of testimony could do more than baffle and perplex the judgment at the time, and leave us finally in doubt."

#### MISS OWEN'S MEDIEVAL ART SCHOOLS.

*The Art Schools of Mediæval Christendom.* By A. C. Owen.  
 Edited by J. Ruskin, Christ Church, Oxford, Slade  
 Professor. London: Mozley and Smith. 1876.

THIS is an interesting book—interesting in a twofold manner, for Miss Owen has treated her great subject with adequate care, sympathetic insight, and delicacy of judgment; and the fact that she comes forward as the acknowledged disciple of Mr. Ruskin, who "holds himself entirely responsible in main points for the accuracy of the views advanced, and wishes the work to be received by those who have confidence in his former teaching as an extension and application of the parts of it which he has felt to be incomplete"—the fact that she thus comes forward, cannot but have a charm for those who care to trace the effect of literary influences and affinities, and who, like ourselves, feel a pleasure in watching the light of her master's genius wheresoever it may choose to shine, whether directly or by reflection.

It is, however, not an easy office to be Mr. Ruskin's disciple. There are, no doubt, certain main lines in his teaching from which he never greatly departs, and where we may follow him tolerably secure from subsequent disavowal. But for the rest—with a spirit so Protean, a writer in whose works the charm of the unexpected plays so important a part, it cannot be said that the task of the fervent exponent and populariser, or even of the critic, is an easy one. The reverent hand that would touch the hem of the garment, the rude hand that would hold it by main force, are alike eluded. A schoolman for subtlety, a poet for imagination, a Venetian for verbal colour, when can we be secure that we have grasped his permanent thought, that we are not following a light and evanescent flash? And Miss Owen must sometimes have felt this, we imagine. Indeed the very amusing editorial notes to her book furnish more than one instance of the proverbial danger of putting any trust in literary as in other princes. Thus, for instance, in telling the familiar story of



"Giotto's O," she says that the painter took a crayon . . . not a brush, with which, as Professor Ruskin explained, the feat would have been impossible," see *Giotto, and His Works in Padua*. To which Professor Ruskin subjoins,—“Don't see that work, but practise with a camel's-hair brush till you can do it. I knew nothing of brush-work proper when I wrote that essay on Padua.”

There are, however, as we have said, main lines in Mr. Ruskin's teaching, and of these the most important, or so it seems to us, is the essentially moral character of art. In earlier years the tone of his mind, the whole bias of his intellect, was strongly and distinctly religious. In his later writings the influence of Mr. Carlyle has seriously modified the old temper. The former faith seems well-nigh gone; the high, almost spiritual morality remains. But of the new Carlylese influence Miss Owen's book shows little trace. In this direction she seems to have scarcely followed her master at all. Where she is really his disciple is in the high moral standard by which she judges all art. She is the disciple also of his earlier spirit in the application of a purely religious standard to works, like those of the Renaissance, produced often with very different views; and finally, she has added to his teaching a distinctly High Anglican element of her own, which induces her to discuss, not always very relevantly, certain controverted questions of early Christian practice, and to view the Reformation in a light which is neither very accurate historically nor very philosophical.

This, then, is the standpoint from which Miss Owen regards her subject. From this point of view she shows us “the Art of the Early Christians,” “the Byzantine Churches,” “the Lombard Carvers,” “the Pisan Sculptors,” “the Tuscan School of Painting,” “the Dawn of the Renaissance,” “the Two Florentine Monks” (Angelico and Lippi), “the Teutonic Schools,” “Dürer,” “Holbein,” “the Influence of Savonarola on the Art of his Time in Florence,” “Raffaelle,” “Michael Angelo,” and “Venice.” It is a wide field, certainly; but considering the size of her canvas, its salient features have been very successfully caught and rendered. And as for the most part, except markedly in the case of Raffaelle, the author sympathises with the painters whose works she is describing—and with her as with Mr. Ruskin, sympathy is necessary to the full exercise of the critical faculty—her appreciation is generally just and delicate. We may add that, though founded in a very great measure on earlier works, mainly English, the book is entirely saved from the reproach of being a mere compilation by the writer's genuine grasp of her subject, and the control she exercises over her materials.

But, perhaps, in fairness we should let Miss Owen speak once for herself. Here is a passage characteristic both in thought and



expression :—" They little dreamed—these three great representative minds of the fifteenth century—of the depths of error and falsehood to which they were hastening the art of their age ; and while Brunelleschi was dreaming over the Pantheon at Rome, Ghiberti thinking to improve the immemorial traditions of Christendom, and Maraccio absorbed in foreshortening and perspective, that each was making a fatal choice which their own and succeeding generations would accept and extend. It was a fatal choice because it was a practical rejection of the Heaven-sent inspirations which taught the rude Lombards to carve their faith and awe in the mystery of the Incarnation long ago on the portals of S. Zenone, and which descended on the shepherd lad (Giotto) as he kept his flock on the hills of Florence, teaching him through all his wonderful life ; and a substitution of that self-taught knowledge which begins in vanity and ends in self-contemplation. It was a choice made long ago in Eden, when the Lord God walked in the Garden in the cool of the evening and talked with man, and all creation lent its beauty to make sweet music for him ; and he ate of the tree of knowledge and passed out from its angel-guarded gates for evermore, into the wilderness where he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow. It was verily a passing from the gates of Paradise into the land of the Shadow of Death."

*Myths and Songs from the South Pacific.* By the Rev. William Wyatt Gill, B.A., of the London Missionary Society. With a Preface by Professor Max Müller. King and Co. 1876.

MR. GILL'S volume is not only a boon to the comparative mythologist, it is full of interest for the general reader. Ellis's *Poly-nesian Researches*, Sir George Grey's book (confined to New Zealand traditions), and other works, have taught us that every one in that vast succession of island groups has its own legends more or less connected with those of other (we can hardly call them neighbouring) groups. But no one has yet done for any one group what Mr. Gill has done for Mangaia and the other Hervey Islands—gathered all the myths of creation, of the heavenly bodies, of trees, of the spirit-world, and also all the dirges ("death-talks," they are expressively called) which came under his notice during twenty-two years of missionary life, and arranged them "with the view of helping the student of ethnology."

Mr. Gill was fortunate in finding one, the last priest of the shark-god Tiaio, who, after his conversion to Christianity, was willing "to yield up to the stranger the esoteric teachings of the priestly class." Willing, but not wholly able ; for we are told

"some links were irrecoverably lost by the death of his father in a battle fought not long before the landing of the first Christian teachers." From this ex-priest and from the grandson of a celebrated island-poet Mr. Gill got most of his matter. That he was able to appreciate it, instead of harshly flinging it aside as tainted with heathenism, after the fashion of many missionaries of the old school, is very high praise—praise which one in his position has too seldom deserved. We sincerely hope that he will carry out his intention of publishing "pre-historic sketches, with illustrative clan-songs;" for we feel that everything which a cautious and acute observer can tell us about a race whose pre-historic age was, as it were, yesterday, is most valuable in illustrating the early history of mankind.

Mr. Gill introduces us, as Professor Max Müller in his preface expresses it, "to a people who still speak and think mythologically, who are in their mythopoeic period; and to find ourselves among them is just as if the zoologist could spend a few days among the megatheria, or the botanist among the tree-ferns of the coal forests."

We are glad to see that in this preface the prophet of solar myths takes broader ground; and, confessing that "the Nemesis of disproportion seems to haunt all new discoveries," admits that "parts of mythology are religious, parts are historical, parts metaphysical, parts poetical," and that to say all mythology is a disease of language, or all mythology can be explained by the influence which language exercises on thought, is carrying Max Müllerism too far. We are glad of this confession, because we had often been struck with the patent unreasonableness of the attempt to explain all myths on one principle.

Some of the Hervey Group traditions are plainly nature myths. The moon-goddess, for instance, beats out her cloth, and spreads the pieces (*i.e.*, the fleecy clouds) to bleach. But some of them—those especially which embody the yearnings after a life beyond the grave—are not in the same sense nature myths, but are due to some faint glimmer of that Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world. It is remarkable that the Mangaian tradition agrees with the Bible record in making violent death long anterior to natural death. But in Mangaia fraternal envy is not the cause; it is the envy of one in spirit-land, who, hearing of a famous strong man, came upon earth, picked a quarrel with him, and slew him.

Of the myths some are puerile, some very graceful, while the language of the dirges (most of them composed by known persons within the last hundred years) is full of that "weird magic" which Mr. Matthew Arnold finds in Celtic poetry. These dirges were sung (or rather acted) by masked performers. Some of the masks and helmets may be seen in the British Museum, and

others in the Museum of the London Missionary Society. Each dirge had its appropriate solemn mimetic dance. As among the most touching we may select the lament for two children by their father (composed about 1796), p. 215 :—

“Thy god, pet child, is a bad one,  
For thy body is grown thin.  
This wasting sickness must end thy days.  
Thy form, once so plump, now how changed !  
Ah, that god ! that bad god !  
I am disgusted with the god of thy mother.  
Oh, for some other helper,  
Some new divinity to listen  
To the sad story of thy wasting disease.”

We rise from reading this book with a high opinion of these islanders. Despite their licentiousness, filial duty (p. 136) and tenderness to the aged (p. 282) come out in a way which may put us Christians to shame ; while the courteous phrases in use between husband and wife betoken a temper of mind far above that of the Lancashire wife-beater. Must such a race die away before our civilisation ? Can we do nothing for them but give them Christianity as a sort of *euthanasia*, and then replace them (as we have replaced the West Indian natives) by the irrepressible Negro ? We would fain hope a better future for these secluded Hervey Islanders than that which seems impending over the Sandwich Islands and other groups ; and the surest way to have our better hope for them fulfilled is to provide them with missionaries like Mr. Gill, men of culture and sympathy, who will not scorn the old habits of thought of those to whom they are bringing “a more excellent way.” The world (not the Hervey Group only) wants more missionaries like him.

#### RECENT HISTORICAL WORKS.

*English History for the Use of Public Schools.* Period II. Personal Monarchy, 1485-1688. By the Rev. J. Franck Bright, M.A., Fellow of University College, Oxford. Rivingtons. 1876.

*The Reign of Louis XI.* By P. F. Willert, M.A., Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. Rivingtons. 1876.

FOR some time past the tendency in almost all branches of scientific inquiry has been to an increased employment of the analytical method in substitution for the synthetic, and the importance of its application has recently been discovered in connection with branches of knowledge upon which it had hitherto been scarcely brought to bear. Jurisprudence, philosophy, the different departments of political science, are coming to be studied more and

more from the historical point of view, and by a number of writers, of whom Sir Henry Maine in his *Ancient Law* is probably the most widely known, the advantages of the latter method have been fully pointed out. By the more painstaking investigation of the various sources of knowledge which we possess, a flood of new light has been thrown upon the origin and development of institutions and opinions, showing amongst other things how baseless are many recent scientific theories, and how necessary it is that the deductions of *à priori* reasoning should be verified or tested by constant reference to the undoubted facts of history.

This tendency has naturally acted very powerfully and in many different ways, upon the study of historical science itself. It has fully shown how important its influence upon the other sciences may be, and has given to it a higher standing than ever among them, and, more than all, it has shown how great is its value as an educational preparation for other studies. The introduction of the study of history into the course usually followed at schools as a subject of the first importance is now becoming general, and has already resulted in an increased popular interest in, and appreciation of, the results of historical study, under the encouraging influence of which the science is being pursued with unprecedented energy and success.

But besides the stimulus which the application of the historical method to other departments of knowledge has given to the study of history, it has also tended greatly to change the principles and method upon which history itself has been written. The attempts to found a philosophy of history, to deduce the whole course of natural development from the consideration of certain *à priori* principles, which were so much in vogue until very recently, and which found their extremest development in the works of Buckle, have proved to be unsupported by facts, and, like other systems to which the historical method of inquiry has been applied, have failed to stand the test, and have become thoroughly discredited. The object of the present generation of historians, less ambitious perhaps but more attainable, is not to elaborate a complete systematic logical arrangement of the many forces that go to make up the history of the human race, and then to show their application to the various circumstances and events that may be brought under their notice. It is rather their primary object to seek from sources of information open to them what was the exact truth as to the condition of men and the course of events, to throw themselves into the life of past times so as to be able thoroughly to realise it; not to pass over facts or to discredit evidence because they are opposed to theories formed in the entirely different atmosphere of the present age, but rather to conclude that there must be some incorrectness or imperfection in

the theory so propounded. The lessons to be learned from the history of the life of nations are great and lie on the surface of a simple narrative, and if we try to make the facts which we have on good evidence agree with our nineteenth-century notions we may be in danger of losing the essence of their teaching: little details of apparently merely antiquarian interest have been found to have an important bearing on other sciences, and those facts which are most difficult to explain, and apparently most improbable, often point to instructive distinctions between our own age and country and those of which we are reading.

Partly as the cause, but more as the result, of the change in the way in which historical investigation is regarded, and of the increased importance to which it has attained, several of the Governments of Europe have taken measures for the publication of the numerous State documents, and others of historical interest in their possession. In England the publication in the "Master of the Rolls Series" of documents in the possession of the British Government has been going on for some years, and has made an epoch in the study of history. Besides supplying a vast amount of new material for the investigation of past history, it has led to the formation of an authoritative school of historians round Professors Brewer and Stubbs, and the other men engaged in the work of editing the successive volumes of the Rolls Series, which may exercise to some extent a restraining and directing influence upon the efforts of individual workers in the field of history.

Another centre of historical inquiry has been found at the University of Oxford. The cultivation of the classics, and of all those broader sciences upon which the influence of history is most important, has tended to gradually increase the interest shown in its study, and there almost all the writers on the subject, of any influence at the present day, have been trained. The enthusiasm and keen historical instinct of Mr. Freeman and others had already done much towards making a position for history in the University schools, but it was the appointment of Mr. Stubbs to the Regius Professorship which gave the greatest impulse to the new school, and brought it more closely into connection with the men who are editing the Rolls Series. His immense erudition, his honesty and cautious thoroughness, though not appealing very powerfully to the young student, have had their due influence upon the other teachers of history, and have so helped to raise the whole tone of historical study as to have won for the history school a place second only to the classical.

Chiefly at these two centres the study of history is now being carried on with more thoroughness, and under more favourable circumstances than ever before. The natural result of the successive publications in the Rolls Series has been that the English writers of the present time have found quite enough to occupy

them in the history of their own country, and that singularly few of them have directed their serious efforts towards any branch of foreign history. There is no doubt much that is extravagant in recent historical writing. The consciousness of the possession of more exact methods of discovering the truth, and of being animated in the first instance by a desire for its discovery, has sometimes led to a too great inclination to question the verdict of past ages, the zeal with which some new discoveries are enforced and their acceptance demanded, being, in many cases, grotesque enough. The purely Teutonic origin of the English nation, the unbroken character of its progress and development, the elective nature of the old monarchy, the imperial position assumed by the early English kings, have been urged with a fervour of conviction which often creates amusement, as in Mr. Matthew Arnold's reference to Mr. Freeman, as "the critic who sees all things in Teutonism, as Malebranche saw all things in God." But this superficial excitement is only a sign of the vigorous work that is going on. The reproach to which we have so long been liable, that in order to learn anything of the history of England it is necessary to read German, is being rapidly wiped out. The great works of Lappenberg, Pauli, and Ranke are still of high authority, but Stubbs' *Constitutional History* has, on its own ground, superseded everything else; and the works of Mr. Freeman on the periods before the accession of the House of Anjou, the prefaces of Professor Stubbs and others to those volumes of the Rolls Series which relate to the early Plantagenets, and the works of Brewer and Gardiner are gradually forming a series which will carry us over the whole course of our history, and render us independent of foreign text-books. That one great and very full history of England of uniform merit should be written entirely by one man is impossible, and no one would desire it. For accurate knowledge of any single period resort must be had to some one or other of the excellent works that are now appearing. For those who do not require an exhaustive knowledge of any period, the short text-books hitherto in use, never of any great value, have become quite inadequate to give a true account of the present state of our knowledge after the revolution which more full investigation has in many cases made in our views of past events and persons. The great value of Mr. Green's *Short History of the English People* is that it gives in a volume sufficiently condensed, and in an eminently popular and readable form, the results of the labour of recent years. It is scarcely a complete history, but rather a succession of brilliant essays upon the more striking events that have occurred in the course of our national life. Its primary object is to excite the interest of the general reader, and that in accomplishing so successfully this result the author should have been able to convey so large an amount of accurate informa-



tion, is a great testimony to his power as a writer and his mastery of his subject. Still, the determination not to lose the interest of his reader must render his work much less valuable to the more serious student, and the book cannot be confidently relied upon to give information about even many of the more important events of our history.

In striking contrast to Mr. Green's work is the *School History* which is now being brought out by Mr. Bright, one of the most influential of the Oxford historical lecturers. It is as eminently scholastic as the other is popular in its character. The style is always plain, often bald; there is no effort to create any adventitious source of interest; it is only those who have a genuine interest in history for its own sake who would care to read the book. And even to them the interest would only be occasional, for the writer adheres throughout to his determination of writing for the use of schools, and generally is content to repeat well-known opinions and descriptions. It is this painstaking consistency, this cautious accuracy and thoroughness, this repression of all that is non-essential, that is the great excellence of the work.

If the mind of the schoolboy will not be stimulated, it will never be enervated by an evasion of difficulties, and never led astray by an exaggeration of striking incidents, while the careful noticing of every event of really great importance will make the book very valuable for reference. It indeed forms an excellent supplement and corrective to Mr. Green's *Short History*. Mr. Bright has been successful in producing what he has aimed at—the most complete and trustworthy, though not the most brilliant, history of England in short compass that has yet appeared. Whether the style may not be too severe and the matter too condensed for any but the most advanced school-boys is perhaps doubtful; but by the senior classes at school, and among students after leaving school, at the Universities or elsewhere, it ought to be in constant use. As a rule, Mr. Bright is contented with brief condensed narrative or description, and it is rarely that he expresses a full and decided opinion on any gravely disputed topic. As an instance of his method of dealing with those vexed questions to which we turn with interest to hear the opinion of every writer of authority, we may quote from his summary of Henry VIII.'s reign and character:—

“From the fall of Wolsey till the end of the reign, however much he may have employed able ministers, and made use of their ability, it was himself who was the true governor of the kingdom, and it is impossible to deny that he managed the government with great capacity. The secret of his success was the tact with which he at once perceived the national feeling. Absolute though he was, it is plain that on more than one occa-



sion he yielded to the national will, and thus in a time of revolutionary excitement, in the midst of insurrections, dynastic, social and religious, he was enabled to pursue a distinct line of policy to prevent either party from becoming absolutely predominant. And when we read the history of the next two reigns, during which the rulers became partisans rather than representatives of the national will, we become conscious of the great talent which guided the nation through so difficult a crisis."

Among the more notable points in the book is the very favourable character given of Somerset, the impulsively generous Reformer. His successful rival Northumberland is described as "perhaps the worst and most simply selfish statesman who had ever ruled England." The gradual stages in the rising of popular feeling against Charles I. are well marked, and the full significance of the crisis is clearly pointed out. Perhaps the writer shows a somewhat too strong personal disapproval of the acts of the King and his supporters; but it is difficult for a thorough student of the period not to appear in the light of a partisan when writing of it. The promise held out in the announcement of a full treatment of the foreign relations of the country has been much more completely fulfilled in this volume than in the preceding one: it is throughout singularly clear and full. We do not doubt that, although it is hardly likely ever to be popular, Mr. Bright's history will soon be in extensive use among all more serious students.

Mr. Willert's volume on the reign of Louis XI., another of the innumerable short hand-books which the increased study of history has called forth in such numbers, is altogether a slighter effort. There is little that is new, either in the way of research or of comment, the most interesting passages being generally a reproduction or amplification of the views propounded in Mr. Freeman's brilliant essay on Charles the Bold.

But the epoch is one of such pre-eminent importance that a mere narrative of its striking events is interesting, and in the course of his 300 pages the writer is able to give a tolerably full, though far from exhaustive description of the character and acts of the founder of the modern French monarchy. With all the repulsiveness of the cold-blooded, calculating side of Louis, which has been so much insisted upon by historians, there are singularly great and noble traits in his character, and we are glad to find that it is upon these that Mr. Willert more fully dwells. Everyone must acknowledge the patient devotion to the public interest, the indifference to purely personal considerations, the carelessness of outward appearances of the great ruler who "could afford 400 000 crowns for redeeming the towns on the Somme, but could not afford a crown to buy a new hat." When he succeeded to the throne everything seemed against him. The country was

depopulated by long years of invasion and civil war; the nobility were bent upon independence of the royal authority, the ministers of the late king, in whose hands the whole machinery of government was, were his personal enemies; the tide of national spirit that had risen to expel the English was ebbing away, and there was every probability of renewed English invasions and other foreign complications. Louis at once began the struggle, meeting as he had anticipated with constant failure and disappointment at the first, but carrying it on with continually increasing success. His chief reliance was upon the towns, and all those classes who stood in need of a strong and just central government, upon a small but well-appointed standing army, and upon his own fertility of resource. His greatest difficulty, through the greater part of his reign, was with the nobles. After the destruction of the old, independent, feudal nobility by Philip the Fair and his predecessors, the unity of the kingdom and the predominance of the crown seemed for ever assured, but during the troubles of the English wars a second powerful oligarchy, chiefly composed of princes of the blood, had arisen, able to control and overshadow the throne. The great houses of Anjou, Burgundy, Bourbon, Alençon, Orleans, and others, built up by the favour of the crown, were now aspiring to practical independence, and the relics of the old feudal families, such as the Duke of Brittany, the house of Luxembourg in Picardy, the great houses of Albret, Armagnac and Foix in the Pyrenees, were in close alliance with them. At first they were successful in their opposition to the crown, but the mistakes of Charles the Bold deprived them of their firmest support, and the growing confidence of the middle classes determined the balance more and more in favour of the king. Before the twenty-two years of his reign were ended, the most dangerous of the oligarchic families had ceased to exist: the rest had been weakened and humiliated; and France had been formed into the united, centralised, and self-confident power which was to play so brilliant and dangerously ambitious a part in the history of Europe during the next half-century. Though it is his position as an internal organiser and consolidator of the kingdom which gives its special importance to Louis's reign, it was also in its foreign relations a time of great triumphs and acquisitions. Besides the recovery of Burgundy, and the greater part of Picardy and Artois, nominally French dependencies, but, in fact, part of the State most dangerously hostile to France, the short space of twenty-two years also witnessed the acquisition of the Franche Comté, of Roussillon, and of Provence, which had never been in any way connected with the French monarchy. These more purely political aspects of the reign of Louis XI. are clearly if not strikingly brought out by Mr. Willert, but we were disappointed that there was so little allusion to the internal growth

and condition of the nation. The book would have been rendered more perfect, and practically valuable, by the addition of a few paragraphs on the development of commerce, industry, and agriculture which took place under the protection of the king's vigorous government, changed France from the impoverished and depopulated country which constant wars had left her, into a land, as it might well seem to her enemies, of inexhaustible wealth and resources. There is a useful little map, showing the possessions of the great princes of the blood.

## RECENT SCIENTIFIC PUBLICATIONS.

*Theory of Heat.* By J. Clerk Maxwell, F.R.S., &c. Fourth Edition. London: Longmans, Green, and Co.

A BOOK so carefully prepared and so thoroughly representative of the very latest results in the department of physics it represents, can by successive editions only receive small additions. It is, undoubtedly, a book absolutely indispensable to the student. Not that it is an exhaustive treatise on the subject; it is not, inasmuch as it makes constant reference to other well-known books, containing the experiments and illustrations required. Its real object is to show the steps by which our present accurate knowledge of the nature of heat as an "energy" in nature has been reached, and to demonstrate that this knowledge is based on a truly scientific foundation. And the work is thoroughly well done. We have carefully gone through this edition, and do not hesitate to affirm that it is almost as perfect as it is possible to be.

The author's views on the subject of atoms are extremely interesting, although they can afford but little material for the speculations so prevalent amongst the intellectual experts of our age. We have the organic kingdoms accounted for by the agency of natural selection, by sexual selection, and now it would appear that we must add, parasitism. But Professor Clerk Maxwell tells us plainly that no such factors will account for the differences of atoms. These ultimate particles of matter are permanent. They can be subject to no change. There is no multiplication by any method. There is no decay, and—what cuts away the possibility of variation by any combination—there is not the least variety, or difference of however slight a nature, between the individuals of the same nature or kind. So that atoms certainly could not have been *evolved*. According to the teaching of physics,—whatever may be the facts in biology—however readily we may account for the evolution of organisms by secondary causes—the evolution has to stop, or rather, begin with the atoms. They

have either been for ever as they are *without a cause*—an assumption rejected as soon as stated,—or else they were “manufactured articles”—the products of a competent cause outside and independent of themselves.

In Professor Clerk Maxwell's irresistible conclusions concerning the ultimate constituents of matter, we see the strongest barrier to a self-evolved universe that has yet been offered by the researches of science.

*A Short History of Natural Science, and of the Progress of Discovery, from the Time of the Greeks to the Present Day.* For the Use of Schools and Young Persons. By A. B. Buckley. With Illustrations. London: John Murray. 1876.

THIS book meets a requirement, and meets it well. The author has shown a conscientious appreciation of the importance of the subject she set before herself, and to an evident natural talent she has added industry; the result being a book which we could heartily wish were in the hands of every thoughtful and inquiring youth. The careful unfolding of the growth of scientific knowledge is, in effect, an opening up of the real growth and mental enlargement of the human mind. It is, therefore, a study of great importance.

In the book before us natural science is traced simply but clearly from the times of Pythagoras and the successive Greek philosophers down to the Ptolemies, and on through the dark period, when, but for the Arabs, every trace of science would have apparently disappeared from the globe. Then we are brought to the Middle Ages, where once more the mind of Europe was fully directed to its pursuit. After this, the commencement of the sixteenth century is made a starting point for a close analysis of the onward and increasingly rapid march of scientific truth and discovery, which leads us up to the victories of the century in which we live. To show that these are duly appreciated nearly one-half of the book is occupied with their history, and the utmost confidence may be placed in the statements of fact and theory which are presented. In saying this we say much; very few histories of science may be thus depended on. They are often written by specialists, who present, with great accuracy and care, their own particular field of research, and deal with the remainder of the wide field of our knowledge, not only inadequately, but inaccurately. In this instance, we cannot discover Miss Buckley's *penchant*; she has carefully studied the whole subject, and possesses real ability to teach what she has learned. An illustration of her capacity in this direction may be

seen in the attempt she makes to convey an intelligible idea of the doctrine of Natural Selection. What it really means is but imperfectly understood by large numbers of the best educated classes; and certainly to convey a correct view in comparatively few words is not in the power of many, even careful students of the subject. Our author introduces the subject by telling her readers that Professor Huxley has affirmed that a single plant, producing fifty seeds a year, would, if it could be unchecked, cover the earth in nine years, excluding all other plants; from which he infers that out of these enormous numbers millions must die young, and only a comparatively few, best fitted for survival, will live and multiply. Mr. Darwin tells us that the hearts-ease and Dutch clover can only make their seeds perfect for future fructification by the aid of the humble-bees, who carry the pollen from flower to flower. Then Miss Buckley continues, "Humble-bees are the only insects which visit these flowers, therefore if the humble-bees were destroyed in England there would be no hearts-ease or Dutch clover. Now the common field-mouse destroys the nests of the humble-bee, so that if there are many field-mice the humble-bees will be rare, and therefore the hearts-ease and clover will not flourish. But, again, near the villages there are very few field-mice, and this is because the cats come out into the fields and eat them; so that where there are many cats there are few mice, and many bees, and plenty of hearts-ease and Dutch clover. When there are few cats, on the contrary, the mice flourish, the bees are destroyed, and the plants cease to bear seeds and to multiply."

This is as clear as it could be. It makes out the case fairly—without advocacy. But we must remember that this amount of "variation" and inter-dependence, although quite true, is one thing, and the building up of all the generic and specific varieties of the organic world by means of it alone, is quite another thing. And, therefore, the further development of this remarkable doctrine by the author, although as accurate as the above, as a statement of the assumed case is a passage from what is, to what *might* be.

*An Introduction to Animal Morphology and Systematic Zoology. Part I.—Invertebrata.* By Prof. Alexander Macalister, M.B. London: Longmans, Green and Co. 1876.

THIS book represents the utmost industry. It may almost be considered to be a common-place book to the science of zoology. Whoever masters its almost exhaustive contents will have laid a foundation of the broadest and surest kind. But the book answers a twofold purpose. It gives in large type the important

facts which the student is bound to master, and the exhaustive information in smaller type, so that a tyro may read the book to great advantage, omitting many things, and then, as a more advanced student, begin it over again.

As the preface states, it is deficient in the very latest morphological facts; and we can hardly see how it could be otherwise where the method of treatment is so thorough, especially as the book was an unusual time in passing through the press. But the student may well be content to go to original memoirs for the latest facts when he has laid the foundation for their reception, which a careful reading of this book will enable him to do.

*The Violin: its Famous Makers and their Imitators.* By George Hart. With numerous Wood Engravings from Photographs of the Works of Stradivarius, Guarnerius, Amati, and others. London: Dulau and Co., 37, Soho-square, W.; Schott and Co., 159, Regent-street.

A POPULAR and, at the same time, thoroughly learned history of the most perfect of all musical instruments has long been a desideratum; and although the handsome volume of Mr. George Hart does not supply all that is needed, or put what it does supply within reach of the buyers of popular literature, it yet accomplishes a good deal, and must be regarded both as a step in the right direction and as an important event in violin literature. Less technical than might have been expected, this work is still more technical than would serve the purposes of a popular treatise; and on the other hand, in some of its sections, it is wholly light and gossippy. The origin of the instrument receives hardly any notice at all: it is true there was not much left to say on this obscure division of the subject; and Mr. Hart was perhaps wise in referring his readers to the works of Fétis and Coussemaker and to that of Sandy and Forster. He leaves aside altogether, as of antiquarian interest only, the parent forms of the violin, viz.; the cythara, the lyre, the lute, and the various offshoots of those instruments, and begins to trace the violin's history from the point at which the bow made its appearance. The earliest ascertained instance of this is the crwth of the Welsh, which is not positively known to have been played with a bow earlier than the eleventh century, though the instrument existed certainly as early as the sixth century. The changes in the construction of the crwth occupy Mr. Hart but for a couple of pages; and he then leaps at once into the more important matter of the construction of the violin proper, giving all necessary information concerning the sound-hole, the scroll, the several constituent parts of the instrument itself, material, tone, various modes of cutting, the manufacture of strings, and so on.



Of course the place of honour in the making of violins is assigned to the Italian artists; and the fourth section of Mr. Hart's book immediately following the preliminary sections which deal with the subjects already adverted to, is devoted to tracing the origin of the great Italian school of violin-makers in the fifteenth century, to discussing the causes of their pre-eminence, and describing the several principal types of Italian violins. The distinctive schools of Brescia, Venice, Cremona, Milan, and Naples, all receive their due share of attention; and connoisseurs will have reason to delight in the well-drawn distinctions of characteristics, as well as in the excellent engravings of examples of these various classes of violins.

The distinctions, again, between the various kinds of varnish are treated in a separate section; and here also there is much to please the connoisseur and instruct the outsider. Mr. Hart contents himself with dwelling upon effects, or results, in this matter, and wisely abstains from the bootless quest as to what the nature of the Cremona varnish was or what are the chances of its re-discovery. Whatever it was, there can be no doubt that its importance as a factor in the unrivalled excellence of the Cremonese violins is not easy to exaggerate; and we may safely predict that its re-discovery is likely to prove as remote as that of the *Elizir Vita*, or the Philosopher's Stone.

The sixth section of the book, and perhaps the most important part of it, is an alphabetical catalogue of Italian makers, expanding occasionally into details of considerable extent, and occupying nearly a hundred pages. Here the form of the work is not unexceptionable; for what is really, in some respects, minutely biographical, is cast in the unpleasant and, more or less, expletive form, appropriate to a mere catalogue, but scarcely appropriate to a history or treatise,—or, as is the case with this work, history and treatise combined. The details of the lives and doings of the Amati, of the Guarneri, and of the immortal Giuseppe Guarneri in particular,—him who is best known under the latinised form of his patronymic, Guernierius,—and, again, the record of the facts handed down to us concerning the still greater immortal Antonio Stradivari (latinised Stradivarius, or, sometimes, Stradiuarius),—all these are matters in dealing with which Mr. Hart has excelled; but the whole contents of this section of the book might have been better arranged under some system other than the alphabetical,—the uses of that artificial system being, of course, secured to the reader or student by means of an adequate index, somewhat more copious than the very fair index which the book has.

The same remarks, of course, apply to the eighth section, in which the French violin-makers are introduced in the same artificial alphabetical manner, and with the same infusion



of catalogical expletives. The seventh section is introductory to the eighth, and traces the history of French violin-making from its origin in the seventeenth century,—an origin altogether derivative, as the early French artists simply followed the greater Italians, with various degrees of originality and dexterity, but never coming near enough to the best masters to have any doubt about the pre-eminence of these.

Sections IX., X., XI., and XII. deal, in like fashion, with English, German, and Dutch makers; and the familiar names of Banks, Betts, Dodd, Norman, Stainer, Albani, and Kloz figure with due prominence. But neither French nor English, neither German nor Dutch makers, present anything like the narrative interest attaching to the great Italian artists, who number among their ranks men of genius as decided as that which, at the same time, gave pre-eminence to Italy as the natural home of painting, sculpture, and engraving. Not that this genius, in a minor degree, is not occasionally discernible in the handiwork of violin-makers of other nationalities; but it is rare, and very decidedly of a minor degree.

After dealing alphabetically with the makers, Mr. Hart goes back to the instrument; collects some miscellaneous matters under the general head of "The Violin and its Votaries;" and finishes with a sketch of the progress of the instrument, considered, in a measure, apart from its manufacture, and a collection of anecdotes, illustrative of the subject, and appropriately enough brought together. The mass of information set before the reader, altogether, is very considerable. The amount of amusement and instruction to be gained reflects great credit on the energy and devotion of Mr. Hart; and the one thing wanted to make the book quite what it should be is a thorough digestion of the materials,—in other words, a more systematic and intelligent arrangement of what is, at present, somewhat disconnected and slightly untidy.

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3. The third part of the report  
describes the conclusions of the  
research and the recommendations  
for further action.

4. The fourth part of the report  
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5. The fifth part of the report  
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